Central BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

presented by

MR. GEORGE SMART

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

RAILWAYS OF
NORTHERN ITALY
Scales
0 10 20 30 40 50 100 150 Kilometres
0 10 20 30 40 50 100 Miles
MARE ADRIATICO
Sand
Brunico
Innichen
Lienz
Dobbiaco
Villach
Klagenfurt
Cortina d'Ampezzo
Pontefella
Tarvisio
Rasenbach
Pieve di Cadore
Gemona
Piedicolle
Belluno
Udine
Feltre
Casarsa
Prevacina
Palmanova
Monte-belluna
Susegana
S.Vito
Ronchi
Aidussina
Opicina
Postumia
Motta di Liv.
Cervignano
Grado
Monfalcone
Nabresina
TRIESTE
S.Pietro del Carso
Castelfranco
S.Giorgio di Nog.
Divaccia
C.S. Piero
Mestre
Erpelle Cosina
S.Sabba
VENEZIA (VENICE)
Trieste Sanorza
Parenzo
Chioggia
Adria
Rovigno
Pola
Ravenna
Russi
Forlì
ZARA
Rimini
Pesaro
S.MARINO
Urbino
Porto
ANCONA
Falconara
Loreto
Fabriano
Albacena
Macerata
Porto Civitanova
Terontola
Porto S. Giorgio
Perugia
Chiusi
Foligno
S.Benedetto del Tronto
Porto d'Ascoli
Ascoli Piceno
Giulianova
Spoleto
Teramo
Attigliano
Terni
Castellamare Adriatico
Pescara
Viterbo
Aquila
Ortona
S.Vito-Lanciano
Ronciglione
Capranica
I. Tremiti
Carsoli
Avezzano
Sulmona
Vasto
Termoli
ROMA
Mandela Sam
Palo
Prenestina
P. Galera
Frascati
Larino
Fiumicino
Segni-Paliano
S.Severo
Ostia
Velletri
Campo Leone
Frosinone
Isernia
Carpinon
Manfredonia
Carroceto
Sezze Romano
Roccasecca
Campobasso
Anzio
Nettuno
Sonnino
Vinchiaturo
Foggia
Margherita di Savoia
Cassino
Cervaro
Terracina
Formia
Caianello
Cerignola
Barletta

D 674

THE TEMPLE OF SATURN

In ancient times it served as the State Treasury.

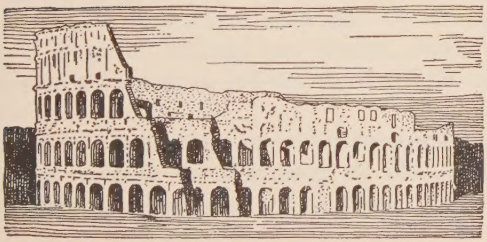
ALMA ROMA

A Travellers' Companion
to Rome

BY

ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A.

Author of "Things seen in Rome"
"Malta, the Nurse of the Mediterranean" &c.



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PREFACE

This book is partly based upon *Roba di Roma,* a work written by William Wetmore Story (1819–1895), the American sculptor and poet, and originally published in the year 1863. *Roba di Roma* has for long been out of print and unprocurable, although it was an admirable book, written by a man of rare culture and charm, who spent forty-six years of his life at Rome. More than a quarter of Story's book has been utilized, but its information has been carefully revised and brought up to date where necessary: the major part of the book is, however, entirely new matter, drawn from the results of recent discoveries and descriptive of the new Rome of to-day.

The thirty-two illustrations have been prepared from photographs taken specially for this book by Mr. Louis Bailey Audigier, author of *New Views of Old Rome.*

A. G. M.

ROME,
September, 1926.

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ALMA ROMA

CHAPTER I

IN SIGHT OF THE CITY

Alma Roma, the mother of nations, the nourisher of peoples, how the eyes of the world still centre on her! They search for her secrets, for hidden there lie the keys of history. That interest will never wane; but must increase. As modern thought tries to unravel the skein of life it travels to Rome. The knot of destiny has been tied tightest there. In her temples and her palaces were evolved those forces which shaped modern Europe. She garnered the best from older nations, and infused into it the spirit of life. Rome has spread out beyond her walls and touched the confines of the earth. Younger races, when they trace the origin of their laws and many of their customs, turn back to her, the mother of nations.

The right way to approach Rome is from the north and by motor-car. Thus you follow the pathway of history. It is true Æneas arrived from the south, and greatly appreciated the hospitable reception of the garrulous old gentleman Evander; but despite Romulus and Remus, I doubt if there would ever have been such a great city on the Seven Hills had it not been for the culture and practical skill of the Etruscans. Civic greatness to a large extent depends on drains. The Etruscans discovered that. The Cloaca Maxima made Rome, and the Etruscans made it. Therefore as we pass through their country we pick up the key which opened the door of success for the Imperial City.

Here we see traces of the great engineering skill of the

ancient inhabitants of Etruria in their tunnels through the very heart of mountains, and in the solidity of their roads which still remain. The Romans were not great inventors, but great imitators. Before they appropriated the art and philosophy of Greece they had learned from the Etruscans how to build. The prosperity of the Roman Empire largely depended on its roads. Rome takes the credit for these, and the Roman road is spoken of with admiration, but Rome filched the idea from Etruria. The Roman arch is another misnomer, the honour of its discovery belongs to their clever neighbours. These may have got a hint from Thebes or Assyria but they at least perfected it, and made it ready for the Romans to use. The very " Fasces ", emblem of Imperial power, were the insignia of Etruria before Rome adopted them, and were transported thither by Tarquinius.

Perhaps one of the causes of Etruria's greatness was the position woman held in that country. In this she was far in advance of Greece. There, despite all the culture of Athens, the wife always took an inferior place to her husband. In Etruria it was different. She sat with equal honour at his table. She received as good an education, if not better; for while his tended to warlike accomplishments hers was devoted to the study of the arts and commerce. Her children assumed her name as well as their father's. In viewing the tombs to-day we see that those which bear the highest marks of respect belong to women.

Rome was wise to imitate Etruria rather than Greece in this respect, and the Roman matron, whose strength of character was one of the main fibres in the formation of the Roman genius, owes her emancipation to her Etruscan sister. Rome had a forerunner in ancient times who prepared a highway for her when she came. Yet of the thousands who are carried in the train from Florence to Rome how few realize that the threshold may almost yield as much interest as the sanctuary itself. To understand Rome you must motor slowly from the north through the picturesque and undulating country of ancient Etruria, and be ready to stop at old tombs whose decorations give you pictures of life as it was in the days of Romulus.

Coming from Genoa, before you arrive at Civitavecchia, you see the tower of a mediæval town. This is Corneto. It aspires to great antiquity; but the monk who wrote it up

in the Middle Ages is now known to have been distinguished more for his patriotism than his veracity. It has this honour, however, that it keeps guard over the burial-place of the once mighty city of Tarquinii; and it is just possible that in those days of greatness Corneto might have been a humble suburb of the famous metropolis.

Here on the parallel ridge, barren and browed with white cliffs, once stood the proud walls, temples, and palaces of the Etruscan capital. At that time, forty miles to the south on a hill overlooking the Tiber, a group of straw-thatched huts inhabited by shepherds from the Alban hills formed the seed of the great city which was to dominate the world. Tarquinii, strong in her ramparts, rich in her luxuries of life and glories of art, feared no rival, or else she could have crushed to death that young aspiring state in its very cradle. Chances pass in disguise and we fail to recognize them. In later years one or other of those rival cities had to lower its flag, and it was not Rome. Italy could not serve two such masters.

A few miles farther on and we shall catch sight of the Eternal City still secure on its Seven Hills, renewing its youth, a fresh national spirit imparting a second life to the old capitol; and here around you there is nothing but desolation. Where the myriad voices of a haughty people used to resound, your shout awakens no echo from stately forum or lofty temple; it loses itself in a lonely waste. Not one stone is left upon another to tell of its fame. In the depths of the hill yonder in rock-hewn tombs sleep its inhabitants. Well for them that they do not see how the mighty have been put down from their seats, and the children of those of low degree, the despised shepherds on the Palatine, have been exalted.

It is the graves which are now the chief interest. Here in 1823 was discovered the celebrated virgin tomb, as it was called. When Avvolta stumbled by accident on a large slab and raised it, he was startled by the sight which he saw in the hole he had uncovered. This is how he describes his surprise: "I beheld a warrior stretched on a couch of rock, and in a few minutes I saw him vanish, as it were, under my eyes; for as the atmosphere entered the sepulchre the armour, thoroughly oxydized, crumbled away into most minute particles; so that in a short time scarcely a vestige of what

I had seen was left on the couch. Such was my astonishment, that it were impossible to express the effect upon my mind produced by this sight."

A golden crown and rich bronzes found in this tomb reveal the high rank of the person buried there. The fact that there are no pictures on vases or walls proves its antiquity. It must belong to a very remote period before the custom of ornamenting the graves had commenced.

One could not begin a study of Rome better than by a visit to these ancient Etruscan tombs. Their wall paintings have preserved so perfectly a picture of the social life in Italy from which Rome drew its first ideas and on which it modelled its own institutions. There are possibly millions of sepulchres here, the majority of which are still unopened. A great many have been rifled of their contents during the ages, and especially in the days of the Cæsars when the painted vases found a ready market. The metal statues of Etruria soon filled the temples of Rome, and a big trade in their export to other lands grew up. Moulding in clay was a speciality of this country, and the Etruscans won a world-wide fame for their work in terra-cotta. To-day the visitor is offered little statuettes in this material said to have been found on the ground: but they are usually spurious, because there is a law by which all treasure-trove must be handed over to the authorities, and if the articles are genuine their private sale is illegal.

The gaiety of the scenes in the tombs seems at first a little incongruous. Here are figures in a tipsy dance, apparently enjoying themselves with great frivolity, as if the death of the mourned was a cause for merriment. In all likelihood, however, these pictures were a tribute to the character of the departed. They were meant to show that he had gone to the Elysian Fields, for the contemporary conception of that future state was but the projection of the best things in this life. Hence there is drinking and dancing. There are slaves to wait. In some paintings you see the *tibicen* blowing his double-pipes, and a *citharista* playing the lyre, while a dancing-girl laden with jewellery, necklaces and bracelets, entertains with her performance. Another explanation might be a ceremony similar to the wake which still exists in Ireland. Honour was shown to the dead by holding a great banquet, and esteem was measured by display. Rome borrowed this custom, but

instead of such mild diversions as dancing there were gladiatorial shows, and on the occasions of the death of great men these lasted for days.

Hunting scenes are also a favourite subject, and possibly indicate that the deceased was fond of sport. One sees the bristly wild-boar brought to bay by the dogs, while men attack with a spear or brandish an axe with which they cut off its head. Both Virgil and Horace have put into verse what these old Etruscan artists represented in paint. Chariot races are also depicted, and one might gather that these decorations were to commemorate the triumphs of the dead. In all these pictures the males are generally painted red and the females white. In the banquet scenes the wife reclines with her husband. This was really a step in advance of Rome, which, while going farther than Greece in permitting the wife to be present, placed her on a chair behind her lord.

One might wander for long amongst these tombs and by the aid of their mural decorations bridge the two thousand seven hundred years which separate them from the life of to-day; but Etruria has many other spots of interest, and Rome itself awaits. So making a slight detour we touch the shores of the lake of Bracciano. Here we have a change of scene and date as the four picturesque towers of the mediæval castle rise before us, and defiantly face the west. High above the little town, which clusters round the foot of the rock, the massive battlements fling out their protecting arms, under which the houses seem to nestle for shelter. To all British people this castle has especial interest, for it is associated with our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott. This is excuse enough for turning aside and examining more closely this fascinating place.

The castle of one's dreams does not often materialize. Sir Walter Scott's did. He was lucky enough to discover his ideal of romance in masonry in these grim walls of black lava which crown the heights above the lake of Bracciano. His quick imagination would people those gloomy passages, cut from the solid rock, with many an Italian " Rob Roy ", chief and robber, for the owners of such a stronghold had to search the pockets of others for the means with which to build. The old Roman Censor, Lucius Cassius, who had constructed the very Via Cassia along which Scott had driven from Rome, had, like his confrères, built for eternity and had never dreamed

that the stones which he had bequeathed to that famous roadway would be ruthlessly torn from their beds and transported to form part of this great castle: perhaps the least robbery of which it was guilty!

We picture Sir Walter in these rooms. His hungry eyes feast on the heavy mullions, the large arched fire-places, the windows with the dim glass of the Middle Ages and their ancient seats, so different from the luxury of modern Italy. Just as once he saw a ghost at Abbotsford in "the gloaming" while he sat in his hall, and rose at last and approached the spectre to find it dissolve into a suit of armour, so here, looking on some empty helmet hanging on the wall, he would see a face from the past peer from beneath the raised visor, and repicture scenes which shadow these chambers with haunting memories.

It was on the evening of the 9th of May, 1832, that Sir Walter arrived at the gates of the castle, tired with the fatiguing journey. On getting out of the carriage he would not allow himself to be assisted up the long ascent, though at the time in feeble health; but walked with the aid of his stick, stopping every now and then to admire the stately pile.

"He was struck," says Sir William Gell, as reported by Lockhart in his *Life of Scott*, "with the sombre appearance of the Gothic towers. In the interior he could not but be pleased with the grand suite of state apartments, all yet habitable, and even retaining in some rooms the old furniture and the rich silk hangings. These chambers overlook the lake, and Sir Walter sat in a window a long time, during a delightful evening, to enjoy the prospect. A very large dog of the breed called Danish, coming to fawn upon him, he told it he was glad to see it, for it was a proper accompaniment to such a castle; but that he had a larger dog at home, though maybe not so good-natured to strangers. This notice of the dog seemed to gain the heart of the steward, and he accompanied Sir Walter in a second tour through the grand suite of rooms; each, as Sir Walter observed, highly pleased with the other's conversation, though as one spoke French, and the other Italian, little of it could be understood! Toward the town, a range of smaller apartments are more convenient than the guest rooms for a small party, and in these we dined, and found chambers for sleeping. At night we had tea and a large fire and Sir Walter conversed cheerfully. Some of the party went out to

walk round the battlements of the castle by moonlight, and a ghost was talked of. He told me that the best way of making a ghost was to paint it with white on tin; for that in the dusk, after it had been seen, it could be instantly made to vanish by turning the edge, almost without thickness, towards the spectator. On coming down next morning, I found that Sir Walter, who rose early, had already made another tour over part of the castle with the steward and the dog. After breakfast we set out on our return to Rome."

Let us follow Sir Walter's example and take a survey of this old fortress. We can see that it belongs to two different periods. The central keep dates from as far back as the twelfth century. It was constructed in the Gothic Baronial style. The name of the architect has disappeared but he has left his unknown signature on other buildings. Compare the Palazzo Venezia in Rome with the Castle of Bracciano, and at once a strong resemblance is noticed. There are the same rectangular castellated battlements. Castles of those days in Italy expressed their politics in their architecture. The Guelf patronized the more plain and rigid form of battlement. The Ghibelline had a little of the dash of the cavalier about him, and added adornment to utility in producing the V or wing-shaped openings in the parapet. The Guelf was modestly content with simple square windows, the panes being arranged in the form of a cross: the Ghibelline had already introduced the curves. If there is character in clothes, there is also in windows. Piety and austerity of life we naturally associate with the sign of the Cross and simplicity of form, and so the Guelf, the loyal supporter of the Church, made at least the outward profession of his faith even in masonry. The Ghibelline favoured a twirl in his windows; it is to be hoped that it did not signify a twist in his character!

In architectural rivalry the Ghibelline won—at least the first round: the second is perhaps yet to come. We can trace the struggle, and survey the battlefields as represented by some of the still existing palaces in Rome. In the "Cancelleria", which succeeded the Palazzo "Venezia", we see the weakening of the Guelf. In the "Farnese", which was built later, there are twirls and twists; the stern puritanism of the Guelf has been routed; but the victory was not finally won until Bernini developed this tendency towards exaggeration in his "barocco" style; and then Borromini in a wild

halloo on the crest of victory has made even the " barocco " seem ridiculous: and now the Guelf is reforming his scattered forces and moving to recapture the lost position in the more simple and classic lines which are beginning to win approval.

Nature seems to have offered this rock to man for a castle; but it does not appear that the offer was accepted until the twelfth century A.D. Why the clever Etruscans did not build a fort here and leave some remains should set archæologists thinking. All that is left of their times are haunting stories about a vanished town. Its ghost can be seen to-day by those who have second sight. Only your gaze must be able to reach the very bottom of the lake. There, concealed from the unbelieving by the waters, which with the aid of a breeze fling a rippling veil over their treasure, stand the stately temples and statues of the lost city of Sabate. Apparently this little place had a flood all on its own. Perhaps the hard-headed Etruscans were not inclined to tempt fortune a second time, and so left the lonely rock to brood over its drowned offspring.

But we must pass from the region of myth to historical fact. In the twelfth century there was a certain Geoffrey de Vico, whose father had been prefect of Rome. Sites for strongholds were at a premium in those days, and Geoffrey did not let this one go a-begging. The rock got its castle at last, and one to be proud of if nothing is said as to where the material came from!

Four central towers date from this period, and show us what sort of a man Geoffrey was. He certainly had a keen eye for the main chance when he built his keep near the junction of two roads. But a stronger than he arrived in time from Spoleto, the son of a bear, " Ursus ", and filched the castle from his children. The bear's sons came to stay. Proud of their ancestry they called themselves the Orsini, and certainly their teeth and claws were sharp.

Over the ruined entrance you can still see their crest, a rose with a cross beam. The latter has a wave in it. This deviation from the straight does not mean that the Orsini were crooked, but that they ate eels and were fond of them. It suggests the derivation of the name of the little town just on the opposite side of the lake. It is called Anguillara. Some think that this word comes from the Latin *angulus*, meaning angle. A glance shows that it is built on a jutting

point. But first impressions are not always right. The second theory seems sounder. It traces the origin of the word to the Latin *anguilla*, an eel, for which this lake was famous. When there is a contest between the eye and the palate you may be pretty sure the palate has it. More important than a picturesque promontory to the men of those days was this huge aquarium of eels. Therefore the town was called Anguillara, and a wriggling line ran through the family crest to remind the Orsini of their favourite dish.

It is at Anguillara that the Orsini family are first found in this district, in the year 1019. From there a hundred years later they must have cast envious eyes across at the new castle which Geoffrey de Vico built on this rock. Possibly getting tired of eels and growing ambitious envy passed into action, and the Castle of Bracciano into their hands. For over three hundred years they held it, and it was Napoleone Orsini who in the fifteenth century transformed the old keep into the present castle. Above the gateway he placed the inscription: "Napoleon of the Orsini family founded me. I repulse the guilty—I defend the good." He died in 1480 and his son Gentile Virginio completed the castle, and built a wall round the whole town, traces of which can still be seen.

This Gentile Virginio had a character very unlike his name, and he made these walls a centre of lively ongoings "with throngs of knights and barons bold". His sister, Clarice de Medici, wife of Lorenzo the Magnificent, came on a visit in 1487. She had a marriageable daughter named Matilda for whom she had ambitious schemes, which matured in this place. The Pope's nephew was invited out from Rome, and the inevitable happened. He fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The Pope was pleased, so was the mother, and it is hoped also the young couple. Clarice had a son called Piero. If you wish to know how magnificent he was you have only to look at the interesting frescoes by Antonazzo on the sides of the vaulted entrance to the castle. There you see depicted the meeting of Virginio with his nephew Piero de Medici. These were gala days when the lords of Bracciano took a hand in the highest affairs of state.

They dipped their fingers into less creditable matters, and there are blood marks which will not wash out. The

beautiful Isabella, daughter of Cosimo de Medici, came here as a bride. We can imagine the childish interest with which she would survey her new home, and admire everything—except her husband. He was the great-great-grandson of Napoleone Orsini, and his name was Paolo Giordano, and in 1560 Pope Pius IV had raised him to the rank of a duke. He fought like a lion at the battle of Lepanto in 1571, and it was his very ferocity which won him his title.

A passionate nature may be all very well when you are dealing with Turks, but it is another matter when there is a high mettled and cultured young woman to handle. She did not feel a lion's cage the most comfortable of homes, and objected to being treated like a Turk. Again the inevitable happened. This time it was tragedy. Poor Isabella had to escape, and there was more than one gallant youth willing to risk his life to lend her a hand. Paolo who was accustomed to fly into a temper without reason had now at least some excuse. He resorted to Turkish methods, and strangled his wife with his own hands.

Once having tasted blood his thirst increased. Temptation lured him on, while the furies pursued him. He fell in love with Vittoria, the beautiful wife of Peretti, who was the nephew of Pope Sixtus V. Paolo murdered the husband, and married the wife; but at last retribution proffered him a poisoned chalice, and he ended his passionate career but left a legacy of guilt which drew another down to ruin. He had bequeathed part of the Orsini property to Vittoria. This was too much for the family. They hired assassins, who entered her room and despite her cries and struggles stabbed her to the heart. No wonder Sir Walter saw romance and tragedy written on these walls.

Instead of taking the straight road to Rome from here, let us make a detour round the north end of the lake of Bracciano and visit the little town of Sutri, whose population may be small but whose pedigree is great. Few places can make the boast it can that it has never changed its name nor ceased its continued existence for three thousand four hundred years, as some historians assert. It put up its proud boast over its gateway, "Claustra Hetruriæ", the Key of Etruria, and it has never taken it down. You can see it still on the modern Porta Morone. Its very name condenses a great history into a few letters. It was called Sutri after the goddess of health.

As already said, the Etruscans had discovered that the well-being of a city depended on its drains. You can trace the big sewers which made Sutri renowned for its sanitation. The Cleansing Department was alive in its municipality; so much so, that eventually a temple was erected to the goddess of health, probably before 305 B.C., when Rome, which copied Etruria in so many things, followed the fashion she set and erected a temple to the same goddess on the Quirinal Hill. The temple at Sutri is responsible in an indirect way for many of the horrors of Nero's reign. In all probability he would have finished his course at a much earlier date had it not been for this temple, which unwittingly prolonged his days. A certain Scevinus who had been honoured with the commission of murdering the tyrant had such faith in this Etruscan goddess that he wanted the poignard, with which he was to do the deed, to be consecrated in this temple. This took time, and possibly it was in a wet season, for after the dagger had duly received its blessing it was found to have some rusty marks on it. So Scevinus handed it over to his servant Milichus to be cleaned. While the man rubbed it he plotted. The death of Nero was not going to do him much good, but if he saved his life, well, there was no saying what the reward might be. At least there would be no more servile work for him; so instead of handing back the weapon to his master he hurried off to warn the Emperor. His treachery bore its natural fruit: he reaped a golden harvest, and the conspirators lost their heads. It might have been better for Scevinus, Piso, Seneca, and the others if they had left the goddess of health severely alone!

The Romans early turned envious eyes on the rocky ramparts of Sutri, guarded by the Ciminian mountain. They won it not by the sword but by treaty. After Veii had fallen this little town knew that it could not resist the rising power of Rome, so threw in its lot with the new conquerors of Latium. Rome on its part was faithful to that alliance. When they heard that the Etruscans were taking vengeance on their own city which had turned traitor, they dispatched Camillus to its relief. On his way he met a great procession of the inhabitants of Sutri with their wives and children, who were fleeing in haste and bewailing their lot, declaring how their homes were being sacked by the victorious enemy. Camillus told them to cheer up, and that they would all be back under

their own roofs before sunset. He kept his word. For leaving all his heavy baggage behind he pushed on and stormed the town, which thus was taken and retaken in a single day. Hence arose the proverb: "Quasi eant Sutrium" (as if they were going to Sutri), which was used to express any remarkably rapid action.

Sutri has many other memories which are full of interest. It is said to have been the birthplace of Pilate: but what will appeal to English readers is a scene which took place here in June, 1155. The one Englishman who ever wore the tiara was now Pope. He had something in common with the prophet Daniel, of whom Spurgeon once said: "The reason why the lions refused to eat him was that he was nearly all backbone and the rest was grit!" Adrian IV had the same unbending quality. It was in this little town that he met the Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. His English stubbornness would not permit him to descend from his saddle until first of all the Emperor dismounted and held his stirrup. Frederick was obliged to yield, and then the two potentates became friends, and proceeded to Rome, where the Pope crowned the Emperor.

A curious legend connected with hidden treasure has guided thither the footsteps of more than one adventurer, and indirectly led to discoveries perhaps more valuable than gold. On the wall of a house there is an animal's head carved in stone. One cannot make out whether it is meant to be a sheep or an ass, for its features are defaced. Its eyes, however, have a suggestion lurking in their vacancy, as they stare apparently with a purpose in a certain direction. It was said that they were indicating a spot where treasure lies hidden. Several have tried to interpret that stony gaze, and locate the exact spot where the eyes seem to be resting; but they have much of the deception of the rainbow about them: when you reach the place they appear to be still looking through or over you. However, some old tombs have thus been stumbled on, and though their contents might not line the purse they have revealed the past.

The amphitheatre here has been a bone of contention with archæologists and a pretty fight they have had over it. Victory inclines to those who assert that it is Etruscan. They have the weight of numbers as well, I think, as that of reason, and the compromise suggested by one may not be

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THE POPE'S GARDEN

With St. Peter's in the background.

far wrong, that the amphitheatre was built about 390 B.C. when Sutri was already the ally of Rome. Certain it is that from Etruria came originally the pugilistic and gladiatorial shows which became such a favourite amusement with the Romans. At first they were employed to add to the magnificence of funeral ceremonies. The earliest record we have is of the great gladiatorial combats which were given in the Forum Boarium on the occasion of the death of the father of Marcus and Decius Brutus in 264 B.C. In this little town we are actually looking upon the mother of the Colosseum. Here the idea was born, in Rome it grew!

From the heights behind this old town we catch our first view of Rome. Thirty-three miles across this plain, which was once dotted with so many powerful cities, lies the one which has absorbed them all. Rome sucked their life blood and grew corpulent, while they shrank to skeletons, and even these have almost vanished. An Etruscan standing on this spot two thousand five hundred years ago must have gazed with pride on the walls and towers which everywhere seemed to rise to proclaim his might. To-day we see a bare rolling waste stretching away to the glitter of the sea or the rugged horizon of mountain, and yonder, as if it were floating in the sky, the giant dome of St. Peter's proudly proclaims that the Eternal City still sits on her seven hills. The lines of Mrs. Hemans are suggested by that scene:

> "How soon the tale of ages may be told!
> A page, a verse, recalls the fall of fame,
> The wreck of centuries—we gaze on you,
> O cities, once the glorious and the free!—
> The lofty tales that charmed our youth renew,
> And wondering ask if these their scenes can be."

A run of seven miles through scenery almost English with its hedgerows and its maples brings us to Sutri's nearest neighbour, and sister town of Nepi. These two have been linked together in the bundle of life, and have endured the same experiences. Both have survived, for both learned in time to bow to Rome. Nepi is the smaller of the two, but with its mediæval castle and large red-towered cathedral seems a little more up in the world than its neighbour. It, however, has less historical interest, and need not detain us long. We survey part of the very walls which Camillus

stormed in 386 B.C., when Nepi paid the penalty for casting lingering glances back at its old and patriotic Etruscan alliance. Only a section of the population had proved disloyal, and Rome was content to exact its penalties from them alone, sparing the others. Thus the town survived, and like Sutri did not even lose its name. In fact in the Middle Ages it rose to fame for a short time like a meteor. Its duke was strong enough to make his brother Pope under the title of Constantine II, and maintained him in his seat for thirteen months. That year of glory has left in its wake a ground-swell of pride. The inhabitants of to-day still walk with an air of importance.

Another eight miles and we arrive at Civita Castellana, whose ramparts are as imposing as they were two thousand years ago, because they are nature-built. There is almost no need of walls to fortify this position of natural strength. Deep ravines have built trenches for giants to fight in, and precipices defy an invader. One should stand on the bridge and look down, around, and up; and everywhere the view is entrancing. Seldom has nature brought all its arts of enchantment to play so effectively on one spot. The wild foreground with its deep gorges, the picturesque town just slipping over their edges, and away beyond the serrated outline of Soracte all combine to present a picture unique in a land where nature is ever trying to surpass itself.

Here there are tombs above, below, all round. What a vast city of the silent dead stretches right up to the walls of the living! One could actually mark out the boundaries of an ancient Etruscan city by noting the circuit of its graves. It was forbidden to bury within the walls. This was another custom which the Romans adopted from their northern neighbours, though sometimes, influenced perhaps by Greek habits, they made exceptions. Entering a tomb you might imagine yourself on board ship with an array of berths one on top of the other, in front of you. A round hole in the centre of the vault was to let out the bad air, and might also be used in troublous times as a means of entrance when the doors were closed. It is doubtless from the Etruscans that the early Christians took their idea of the catacombs. Before we leave Civita Castellana it is worth while descending into the valley and examining the old bridge from below. Part of it still belongs to the ancient structure. It was built for

eternity, a rebuke to this age of shoddy material and trestle bridges, when a traveller reports that once crossing a canyon in the Rocky Mountains, the driver of the engine remarked to the stoker as he looked anxiously at the bridge ahead, "I guess we can risk it," while a surfaceman standing by the track, after giving a critical glance at the approaching train exclaimed, "I guess she'll stand another!" "So on guessing," says the passenger, "we got across." There was nothing left to guesswork when the Etruscans constructed this old bridge.

If you are not tired of tombs and old walls we shall take a ten minutes' run north in the car from here to the ruins of Falerii, whose name recalls a memory of our schooldays. I am sure many of my readers will remember the smile in the Latin class when the lesson was from the fifth book of Livy. In all likelihood the scene took place in Civita Castellana and not in what is now known as the site of Falerii. Plutarch, Ovid, Livy, and Zonaras all speak of the impregnable position of the town of Falerii. That testimony at once disqualifies the present site and suggests Civita Castellana as the only place in the neighbourhood answering to their description. Zonaras tells how later "the ancient city situated on a steep and lofty height was destroyed and another built in a place of easy access". That corresponds with its present position. So we may take it that when the episode happened, which makes boys smile to-day and masters squirm, Falerii was defying Rome from those natural battlements which still give distinction to Civita Castellana.

Camillus, the conqueror of Veii, was besieging Falerii, but its inhabitants, confident of their own security, went about their daily duties undisturbed. The boys had to attend school as if nothing were happening. Perhaps they were giving their teacher a thin time of it, and he began to think that he would like some more profitable job. A plot evolved in his treacherous mind. His greedy eyes saw already a fortune within his reach. He would sell his country to the Romans. Perhaps he saw that in the end they must conquer, and he argued that he might as well reap some profit. So he started a botany class and took his scholars out of the gate for a walk in the country. Perhaps his plea was the need of exercise or the pursuit of study, at all events his motives were unsuspected by the guards. One day he led them right

into the Roman camp and delivered them up to the enemy. As they were the children of the leading citizens he was really putting their parents and their city at the mercy of their foes. He expected a great reward himself. He had dreamed of the lavish gift the rich Romans would bestow upon him, but he got the surprise of his life when he was brought before Camillus. This general was one of Rome's best, a man of a big generous heart, who believed in playing the game. " Not to such wretches as thyself art thou come with thy base offers," he thundered. " War hath its laws as well as peace." Then he ordered the teacher to be stripped, his hands tied behind his back, and putting canes and scourges into the hands of the boys told them to drive back their treacherous teacher. The despair of the parents at the loss of their children was suddenly turned into joy at their strange reappearance, and this humorous generosity of the Roman general so touched their hearts that they surrendered their city to him. Kindness prevailed where force had failed.

What is left of the later city of Falerii are walls still imposing. They rise from the flat plain, and therefore with little help from nature had to depend for defence on their own strength. They are seven feet thick and about twenty-five high, and built of red tufa blocks, laid on without cement, but fitted into each other with great nicety. The Porta di Giove is still in excellent preservation. In the centre over the arch is the bas-relief of a head. It must have been Jupiter when he was a young god, for this youth is beardless, and has none of the fiery strength of the " Thunderer ". At another point the wall actually reaches fifty-four feet in height. Here is the Porta del Bove. The circuit of the walls is nearly one mile and a third, about fifty towers and nine gates mark the grandeur which once belonged to Falerii, which is perhaps the best specimen of ancient military architecture that is extant.

There are tombs here too, lots of them: but by this time I have no doubt you are tired of them, and perhaps unwilling for the rough scramble through the brushwood to where these sepulchres are hewn out of the cliffs.

The ruin here that first of all attracts your eye is the old semi-fortified abbey with its Lombard church. The severity of the design in this structure strikes one, as we become aware of the entire absence of any ornament or moulding. This style was characteristic of the churches erected by the

Cistercians in the first half of the twelfth century. The western doorway, which is very handsome, was the work of a father and son of the Cosmati family.

Now we are ready for a change of scene and there is one at hand. In all our motor run there has been one object which has dominated the distant landscape, and that is the dark and lonely majesty of Mount Soracte as it towers up from the plain, looking from its isolation double its height. It has been compared to an inland Gibraltar. As we approach and come under the shadow of its sharp wedge against the sky, it lengthens into three successive peaks crowned with either the ruins of ancient hermitages or the walls of existing monasteries. The lower slopes are girdled with green, which merges into olive-groves and then into precipices of bare grey rock. When a cloud wreathes its summit the effect is almost alpine, above it like an iceberg floating on a sea of vapour appears the rocky crest white and dazzling in the glare of the Italian sun.

We can motor up as far as S. Oreste, and from there the climb to the top is easy. The total height is not more than 2500 feet. We pass on the way two ruined convents, and at the summit are welcomed by the monks of the lonely monastery which guards the desolate peak. On the highest point stand the ruins of the temple of Apollo Soranus. His bodyguard were the Sabine Hirpini. Servius tells us that in order to ward off pestilence these were dressed in the skins of wolves and ran about the mountain-side. Pliny says they raced through crackling flames without burning their feet. I am inclined to think that the wolves were real enough, but that the fancy of the terrified spectators easily transformed them into human beings albeit of a weird character.

It was up on this wild spot that one of the most famous saints of Rome lived. Sylvester had been appointed Bishop of Rome, but had to flee from persecution. From this height which dominated the plain he must have seen the great army of Constantine march to its decisive victory at the Milvian Bridge. It was just from a little below this point that Constantine caught his first view of Rome as he drew near to battle for its sovereignty. Perhaps the legend can best be told in the words of Mrs. Jameson, quoted from her *Sacred and Legendary Art.*

" The Emperor Constantine was attacked by a horrible

leprosy; and having called to him the priests of his false gods, they advised that he should bathe himself in a bath of children's blood, and three thousand children were collected for this purpose. And, as he proceeded in his chariot to the place where the bath was to be prepared, the mothers of these children threw themselves in his way with dishevelled hair, weeping, and crying aloud for mercy. Then Constantine was moved to tears, and he commanded that the children should be restored to their mothers with great gifts, in recompense for what they had suffered.

"On the same night as he lay asleep, St. Peter and St. Paul appeared at his bedside, and they stretched their hands over him and said: 'Because thou hast feared to spill the innocent blood Jesus Christ has sent us to bring thee good counsel. Send to Sylvester who lies hidden amongst the mountains, and he shall show thee the pool, in which having washed three times, thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy.' Then Constantine awaking from his vision sent to search for Sylvester. And he, when he saw the soldiers of the Emperor, supposed it was to lead him to death; but when he appeared before the Emperor, Constantine saluted him and said: 'I would know of thee who are those two gods who appeared to me in the vision of the night?' and Sylvester replied: 'They were not gods but the apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then Sylvester baptized him, and he came out of the font cured of his malady."

Soracte besides being the home of saints was the haunt of brigands, and as late as last century they infested the woody slopes; but when the forest was cut they disappeared along with the wolves. Still it is not yet a place I should like to be found straying alone in after dark.

To come on the site of a city that had a circumference as big as Athens and which has totally disappeared is our next sensation as we motor Romewards along the great Via Flaminia, and turn to the right by a side track to reach what remains of the once proud Veii. With what contempt did its arrogant inhabitants once view the building of the walls on the Palatine. They amused themselves by worrying Romulus with petty thefts. They stationed an outpost at Fidenæ, which is just outside the present Porta Salaria, to watch what these new city builders were about. Inquisitiveness has always been a weakness of the Latin race. Romulus

resented this interference in his business, and suddenly attacked and captured Fidenæ, and posted three hundred of his own men there to keep an eye on the people of Veii. This was presumption indeed, and the Veientes hastened to arms to crush the arrogant upstart. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Thus arose the wars which lasted for centuries, between these two cities, and ended in the destruction of the one. Veii was the school where Rome learned the science of war. Perhaps her legions would never have conquered the world had her training not been so severe.

At one time the Veientes carried fire and sword right up to the very gates of Rome. It was when in desperate straits that Rome revealed her greatness. Her citizens then put service before self, and the Fabian Family came forward and made a patriotic offer. They volunteered to make it their job to keep the Veientes in their place, and very gallantly did they fulfil their task. They took up a position at the sixth mile post from Rome, and became a wholesome terror to the rival city. There were only 306 of them, but they were heroes all. Each had vowed to give his life for his country, and when their hour came not one faltered.

The sword had failed to conquer them; but brave men sometimes grow too confident, and these courageous Fabians in child-like simplicity walked one day into an ambush prepared by the craftiness of their foes. They were caught at an unexpected moment, and every man was slain, not one was left to tell the tale. Rome would have been in ignorance as to their fate, had it not been for a little boy, the only survivor of his race. He escaped unseen and ran all the way to Rome, his little heart bursting with indignation and grief, and in the solemn presence of the Senators he blurted out the cruel news. This was on the 14th of February, 473 B.C. The Romans never forgot nor forgave. The faces of the Fathers of the City grew stern, and from that hour the fate of Veii was sealed.

The fortune of war varied as the years dragged on. At one time the King of Veii, Lars Tolumnius, was so sure of himself that he put to death the ambassadors sent by Rome, and so the cup of wrath was filled to the brim. In all there were fourteen wars, until the last arrived and brought one of the greatest sieges of history. Like that of Troy it lasted for ten

years. The Romans showed bull-dog tenacity. They were not to be thrown off.

In one of the earlier battles the Veientes betrayed clearly that they had quite mistaken the nature of their opponents. They charged the Romans disguised as Furies, their locks streaming, and wearing masks horribly grotesque with long tusks and writhing serpents, such as we see painted and sculptured on Etruscan tombs. They would certainly have terrified children out of their wits; but the Romans were no longer children. They were terribly matter of fact, and realized that the masks and the tusks only encumbered their wearers, and so they won an easy victory.

But the ten years' siege was not an easy business. Most nations would have given it up. How near the Romans were to this can never be known, when a curious incident happened which rallied their resolution to persevere. In some things the Romans were still childlike. Any unnatural phenomenon was considered as an omen. The waters of the Alban Lake at this juncture began to rise far above their usual level. Superstition ascribed the cause to the gods, and messengers were dispatched to Delphi to demand a reason. The oracle replied that when this lake should empty itself without flowing into the sea, Veii would be captured. An unexpected corroboration of this strange reply came from an unlooked-for source. A Roman centurion happened to meet in the "No-man's-land" of that day a soothsayer who had wandered out of the besieged town. In order to pick up information the officer got into conversation, and drew out the man's opinion by remarking that he was sorry for a poor old fellow like him as most certainly he would perish in the destruction of the city. The soothsayer laughed at the threat, and replied that such a fate was quite impossible until the waters of the Alban Lake disappeared in an overflow which would never reach the sea, for so the gods had decreed. It is a reflection of the times that the centurion thought that there might be something in this, so he took the old man into custody, and had him brought before the Senate. This august body had just received the reply from Delphi, and now became confirmed in the belief that the gods were giving the Romans a gratuitous hint towards success. So a great engineering enterprise was started. A tunnel was bored through the rocky hill. This still exists, and is a monument to the perseverance and skill of that

ancient people. Through it the waters were drained off into the fields of the Campagna. Such is the legend, and there must be some truth behind it, for the tunnel remains.

I am inclined to think that the explanation may be something like this. Food was running short, perhaps a drought had taken place. There would certainly be a lack of men to till the soil with so large an army in camp. Then some wide-awake statesman realized that something drastic must be done. The fields needed irrigation to produce the best crops. Possibly there was an Etruscan engineer in Rome and he suggested this plan of watering the ground. The great work was carried out. Lake Albano emptied itself in a regulated way into the fields. The result was a bumper harvest, and a plentiful supply for man and beast, and so the army was reinvigorated for its task and final victory.

Having started with tunnels the Romans continued them. They had borrowed the idea from the Etruscans and they now used it against the inventors themselves. Camillus was dictator and in all likelihood he transferred the engineers from Lake Albano to the seat of war. There he drove a long tunnel right under the ground into the very centre of Veii.

Again superstition came to the aid of the Romans. When all was ready Camillus ordered a feint attack on the walls, which distracted the attention of the besieged. Then calling for volunteers he penetrated through the secret passage, and suddenly appeared in the temple of Juno just when the augurs were announcing to the King of Veii that victory would belong to him who would now offer the entrails of the victim on the altar of Juno. Camillus was quicker than the king. He suddenly appeared out of the floor, and seizing the offering from the astonished priests he performed the religious rite. After that there was not another word to be said, the gods had given their decision, and the Veientes recognized that all was up. I just wonder if the clever Camillus had through spies bribed the priests, and got them at the dramatic moment to play into his hands, and thus captured the city through craft, and squared the old account of treachery which the Romans had against their enemies. They certainly settled the score in a bloody fashion, and those of the inhabitants who were not put to the sword were carried away as slaves.

What sights these old ruins have witnessed! There are few traces now left of the great city which once defied Rome.

You can picnic amongst its grass-grown mounds, and find traces of its elaborate system for water supply. Veii lives in the pages of history rather than in piles of masonry, the city is its own sepulchre. The only sign of life is at Isola Farnese, a hamlet on a steep hill which overlooks the deserted site. There has been considerable controversy as to whether it formed part of the ancient city; but the fact that tombs are found there proves that it could not have been within the boundaries, as cemeteries were always placed outside the walls. Possibly it may have been a fortified outpost. The real citadel was on the centre of the elevated table-land which still in its name retains a shadow of past glory, Piazza d' Armi. Vendors from the hamlet will sell you terra-cotta votive offerings, which are probably perfectly genuine, for they have been discovered in cartfuls. These after they had served their purpose were thrown out of the temples into pits, hence the number of them discovered when one of these treasure holes has been laid open.

It is hard to believe as we turn to enter our motor that here once stood the most powerful and wealthy city of Etruria, whose engineers were world renowned, and the work of whose artists still adorns our museums. Some of its beautiful Ionic columns may be seen to-day, not on their original site but where their conqueror placed them, in the very heart of Rome, in the Piazza Colonna. They support the front of the Palazzo delle Colonne, where Rome's densest population surges. They have been accustomed to crowds, but how few of the passers-by waste a thought on the story of these pillars, or remember how they had been the pride of a mighty city over whose bosom the plough now passes, and whose temples and palaces are level with the dust.

We turn Romewards, along the ancient Via Flaminia. It derived its name from its builder, Gaius Flaminius Nepos, who was Censor in 220 B.C. He constructed it from Rome to Rimini, and by his engineering skill laid the foundations of the future greatness of his country, for which he heroically gave his life in the battle of Lake Trasymenus in 217 B.C. There probably was an older road here and along it one day there might have been seen dashing a superb chariot with fiery steeds that had taken the bits between their teeth. At the old Porta Ratumena the driver was flung off, and the horses galloped into the city, guided not by a human hand,

and trembling with fear paused at last at the foot of the Capitol. The Romans gazed in wonder and admiration at the beautiful workmanship of the chariot. Only a skilled artisan of Veii could have made it, for Veia is the Etruscan word for chariot, hence the name of the city. Then they recognized that this was the chariot Tarquinius Superbus, when King of Rome, had ordered the people of Veii to make that he might place it on the great temple of Capitoline Jove. Before that temple was finished Tarquinius had lost his crown, and the Veii artists, having turned out a far more magnificent chariot than mere human hands could have constructed, kept it to themselves; for they knew some god had helped, and that it would bring power to its possessors. However, their sin found them out, their horses were more honest than their masters, and despite their fraud their contract was fulfilled.

We cross the Tiber by the famous Milvian Bridge. It was built by Emilius Scaurus in 109 B.C., and some parts of the ancient structure still remain. It was here that was fought the great battle in A.D. 313 which changed the destinies of the world. Constantine, obedient to the vision of the Cross in the sky, which he had seen on the eve of the battle, established Christianity as the religion of the Empire. In one of the rooms of the Vatican, called the "Hall of Constantine", there is a wall picture of this great victory designed by Raphael and painted by Giulio Romano with a realism not a little terrifying. He has caught the spirit of the fight, and depicted in living action that congested struggle on the banks of the Tiber.

We follow the track of the victorious army as we approach the city, and enter by the Porta del Popolo. This is the site of the old gate erected by Flaminius when he made his great road. The present massive entrance was built in 1576 and embellished by Bernini.

Before we reach it, however, there is one of those unpleasant encounters which still stamps with antiquity the modern city. Soldiers stop our car and examine our baggage. This antediluvian system of "tolls" on the very threshold is entirely out of keeping with twentieth-century conveniences, and unworthy of an up-to-date city. The other day three clergymen were asked on their arrival if they had anything to declare.

"They are not going to let your New Theology through," said one laughingly of his friend, who was a modernist.

"You need have no fear on that score," interjected the third, "any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it!"

The official seemed to think so, for he passed their boxes without comment!

CHAPTER II

WITHIN THE CITY

On passing through the Porta del Popolo we find ourselves at once in one of the busy centres of the city. Here lines of cars are constantly moving round the great Piazza. The modern and the ancient are in strange contrast. Rising from the centre of the square is the great obelisk which was brought to Rome from Egypt in the year 30 B.C., and set up by Augustus in the Circus Maximus. It had stood in Heliopolis in front of the famous Temple of the Sun. If the day be a typical summer one we shall find its sun-worshippers still reclining on its pedestal. There they lie sound asleep, basking in the warmth of noonday as countless thousands have done before, regardless of the past, reckless for the future, seeking only to enjoy the present.

Rome has always a smile here with which to greet the dusty visitor as its laughing waters flash their merry welcome from the eight fountains. The spirit of the city seems to haunt the sun-tipped spray. Here is perhaps the secret of the careless gaiety of the Roman. He is never out of earshot of the ripple of the waters which soothes his sorrows, or the sight of the fleeting spray which chases away his cares. Who could be sad with such merry music constantly playing its cheery notes? If you stand at one spot in the Piazza, just under the Pincian Hill, you will hear a wonderful echo. The concave shape of the cliff acts like a sounding board, and the noise of the different fountains is gathered into one volume until you fancy that you are on the verge of a waterfall.

That cadence is all that remains of the sylvan beauty which

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THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO WITH EGYPTIAN OBELISK

gave this piazza its name. One naturally imagines that " Del Popolo " means, " of the people ", and that the square was so called because here the inhabitants used to meet in large numbers, that it was, in fact, the popular resort. But the name goes back to earlier days than that, and has a more picturesque origin. Not far from here was the tomb of the Cæsars, the mausoleum of Augustus, now the great concert hall of Rome. Originally it was a tomb worthy of the great ashes it contained, and must have outrivalled in splendour that of its later neighbour across the Tiber, the mausoleum of Hadrian, which became the Castle of St. Angelo. Not only was it resplendent in its glittering marble, but it was surrounded by a garden laid out to give greater effect to the imposing structure. From the foot of its steps an avenue of poplars led to the gate of the city which was called " Porta Populorum ", " the gate of the poplar trees ". The trees have disappeared, but the title has remained.

Now three streets open out of the Piazza: the Via Ripetta to the right, the Corso in the centre, and the Via Babuino to the left. A favourite game for the young people, in the more peaceful days before motor-cars made streets dangerous, used often to be seen played here by moonlight after cena, the evening meal. A little group of merry-makers would blindfold one of their number beside the obelisk and face him towards the Corso, and then call on him to walk towards that street. However careful he might be to keep the straight path he would invariably land, amidst the laughter of his companions, in either the Via Ripetta or the Via Babuino. Such is the perversity of human nature!

The origin of the name Corso comes from another pastime of old Rome, which was transferred by Pope Paul II from the Via Giulia to the Via Flaminia in 1465. Along this way which stretches one mile and a quarter to the Piazza Venezia used to be run in Carnival week the famous races of the riderless horses. The ponies were called " Barberi ", though most of them were Italian born. This sport was the " Derby " of Rome. It attracted great crowds, which added not a little to its danger. These were lined behind barricades all along the route, leaving a free course in the centre for the horses. For days before, great preparations were made. A grand stand was erected in the Piazza del Popolo from which spectators could witness the start. The horses were led out by

their trainers and ranged in line. Each was caparisoned in festive array with mane plaited, and coloured ribbons fastened to the braids, and on the head a tuft of variegated feathers. Strings were glued to the horse's back on which were tied pieces of glittering tin-foil which glistened and made a noise and thus added the wings of fear to the flight. But worst of all were the four cruel spurs fastened two on each side of the animal midway between the withers and the shoulders. These were composed of a lump of solid lead in the shape of a pear weighing four ounces. The heavy end was weighted with seven iron spikes. These spurs, being loosely fastened by string, rose and fell at each motion of the horse and struck their sharp points into his flanks.

At a given signal the rope was dropped and away dashed the steeds, their gallop becoming more furious as the spurs struck with fiercer force at each successive bound. The huzzas of the multitude increased the madness of the animals. Along the Corso thundered the cavalcade, while in the rear the crowd broke bounds and inspired by the spirit of the race came following on in hot haste, trampling any unfortunate sightseer who might have tripped and fallen. The frantic speed brought the foaming horses in an incredibly short time to the Piazza Venezia. Here at the winning-post another grand stand packed with spectators awaited the result. The first to snap the thin cord was acclaimed victor, but the whole troup bounded on up the Via di Ripresa de' Barberi until stopped by a barrier of thick blankets suspended across the street. In the mêlée that then ensued arms and legs were often broken and even lives lost; so much so that after one accident more serious than the rest this barbarous sport was at last stopped. It may be said to have been the last of the cruel shows which so delighted the ancient Romans. Without blood for them there was no enjoyment. A little cross on the Palazzo di Venezia marks the spot of this fatal accident, which the late Queen Margaret witnessed, and on account of which she stopped all other races.

Before we leave the Piazza del Popolo we should look in at the beautiful church Santa Maria del Popolo. It stands guard at the gate, and also over the grave of Nero, who was unworthy of such a monument or even of the decent burial he received at the hands of his mistress, Acte, who, tradition says, became a Christian. Of course the church was not built in

PINCIAN HILL

From Piazza del Popolo.

his honour but to dispel the evil spirits which haunted the spot where his bones lay. The black crows which made their nests in some gloomy trees were especially suspected; but crows are not easily dislodged, and they held their ground until Pope Paschal II had a brilliant idea. He cut down the trees and built the church to lay the ghost. He succeeded. The crows departed and the ghost never again troubled the lovers who had been thus shut out from this temptingly quiet corner. In the adjacent convent Luther stayed when on his famous visit to Rome.

As we walk along the Corso we pass on the right a very famous spot just at the entrance to the Piazza in Lucina. Here Augustus erected his historic Altar of Peace, which did more than celebrate a period which had finished: it marked the beginning of a new era in religion. It is well to pause and recall that important event: to stand on that watershed of time. Great events were taking place then in the world.

It was the summer of 13 B.C. and Rome was very busy preparing herself to welcome the return of her victorious Emperor. Augustus was not a great soldier but he had a high sense of duty, and had been at the front for three years, leaving the capital without a court or a centre for social life. Therefore the city was more than eager to participate once more in the pomp of empire.

Its generals had been successful. Tiberius and Drusus had won fame in their campaign in Eastern Switzerland and Tyrol, and Horace has immortalized their deeds in two of his finest odes. Augustus himself had defeated the Germans and driven them back beyond the frontiers. At that moment there was peace throughout the vast realms of Rome. The civil wars which had rent in pieces the dying Republic and had been the birth throes of the new Empire had passed away, leaving behind a multitude of graves and a rancour that was ebbing. Therefore as Augustus approached the city along the Via Flaminia he was borne on the crest of a popular wave. The whole nation rejoiced in the prosperity he had brought it. There never was, perhaps, a prouder moment in his life or one in which the old city rose to such a transport of joy, as when his legions marched through the Porta del Popolo and along what is now the Corso, and wound round by the Circus Maximus, and so into the Via Sacra and through the Forum and up to the Capitol. The Emperor in his modesty had

disappointed the citizens by entering quietly the night before. However, he joined the troops next morning, and publicly at their head laid a wreath of laurels on the altar of Jupiter Capitolinus. He would accept no personal honour for himself, and therefore it was decided to erect an altar to Peace. On the 4th of July the Senate passed this resolution, and that date became a permanent festival in Rome. That day seems to get more than its share of the honours of the calendar. It commemorates now the independence of America, and so stands for Liberty, whereas in those ancient times it glorified autocracy.

The subtle change which was introduced by the building of this Altar of Peace had more far-reaching consequences than the casual historian might imagine. If one could picture some dark plotter behind the scenes, then we see in this quiet move on the chessboard of history a sinister design, which in later days seemed almost to checkmate Christianity, and certainly was the cause of the early persecution it suffered. So epoch-making was this event that even a brief study of it will give a new clue to the interpretation of subsequent history.

Perhaps the wily Augustus had something of " the pride that apes humility " when he refused what seemed the more splendid distinction of a triumph but meekly submitted to have his name associated with the rites in connexion with the new altar. Hitherto Greek influence had been predominant in Rome, and had emphasized the importance of the temple, which cultivated a worship of pure abstractions which was in keeping with its genius. Augustus with something of the insight of a modern Mussolini suddenly reverted to what was an old Roman custom and revived the cult of the altar. He thus awakened the pride of Rome, as it now resurrected its ancient patriotism and primitive traditions. The altar once more eclipsed the temple, but linked with the revival of the old was a new idea. Altar worship is more personal than that of a temple. Abstractions do not suit its ceremonies, there must be the old gods again; but they were hardly fashionable enough for the intellectualism of the Augustan age. They required a new cult, and so the state became the deity in the person of its Emperor. Augustus refused a triumph but accepted a godship, and tightened more securely the shackles of servitude on his unsuspecting subjects. In after days the great crime of the Christians which caused them to be thrown

to the lions was not their faith—Rome was liberal in these matters—but their opposition to the Emperor, their refusal to pay divine honours to him. The Altar of Peace had not been erected in vain, it was the origin of the greatest dispeace and cruelty the world has ever seen. The unseen hand had made a powerful move when it placed the Altar of Peace on the great chessboard of life.

The story of this altar and how it was rediscovered has all the thrill of a picture-puzzle. It took three and a half years to construct, and was at last dedicated on 30th Jan., 9 B.C. There are several classical references to the two days of solemn ceremonies which took place at its inauguration. Ovid speaks of it, and we read of it in the records of the Arvales Brotherhood, and in the Calendar of Claudius. Then the shadow of mystery falls over it. In the fourth century the church of St. Lorenzo in Lucina was built, and the altar must have stood in the graveyard which surrounded this building. It may have been destroyed when the church was being erected. During some renovations in the church and adjoining palace about A.D. 1530, bits of old marble were unearthed carved with bas-reliefs. In 1568 ten such large slabs were reported. These panels were unfortunately distributed between private collections and museums, and some which were sent to Florence were broken in half in order to make the transit easier! Another was used afterwards for a funeral inscription to a certain Monsignor Poggi. If the idea was to prolong his fame it certainly has!

Not until 1859 were the next fragments unearthed, and in 1898 Professor Pasqui who was tempted to make excavations on this spot found part of the head of Mars, and a centre part of the old altar and some of the steps. It was Professor Paterson in 1894 who first began to solve the picture-puzzle, by fitting the broken pieces together. Professor Bartoli has recently located the platform.

The appearance of the altar can now be reproduced. It stood on a broad platform approached by five steps. A balustrade of solid marble surrounded the altar with two open doorways. This was to signify the safety Peace brings with it. Amongst the figures represented are those of Augustus and his family. He is represented as possessing perpetual youth, though at that time he was more than fifty years of age. In these fragments we find the highest achievement in

sculpture of the Augustan age. The spirit of art had vanished somewhat, but the old mastery of technique remained.

Near this altar Augustus had set up in 23 B.C. the obelisk of Pharaoh Psammeticus II. He utilized this as the gnomon of a great sundial, which showed the hour of noon when the shadow of its apex passed the meridian marked on the wide pavement. This obelisk now stands in Piazza Montecitorio, and in the ball at its top can be seen a round hole through which a ray of sunlight still points, its delicate finger marking the hours. This is an interesting spot, for here stood the ancient Ustrinum, where on a funeral pyre the bodies of the Emperors were burned.

We have now reached the central square of the city. It is dominated by the great column of Marcus Aurelius, which was erected in A.D. 176 and was an imitation of the Column of Trajan. In those days when the great mass of the people could not read they had to be taught by pictures. The idea behind the design of these columns is that of a scroll wound round a roller, such as could be seen in hundreds at that time in the libraries. In fact these columns were meant to be big picture books and tell through illustrations the history of campaigns. We know more about the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius than his wars. Still his victories over the Marcomanni seemed at the time important enough to be commemorated in this way. Unfortunately Sixtus V removed his statue and replaced it by that of St. Paul, who somehow looks a little out of place above those scenes of slaughter.

From this centre branch out twisting streets, all with a history, and if we had time we might spend hours tracing in their names the incidents and trades which they commemorate. If you wished a basket you had to go to the Via de' Canestrari for it; or if travelling you were searching for a trunk, then you made a bee-line to the Via de' Baullari. If instead it was a rope you required you directed your steps to the Via de Funari. For a hat you went to the Via de Cappellari. Curious relics of antiquity have bequeathed their names to streets which may have outlived them. Such was the case with regard to the Via della Scrofa, where the ancient bas-relief of a sow adorned a little fountain; or the Vicolo delle Fiamme, where another bas-relief of a hand stretched out in the midst of flames is a memory of Mutius Scaevola. The Babuino is another case in point. It runs out of the Piazza

del Popolo at a slight angle from the Corso, and has now become a very congested thoroughfare. It derives its name from a very ugly and grotesque statue of Silenus, which used to stand at one of its corners, and which the citizens in derision nicknamed the Baboon. Give a dog a bad name and it sticks. The Bocca di Leone offers another illustration of the same thing. There was in the early days the figure of a lion's head with mouth open carved in stone on one of the houses. This has long since disappeared, but not the name.

There is a whole world of romance in the title you read on a very dingy lane which leads out of the Piazza Capranica. Lying in the street you will see a big broken column of cipollino marble with a great dent on its surface. At first you will wonder what association this remnant of the ancient Temple of Matilda and Marciana can have with the grandiloquent title flourishing on the street corner, " Spada di Orlando " (the Sword of Roland). Its explanation lies in the romantic sentiment of the Middle Ages. Orlando, the Paladin of Roncesvalles, took the popular fancy and became the hero of the hour. The smoke begrimed name which you can hardly decipher on the wall gives you a peep into the fashion of thought of those days. Legend said that Orlando drew his mighty sword, which was of the same length as the marble column, and smiting it with one stroke clave it almost in half. The marks of his blade are still visible to all who have eyes to see and hearts to believe. What was there strange about such a deed? Did not the great Orlando cleave also the gorge in the Pyrenees, known as " La Brèche de Roland ". Hence this lane rightly commemorates the prowess of this legendary hero. Like him I fear, however, that its fame has fallen on evil days.

The story of the streets is the story of Rome, and as your eyes read their titles you have there the headings of many a past chapter in the records of the city. The Via dei Serpenti sets your mind at once on the trail of a fleeting shadow from the past. Some event has left its trace here. In ancient time when this now crowded thoroughfare was a wooded valley there stood here a temple to Juno. In all likelihood the colossal statue which now stands in the Rotonda of the Vatican, and which was found in the cloister of San Lorenzo in Panisperna, close to this street, was the actual image of the goddess which adorned this sanctuary. Reptiles we know were sacred to

Juno Sospita, and she is represented in Civita Lavinia with the serpent under her feet. With the coming of Christianity, and the taking over of so many of the Pagan symbols by the Church, the Madonna replaced the goddess, and she was pictured as standing on the serpent. An image of her in this attitude existed for a long time in this very street. Round that gathered another legend, that in A.D. 874 an enormous serpent terrorized the city. The frightened populace made intercession to the Madonna and the reptile disappeared, but left its trail behind!

The Vicus Sceleratus has a long pedigree for its unsavoury designation and takes us back to the days of Servius Tullius. This good man had a bad end. It all came about through his two daughters making a mistake in their choice of husbands. The ambitious Tullia somehow married the gentle Aruns, and her quiet sister the proud Lucius. Too late they discovered their blunder, and Tullia set herself at once to put matters right in a wrong way. She poisoned her husband and her sister, and that simplified things by leaving only the cruel Lucius who was as ambitious as herself. They were united in wedlock and crime. The husband flung his father-in-law the king down from the steps of the Curia and broke his neck, his wife, the undutiful daughter, drove her chariot ruthlessly over the body of her father, and the place where this was done inherited the guilt of the deed in a name which has endured the centuries, Vicus Sceleratus.

In contrast to a stigma which sticks let us cite a case of holy devotion bequeathing its benediction. The Via della Croce does not look a particularly sacred spot to-day. The traffic jostles unduly in its narrow street. Once, however, a cross stood here, one of perhaps four, which directed pilgrims up the hill to the Pincio. Here men and women knelt and prayers were wafted on the wind. To-day a faint reflection of that bygone scene lingers in the only memory it has left, the word " Croce " at the street corner.

A faint gleam of humour attaches to the name of another street, the Via Tor de Specchi. Here there lived long ago a wizard, who had discovered curious things which are commonplaces with us to-day. In fact he was the " Pepper's Ghost " entertainer of that time, and took an evil delight in startling people by showing them their reflections in sizes of half their height and double their width. How this strange man escaped

MONUMENT TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL II

the gallows or the stake is a mystery but he has left behind a reflection of himself in the name he has given the street, " The Tower of Mirrors ".

Let us now return to the Corso after this cursory glance at some of the smaller streets, and follow it until it enters the Piazza di Venezia. On the right we pass the great palace of the Doria family. It is far bigger than it appears from the street, as it stretches back in a solid block, and is capable of housing one thousand people. Its chief treasure is the famous picture of Innocent the Tenth, a Pope of this family. The portrait was painted by Velasquez, and is so lifelike that if Michelangelo said " Speak!" to his statue of Moses one feels also that at any moment this figure might step out of its frame and lay hands on you. An unpleasant experience, one would judge from the expression on the Pope's face.

Now we have reached the Piazza di Venezia, and our judgment is at once challenged. In colossal proportions rises the new National Monument, and its white botticino, not marble, reflects the sunlight with dazzling whiteness. Modern Italian art has put its best expression into that noble front. To look at it must inspire patriotism in the Italian heart. It certainly has achieved its purpose, and at the very centre of the nation generates that love of country which has become such a strong passion in the Italian breast.

The Italy of to-day presents at first sight a puzzle to the casual observer. It is transformed, reanimated. What has happened is that Mussolini has discovered the soul of his country. At heart, through all the ages, there slept the spirit of Imperial Rome. Mussolini found in the old *fasces* the Open Sesame which penetrated through the walls of centuries and made the dry bones rise and live. The Italy which has awakened to a consciousness of itself has some of the delightful freshness of youth, and some of its weaknesses. It is full of energy and ambition. Fascismo has harnessed fervour to action: it has given ambition a goal, and patriotism a vent. The dash of the Italian character has carried the country with a rush into its new-found possession of unity and power. Time only can prove whether push will be backed by perseverance. " Pazienza " has been a word too frequently substituted for the latter in the past. Will the inertia of habit, and one might almost say climate, give way before the impatience of to-day? Has the spurt staying power?

The best minds on the spot think it has. Already it has won its spurs. Bolshevism was about to break through the guard of civilization. How near this catastrophe was only a few who know the facts are able to conjecture. The pressure from Russia was bending the line of resistance in Italy. The " Red " flag was vaunting itself on the very streets of Rome. The bundle of life in Europe is too tightly tied to allow one state to be independent of another. Space has shrunk. National fevers cannot be isolated as in the past. With Bolshevism established on the shores of the Mediterranean, the way to the heart of the British Empire would have been laid bare. It is not by bayonets or battleships that this danger is to be met. Our navies would have been powerless to defend our hearths from this insidious foe. Its agency is the lying whisper. Its infection is by contagion.

It was at such a critical moment that Italy produced the man who by a magic word rallied its moral forces. The breach in the dam was stopped, the flood was beaten back; and in as true a sense as in Flanders and on the Piave, Europe was saved. Italy has awakened, rolled up its sleeves, and set itself to put its house in order; and a healthy neighbour is a safeguard! There may have been some rough handling of its own furniture. Housewives are not over-gentle when the frenzy of cleaning is upon them, and many a mere man has to complain that his household gods have been sacrilegiously fingered. Yet when he sits once again in comfort the sense of purity is more than compensation. There is a purifying agency at work in Italy to-day. A transformation is coming over Rome which can only be compared with its renewing in the Augustan age. If Augustus found it brick and left it marble, Mussolini seems intent on changing it from a city of congestion into one of wide spaces. Beauty, ventilation, and above all, the inspiration of the past, are the influences with which he seeks to surround its citizens.

All this occurs to us as we view the great monument which stands for what Italy is, and what it means to be. One almost feels as if this National Memorial requires a wider sweep than the centre of a city can afford. Perhaps on a higher hill with a broader expanse in front of its lofty façade would impress with greater effect. The fact that so much of it is front may, in some eyes, detract a little from its dignity. " Some folks use big words," said Uncle Eben, " de same as

a turkey spreads his tail feathers. Dey makes an elegant impression, but dey don't represent no real meat." There is a type of architecture which savours of big words, which fills space but does not satisfy. There are some critics who think this monument belongs to it. However I feel like quoting a preacher who once said, " These commentators do not agree with me." A good lady thought he had said " common taters ", so next day she brought him some of the best potatoes from her garden! I shall be content if my opinion brings me the reward of my readers' approval.

If the sight of the National Monument has stirred us to deeper thought, then the sight of the Capitol will awaken the memories of all the centuries. The marble walls of the great Temple of Jupiter once flashed proudly from this citadel. Here are still the grim cliffs of the Tarpeian Rock. On this spot the splendour of the Empire and the desolation of the Middle Ages reigned in turn. For a moment the genius of Cola di Rienzi brought back the great days of Rome. Then Michelangelo fixed for succeeding centuries its form and beauty. Here it was that the great idea came to Edward Gibbon to make the glories of the past parade again in words before the eyes of living races. On an October evening of 1764 he sat here while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the church of Aracœli.

This is the great charm of Rome—that it animates the dead figures of its history. On the spot where they lived and acted, the Cæsars change from the manikins of books to living men; and Virgil, Horace, and Cicero grow to be realities when we walk over the very pavement they may once have trod. The landscape of Horace has not changed. Still in the winter you may see the dazzling peak of the " gelidus Algidus ", and, " ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte "; and wandering at Tivoli in the summer, you quote his lines:

> " domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis,"

and feel that they are as true and as fresh as if they were written yesterday. Could you better his compliment to any Roman Lalage of to-day than to call her " dulce ridentem "? In all its losses Rome has not lost the sweet smiling of its people. If you would like to know the modern rules for agri-

culture in Rome, read the *Georgics*; there is so little to alter that it is not worth mentioning. So, too, at Rome, the Emperors become as familiar as the Popes. Mounted on his bronze steed the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius confronts us on the Capitol itself. Who does not recognize the lifted brow and projecting eyes? Are there any modern portraits more familiar than the severe, wedge-like head of Augustus, with his short-cut lips and nose, as he stands there in full dress in the entrance hall of the Palazzo dei Conservatori—or the full face of Hadrian, with his hair combed down over his low forehead—or the vain, perking face of Lucius Verus, with his thin nose, low brow, and profusion of curls—or the brutal bull head of Caracalla—or the bestial, bloated features of Vitellius? These men, who were but lay-figures to us at school, mere pegs of names to hang historic robes upon, thus interpret by the living history of their portraits the incidental illustrations of the places where they lived and moved and died. And the buildings and the monuments they erected become like the men of yesterday.

It was here if tradition speaks truly that Augustus erected the " Ara Primogenito Dei ", to commemorate the Delphic prophecy of the coming of our Saviour. Virgil wrote a pastoral complimenting the Roman consul Pollio on the birth of a son, whom, in the spirit of flattery, he describes as the predicted deliverer. The substance of the Pastoral is said to have been borrowed from a prophecy delivered by the Sibyl. It reads thus:

> " The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
> Renews its finished course: Saturnian times
> Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
> From their last orb, in radiant circles run.
> The base, degen'rate, iron offspring ends;
> A golden progeny from heaven descends.
> The father banish'd virtue shall restore;
> And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
> The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
> By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
> The jarring nations he in peace shall bind,
> And with paternal virtues rule mankind."

Christmas Eve is the best time to visit the church which now stands on the spot where Augustus is said to have put up an altar in response to the Delphic oracle. The whole of

one of the chapels is devoted to the Presepio. In the foreground is a grotto, in which is seated the Virgin Mary with Joseph at her side and the miraculous Bambino in her lap. Immediately behind is an ass and an ox. On one side kneel the shepherds and kings in adoration; and above, God the Father is seen surrounded by clouds of cherubs and angels playing on instruments, as in the early pictures of Raphael. In the background is a scenic representation of a pastoral landscape, on which all the skill of the scene painter is expended. Shepherds guard their flocks far away, reposing under palm trees or standing on green slopes which glow in the sunshine. The distances and perspective are admirable. In the middle ground is a crystal fountain of glass, near which sheep, preternaturally white, and made of real wool and cotton wool, are feeding, tended by figures of shepherds carved in wood. Still nearer come women bearing great baskets of real oranges and other fruits on their heads. All the nearer figures are full size, carved in wood, painted, and dressed in appropriate robes. The miraculous Bambino is swaddled in a white dress, which is crusted over with magnificent diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The Virgin also wears in her ears superb diamond pendants. Joseph has none; but he is not a person peculiarly respected in the Church. As far as the Virgin and the Child are concerned, they are so richly dressed that the presents of the kings and the wise men seem rather supererogatory—like carrying coals to Newcastle—unless, indeed, Joseph comes in for a share, as it is to be hoped he does. The general effect of this scenic show awakens awe in the crowds which press about it all day long. Mothers and fathers are lifting their little children as high as they can, and until their arms are ready to break; little maids are pushing, whispering, and staring in great delight; peasants are gaping at it with a mute wonderment of admiration and devotion; and Englishmen are discussing loudly the value of the jewels, and wanting to know, by Jove, whether those in the crown can be real.

While this is taking place on one side of the church, on the other is a very different and quite as singular an exhibition. Around one of the antique columns of the basilica—which once beheld the splendours and crimes of Cæsar's palace—a staging is erected, from which little children are reciting, with every kind of pretty gesticulation, sermons, dialogues,

and little speeches, in explanation of the Presepio opposite. Sometimes two of them are engaged in alternate question and answer about the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Sometimes the recitation is a piteous description of the agony of the Saviour and the sufferings of the Madonna —the greatest stress being, however, always laid on the latter. All these little speeches have been written for them by the priest or some religious friend, committed to memory, and practised with the appropriate gestures over and over again at home. Their little piping voices are sometimes guilty of such comic breaks and changes, that the crowd about them rustles into laughter. Sometimes, also, one of the very little preachers has an obstinate fit, pouts, shakes her shoulders, and refuses to go on with her part; another, however, always stands ready on the platform to supply the vacancy, until friends have coaxed, reasoned, or threatened the little pouter into obedience. These children are often very beautiful and graceful, and their comical little gestures and intonations, their clasping of hands and rolling up of eyes, have a very amusing and interesting effect.

The church is not architecturally handsome; but it is picturesque, with its relics of centuries, its mosaic pulpits and floor, its frescoes of Pinturicchio and Pesaro, its antique columns, its rich golden ceiling, its Gothic mausoleum to the Savelli, and its mediæval tombs. A dim, dingy look is over all; but it is the dimness of faded splendour. Sometimes as the great heavy curtain at the door is pushed open a ray of sunset illuminates the mosaic floor, catches on the rich golden ceiling, and flashes here and there over the crowd on some brilliant costume or shaven head. A faint perfume of incense pervades the aisles and stimulates the memory, and the mind repictures the varied scenes on which these walls have looked.

From the Capitol we glance down upon the Forum. If the first glimpse be got under the witchery of a Roman moon, then it is not difficult to call up in imagination the ghosts of the past, and almost to hear the heart-beat of the ancient world which once throbbed so strongly where ruined temples and broken columns now stand sentinel over the grave of their former greatness. In the distant shadows looms the wall of the Colosseum. We shall have to spend a longer time musing on its past scenes. Half hiding it is the Arch of Titus, both reminders of the Jewish race: the one was built by their

THE FORUM

Looking towards the Temple of Castor and Pollux, with its three remaining columns.

captive hands, the other commemorates their fall. Running through the Forum, as a river through a lake, resuming at its exit its initial course and name is the famous Via Sacra. It was not merely an artery of trade but the vital vein of the Empire. Its polygonal blocks link together all the great elements in Roman character and bind in unbroken harmony the struggles and ambitions of that dominant people.

We follow its path where it descends the Velia by what was the jewellers' and goldsmiths' arcade. Here in classical times was the eastern entrance to the Forum and the Arch of Quintus Fabius Maximus. It was built in 122 B.C. in honour of the victor of the Allobroges, the ancient inhabitants of Savoy. The eye measures the size of the Forum with surprise. How could such a small, congested spot rule the world? Yet from here in all directions went forth laws followed by legions.

Where so much has been so well said there is little to add. Our eyes must be our own interpreters, aided by the inner vision of imagination. On our left history has put its interrogation point in the circular ruins of the Temple of Vesta. Here the Romans sought to solve the " Riddle of the Universe ", and it carries us back to those mystic searchings of mind when men lost their way in their efforts to find God, and blazed their track with altars and temples and images which remain to show us the path they hewed. As we stand here a door opens into the mystic past. The rites of Vesta emerged from those of a cruder and gloomier type which takes us back to primæval man, when the tree was worshipped as his god. The cult of Vesta was brought from Alba in the very earliest days of Rome. There in the groves by the lake or on the hilltop it had been associated with that of Sylvani.

For was not the sacred fire of the Vestals kindled by the friction of two sticks, or *igniaria*, composed respectively of the oak and the laurel—a hard and soft wood? Why were the dry leaves of these two trees especially ordained to be used as the tinder on which to catch the resulting spark? Was it not because there was a special sacredness about them which consecrated all that belonged to them? The very fire itself had to be fed by their logs and twigs. Even the original hut which sheltered the fire, and the earliest statues had to be made out of the same material. In order to provide a supply for all this a sacred grove was necessary, and votive offerings were hung upon its branches. The

earliest hut of Vesta is said to have been shaded by a laurel. Therefore if we go far enough back in fancy we shall find on this site in the Forum a grove of laurel trees in the centre of which there was a rude hut whose sacred fire was tended by a company of Vestal virgins. All woods which were employed in sacred uses were considered " lucky " or *felices*; while the others, and especially those which produced evil fruit, were termed *infelices*. Out of these was made the gibbet (*patibulum*).

The laurel was considered evergreen, and therefore a laurel wreath was bestowed on those who achieved proconsular dignity. It also was credited with being a non-conductor of lightning. Julius Cæsar received no honour more eagerly than the laurel-crown. He wore it constantly. Perhaps it was to hide his baldness, perhaps it was to defend himself from the thunderbolts of an angry Jove!

Talking of trees reminds us of the oldest one connected with the Forum, the famous *Ficus Ruminalis*. It stood near the Comitium and Tacitus states that it was identified by the people as the fig tree whose branches caught the floating cradle which bore the infants Romulus and Remus. Its shady foliage had given shelter to the she-wolf which suckled the motherless twins. The word *Ruminalis* comes from *rumis*, meaning the breast. Tacitus adds that it showed the first sign of decay during the reign of Nero, that is when it was 840 years old. The elder Pliny corroborates with the following statement: " In the very midst of the Comitium of Rome, a fig tree is carefully cultivated, in memory of the consecration of a spot whereon a thunderbolt once fell, as well as for a token of the *Ficus Ruminalis* which in former days sheltered the Founders of our Empire at the Lupercal cave. The tree, through the agency of Attus Navius, the augur, had passed spontaneously from its original position to the Forum. And not without some dreadful presage is it that the tree has withered away; but, thanks to the care of the priesthood, it has been replaced."

It is quite certain that this fig tree was very dear to the heart of the nation. Festus repeats a certain saying with regard to it: " So long as the tree should last, so long should last the liberty of the Roman people."

Why should the fig tree be selected for such honour? The Roman was more practical than sentimental. There was

THE ATRIUM OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS

In the Roman Forum.

generally some sound reason behind his piety. The fig tree offered many things to its devotees besides shelter. Horace speaks with gusto of the precious delicacy of the liver of a goose fattened upon figs. Very likely the sacred Geese of Juno, on the Capitol, required a fig tree of their own for their consecrated diet. In addition it was not merely Hezekiah who discovered and advertised the healing properties of this plant: the medical men of ancient Rome made use of it in their prescriptions; and other nations such as Egypt and Japan have for like reasons considered this same universal provider sacred. It is just possible that the *Ficus Ruminalis* was the remnant of a cluster of such shrubs which in prehistoric days used to grow under the shelter of the Palatine. When that hill became walled and fortified it was necessary that all cover should be removed. So the trees were cut down, but one escaped the axe, and in self-defence gathered round it an atmosphere of legend!

Places as well as persons have lives and influences which touch our spirits with a mysterious hand; and surely no arm is so ghostly or far-reaching as that of this dead Forum. Its temples and basilicas are more than memories, they are centres which have generated forces still powerful in the world. We cannot describe them all, and guide-books are there for that purpose. Let us concentrate on one basilica, and that the least known, that of Æmilia, on the north side. One word on the purpose of these buildings, which next to the temples were the most beautiful in Rome. They were used as centres for transacting business, and for the practice of law. Their shape was oblong, frequently rising to two storeys. They contained a large central area or nave, which was often open to the sky, and sometimes roofed. This was surrounded by colonnades forming aisles. In all likelihood they evolved from the old Roman house, being copied from its atrium. In some the central nave had an apse at the end. Christianity took over the design for its churches, so that the word in Rome to-day signifies a rectangular church with rows of pillars dividing it into aisles and nave with an apse for the high altar.

In Cato's time we read that the Tribunes of the Plebs held their court in the old Basilica Porcia. Certainly the Basilica Julia was utilized by the four Courts of the *Centumviri*, in one of which Pliny (the younger) practised as

an advocate, and the Emperor Trajan presided. The galleries were open to the public. It is possible that Paul's second trial took place in the Basilica Julia, and that he made his defence and preached his last sermon to the Gentiles there. In the galleries that day would be many of those Christians whose names are recorded on the Church membership list as given in the Epistle to the Romans. The prisoner would stand in front of the *cancelli* or balustrade, which separated the tribune from the rest of the court, and which has become the chancel in our churches.

The Basilica Æmilia seems to have been put more to a commercial than a judicial use. There are signs of shops along its southern aisles. Behind these was the open peristylium where the business men of the hour met and discussed their affairs. It was here that the Emperor Galba was murdered in the year A.D. 69. He was interested in the exchange of that day, and was adjudged too near-fisted and too given to money-making by the soldiery who depended on his generosity. Rushing down from the Viminal they trapped him in this business centre, and having cut off his head they raised it on a spear and paraded it through the Forum. This is a case of a man who lost his head by speculating once too often! Medals and coins show us that the Basilica was two-storeyed, the ground-floor being built in the Doric style and the upper in the Ionic.

The edifice was one of great size and splendour, being only about ten feet less in length than its noble and later rival on the other side of the Forum. Statius at the close of the first century called it " Sublimis Regia Paulli " (the lofty mansion of Paullus). Its history is full of interest. The original building was erected by Fulvius and Æmilius in 179 B.C., and must have been one of the wonders of its day. Æmilius Paullus having conquered the Greeks at Pydna in 169 B.C. was in turn conquered by their culture, and he set the Greek fashion in Rome. Up till then the old-fashioned but wise-headed Cato had fought against the introduction of Grecian innovations. Perhaps he saw that in its luxury and softness lay the seeds of Roman decay. He was right. Rome eventually fell not because she was conquered by the Barbarians from the north, but because she was enslaved by the vices from the East.

The Forum has witnessed few scenes more stirring than

that which gave birth to this great Basilica, and as we gaze upon its grave to-day we recall its cradle. Æmilius Paullus had returned in triumph from the East. In his train he brought as prisoner the King of Macedon and his family, and all Rome went " Mafficking ". No wonder, for there was so much money in the booty that for the next century no Roman was required to pay a military tax. If we had looked into the Forum on the day of the great triumph we would have seen a flutter of white everywhere. The Fathers of the City, dressed in their cleanest, crowded street and circus and piazza to get a glimpse of the most gorgeous procession that perhaps ever passed along the Via Sacra. The temples smoked with incense and the statues of the gods were crowned with garlands. The Victor was togaed in a mantle of purple, fastened on his shoulder with a golden brooch. A crown of laurels was placed on his head, and an iron ring on the index finger of his left hand. It was a three days' show, and the eyes of the spectators must have been wearied with the endless procession of trophies that surely glutted the greed even of the Roman mob. The spectacle began with a great parade of the victorious legions on the Campus Martius. Here Æmilius delivered himself of an oration, but what was more to the point for the expectant troops, he then distributed to each their share of the spoils. This first item on the programme was termed " Ad Concionem ".

Having made his speech and handed out the prizes of war the Victor mounted his chariot and in stately pomp rode up to the gate of the city called " Triumphalis ". This was situated near the present Piazza Montanara. Here he offered sacrifice to the Lares of Rome. An act of great ceremony followed. The Senators in their purple robes were drawn up in line, and with much dignity received him, and conducted him through the gate into the city. They headed the great procession, or " Pompa " as it was called, and started on a very circuitous course, which led them through the Circus Maximus into the Via Triumphalis, and so round to the beginning of the Via Sacra, and thence through the Forum up to the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol.

A band of trumpeters supplied the martial music. This was followed by rows of chariots, which the war artists of those days made their canvas. On the sides of these moving vehicles was painted the story of the campaign. Scenes from the

Front they would be called to-day, and gaping eyes read there in colour of hard fights, of fortresses stormed, of towns pillaged, of captives taken, of armies and sovereigns who surrendered. As each chariot passed a fresh exclamation of wonder and delight rose from the populace, and as there were three hundred and fifty chariots on that day, there was no stint of news, and all of a nature to inflame the savage passions of the crowd. That was enough for one day. Three hundred and fifty war pictures were sufficient to be absorbed and discussed. They prepared the people for the real thing which was to follow.

On the second day there was a display such as to make all eyes glitter with greed. From morning to night the great procession moved on. Now the chariots in endless succession bore great vases filled to the brim with silver coins, and trophies of war in the shape of flashing helmets, and polished cuirasses, and beautifully engraved swords, the armour of kings and princes, taken from the seventy captured cities of Greece and Thrace. A surprise awaited at the end. A long procession of slaves came in sight and each carried a cup of gold overflowing with golden coins.

Thus the city was prepared for the third and greatest day. Still unsatiated, the inhabitants rose at dawn and took once more their stand by the triumphal path. The bands of trumpeters had been augmented and their blast was fiercer as the walls re-echoed their victorious challenge. A great array of porters staggered under the weight of eighty huge vessels filled with golden coins. Such wealth Rome had never seen before. It was the death blood of Greece. Then there was a pause, and with solemn tread appeared one hundred white bulls begarlanded for their death as they slowly advanced to the Temple on the Capitol where priests awaited to sacrifice them to Jupiter Capitolinus. Next came the magnificent chariot of the great King Perseus of Macedon; but he was not in it. Instead it was heaped with all his gold plate and treasures. He followed behind dressed in black, and walking as one in a dream, unheeding the shouts of the victors or the taunts of triumph. In front of him were his two sons and daughter, captives now of the cruel conqueror. In vain, poor children, they extended their hands imploring the cold clemency of the Roman People. That race was too swelled with pride that day to have room for pity. Last of all came

the hero of the day, Æmilius Paullus, standing in his triumphant chariot, clad in purple and wearing a crown. He was followed by his son Scipio Æmilianus, who afterwards conquered Carthage. The rear was brought up by the war-stained legions, enthusiastic in singing songs in their commander's praise, and overjoyed with the share of the booty which had fallen to them.

Thus the great procession moved on up the Via Sacra to where the new walls of the Basilica Æmilia were just raising themselves, and their originator would look from his chariot with pride as he surveyed their magnificence. Then at the corner of the Comitium there was a halt. The captives were turned aside out of the procession to dungeons and their fate. Possibly in those bitter moments King Perseus repented that he had not taken the hint of his proud conqueror. He had entreated Æmilius that he might be spared the degrading ordeal of exposure to the insults of the Roman crowd, and the shame of public disgrace. He had received the chilly response, " that he had it in his own power to preclude that painful necessity ".

When the prisoners had been removed the procession continued up the Clivus Capitolinus to where in the magnificent temple on its summit the victor was to offer his gift of a golden cup filled with wonderful pearls, and to render thanks to the gods for the triumphs he had won. Yet all the time unknowingly it was the triumph of Greece over Rome that was being celebrated, and the Basilica Æmilia was the first monument to that victory.

CHAPTER III

AROUND THE CITY

We have so far restricted ourselves to a few central streets; let us now make some rapid tours around the city, in and out of its walls. With a motor-car at our disposal it is easy to group our studies, and we shall start off with the very refreshing topic of baths.

When the stranger arrives at the railway station, and for the first time steps out on to a Roman street, he is faced with an amusing contrast that seems to laugh at him from the past.

There is one thing that he wants above all others at that moment, with the dust of a long journey clinging to him, and that is a bath. And yonder, just beyond the rows of electric cars, the Baths of Diocletian mock you. Oh to be an old Roman again, and plunge into those lakes tiled with marble and floored with mosaic, which could hold three thousand swimmers! Rome has travelled a long way backward since the time of the Emperor Commodus, who took his eight baths a day.

The Greeks set the fashion in the matter of Baths, but the Thermæ of the Romans differed from those of Greece in this, that they were genuine Baths. The Greek establishments were primarily Gymnasia with facilities for bathing, while in Rome the plunge, the swim, were the real sport, and the rest but subsidiary. The Greek buildings displayed none of the magnificence which made the Thermæ the most marvellous monuments of Imperial Rome. Julius Cæsar was a genius in just knowing exactly how to handle a Roman crowd. He kept them out of mischief by presenting them with three million pounds' weight of oil, and they all rushed to the baths to scrub and anoint themselves, and left him to his own sweet will.

But it was Agrippa, the great war minister of Augustus, who realized the importance of the Public Bath. He established one hundred and seventy in the cities of the Empire. People must have something to do, and what better than to be washing themselves? The great Baths of Agrippa in Rome are a memorial of his genius. They have left to the world one of its very noblest structures in the Pantheon, which was built as the sudatorium, and afterwards dedicated by Agrippa himself as a temple to Jupiter the Avenger. These baths were greatly damaged by fire in the year A.D. 80, but were immediately repaired by Domitian. They again suffered from fire in A.D. 110, and once more the Emperor Hadrian restored them. So many fires may seem at first strange. To-day a fire in Rome is almost unheard of, and I pay more for insurance against theft than I do against fire! In the early days of the Empire the Romans did not build their vaulting entirely of masonry, but often used wood, and this of course increased the danger.

Nero followed suit. It was about the only good thing he did; so that Martial asks: "Quid Nerone pejus? Quid

D 674

THE PANTHEON

Built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, as part of his Baths; transformed into a Temple, and restored by the Emperor Hadrian.

thermis melius Neronianis?"—"What could be worse than Nero or better than Nero's baths?" Another writer has summed up Roman life in this sentence: "Venari, lavari, ludere, ridere, hoc est vivere."

As we have begun this chapter with baths we had better have a surfeit of them and finish that subject. I promise you we shall not come across it again in our study of modern Rome! Besides, it contains some surprises. The whole principle of central heating, which is so much in vogue just now, is as old as—the Cæsars. The inventor was one Sergius Orata, an old Roman knight. He devised a means of carrying air heated by underground furnaces through pipes of terra-cotta built into the walls. Thus he was able to heat a room to any temperature, and Romans soon got fond of "sweating" apartments.

Trajan added a new idea to these erections. He had studied the points of the compass to some purpose. Hitherto it was the orthodox thing to have the baths oriented north and south. His innovation was to turn them round a little until they faced north-east by south-west. Thus he captured all the sun that was to be had; for the old Roman was as fond of a tanning as his brown-burned descendant.

Among the Thermæ of Rome the most perfect are those of Caracalla, while the largest are those of Diocletian. The latter were opened about the year A.D. 305, and in the Tepidarium and the adjoining rooms we find a complete synthesis of the whole science of construction and statics of the Romans. Fortunately drawings of this building before it was transformed by Michelangelo are extant, and may be seen in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. When we study these a great surprise awaits us. Here we have found the long lost nursery of the great architectural ideas which have added beauty to the world's greatest structures.

Let us trace for a moment that development and note what we owe to these crumbling ruins. Arnulphus speaking of the basilica of San Lorenzo Maggiore in Milan exclaimed: "Templum cui nullum in mundo simile!"—"O temple which has not its equal in the world!" Where did the design come from? The answer is the Baths of Diocletian. We admire to-day the ruins of the great Basilica of Constantine in the Forum. It was nothing more than the great hall of the Tepidarium transplanted and enlarged. Where did the

famous Anthemius of Tralles get his idea for what some consider still the greatest sanctuary in the world, St. Sophia of Constantinople? Was it not from the Tepidarium of these baths? England unconsciously owes much of the beauty of her cathedrals to the genius of the builder of the Baths of Diocletian. When the monks of Durham were searching for some link with which to unite the Lombardic and the Gothic styles they stumbled on these old Baths in Rome and studied them. From this source they borrowed the idea of the sloping buttress pierced by an arch which has given such beauty and grace to so many of our English cathedrals. Rome had reached the zenith of her architectural glory when she had to cede her imperial mantle to Constantinople. She set the fashion of the great arch and vaulted roof. These Baths of Diocletian, whose gaunt roofless walls leave her to-day like some aged and toothless crone, were yet the mother of some of the world's noblest edifices.

Rome is a city of columns and obelisks. There are eight of the former and thirteen of the latter. As it would be impossible to tell the story of each, perhaps we had better concentrate on one. There is none which seems to catch and focus the spirit of Rome with such power and truth as that of Trajan. The ordinary tourist may cast a passing glance of admiration on that spiral that rises with such grace and lifts its head so high. He may even comment on the bad taste of Sixtus V who surmounted it with a statue of St. Peter; but he will miss seeing Rome at its greatest unless he studies the setting of that pillar. It is Rome resurgent. It is a flash in history of that proud spirit which resented insult. Domitian had been weak. He had neither the daring of the soldier nor the skill of the general, and under his reign Rome's pride was humiliated. The Dacians had crossed the Danube, and Domitian, unwilling to fight, had bought them off. Their terms were pretty stiff. In addition to exacting money, they insisted on Rome handing over to them the secrets of her military strength. She had to send her skilled artisans to teach the Dacians how to make armaments which could be used against Rome itself. That was surely humiliating enough! Decebalus, their brilliant chief, suffered a little from self-conceit, and no wonder, when he saw Rome handing over her weapons to him. The French have a proverb that the appetite comes with eating, and they ought to know for their cooks have the art of tickling

D 674

THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

With his column in the centre. On this is depicted the story of his Dacian wars.

the palate. The more Decebalus got the more he wanted, and Rome winced as she paid out her yearly tribute to this barbarian. Domitian was afraid of him, and the aged Nerva was too weak to protest. The Rome of the glorious republic, of Julius Cæsar, of Augustus, meekly paying tribute to a foreign power before the century was out. Ye gods! No wonder there was shame and boiling indignation in the soul of its citizens. Then came Trajan, and when the yearly tribute was demanded Rome was stirred to its very heart by the proud answer of the Emperor, that it was the custom of Rome to receive but not to give tribute. Proud words which had to be translated into deeds, and that monument with its spiral carvings is a record of how the boast was achieved. Now we understand the meaning of Trajan's Forum for the people, and the crowning glory of its column. It wiped away the shame and made the Roman hold his head high once more.

On its spiral bas-relief there is written an epic unequalled except by the thrills of Homeric verse. It is inscribed not on perishable parchment but is engraved in undying characters on enduring marbles. These unfold to the eye a series of pictures which relate the account of a great military expedition. Unlike our illustrated journals, which pass so quickly from public view, for nearly nineteen hundred years this column has been retelling night and day its marvellous story of hardship and perseverance, of engineering skill and final victory. Where the manuscript has failed the marble has succeeded. The written page is lost but the sculptured column stands. It fills a gap in history which otherwise would have remained a blank.

The narrative begins at the base of the pillar. There you see the Emperor seated in his chair of State. He has forced the passage of the Danube, and given his enemies their first real taste of Roman steel. There is the air of the Victor already about him, for his chair is the *Sella castrensis*, the portable emblem of Imperial authority. As we read upwards we see the Emperor inspiring his men, and we have a bird's-eye view of what a campaign meant in those days. There was more than fighting to be done. We see soldiers busy constructing barracks, others cutting down forests so that the enemy might have no cover from which to attack. There are buildings more solid than the others surrounded by a stone enclosure. These

were doubtless head-quarters. What will interest the student of military history is the fact that all the work and drudgery of hewing and carrying is being done by the soldiers themselves. The men of the proud Roman legions knew how to turn to and wield an axe as well as a sword. The hardship of the task is graphically disclosed in the attitudes of the men. It was thirsty work and one soldier has his head half buried in a bucket of water as if he were going to drink it to the last dregs. This thirst must have been forcibly impressed upon the artist who has been so faithful in his delineation. The barbed wire entanglements of those far-off days are portrayed in the exquisitely sculptured railings which were constructed round the camp. The spaces are filled up with projecting timbers interlinked with brushwood through which it would be impossible for an enemy to crawl. That shows us that the modern zareba is as old as Trajan.

The army is seen on the march. First come the Pioneers, armed with what look like pick-axes, and a knife with a long handle used apparently for cutting brushwood. Behind is a battalion of handy men who clear away the cut timber and make the road smooth for the ranks behind. These are seen to emerge from the forest in perfect order. Shoulder to shoulder they advance as in review order, and this artist shows by a hundred little touches that he is drawing from the life. After rivers come mountains, but the army moves on undeterred. Cliffs are climbed, gorges crossed, but the line remains unbroken. The fight with nature seems to have been as stiff as the more bloody contest of the field. Then comes the great battle of Tapæ, and the defeat of the Dacians, while the skies are dark with storm. The thrill intensifies. The fight is furious, but at last the result is clear. The vanquished generals are seen coming begging for terms. The nature of these is grimly suggested by the despair of the defeated, as they are seen quaffing draughts of poison, and thus preferring death to dishonour. As we near the top of the column we come on the last stages of the war. Decebalus has been captured, and he is given a short shrift. His head is struck off and stuck on the wall of the Roman camp. Next follows the collecting of the loot, and the ingathering of the harvest by the soldiers, and the Emperor offering sacrifice in gratitude for his victory to the gods. The final scene has a practical purpose. We see the inhabitants of the conquered country leaving their homes and

fleeing inland, and Roman settlers coming and taking possession of their lands. This, in fact, was an "Emigration Poster" of those days, to induce retired veterans to do likewise and apply for grants of territory. It was the policy of Rome to plant loyal colonies in disaffected regions. All this is behind the stately column which we admire to-day in Trajan's Forum, and which chronicles a period and a personality.

A round of the imperial tombs may not seem a very inviting suggestion; but these tombs have little to-day of their original mournfulness. The great Mausoleum of the Cæsars is now Rome's largest concert hall, and fashionable audiences crowd it to listen to music that is anything but mournful, and would not indicate for a moment that it was being played in the place where the great dead sleep. The Augusteo has had many vicissitudes since the day Augustus built the large tumulus and faced it with marble to be a fitting sanctuary for his ashes. In a sense it has survived the ages, but it has not been faithful to his trust, his ashes are now scattered to the four winds. Here with much pomp he laid to rest the young Marcellus, his favourite nephew and intended successor, the son of his sister Octavia.

Thither also was borne on one of Rome's days of tears the body of Augustus himself. He had said when dying: "If I have played the game applaud me and clap your hands," and he played it to the end. For seven days he lay in state, at least his waxen figure did. Beautiful slaves stood beside the pallid image, and mournful senators clad in black sat there like silent sentinels. On the eighth day the funeral couch was carried from the Palatine, preceded by a statue of victory, and followed by the ancestral busts of the Julian line, all save the divine Julius, who being a god already could not fall in and march with mortals. At the Forum the procession halted, and Tiberius and Drusus pronounced funeral orations. From there the senators carried on their own shoulders the imperial burden and passed through crowds who flung perfumes and sweet-smelling herbs on the body of their Emperor. When the cortege arrived at the Mausoleum the couch was placed on the *ustrina*, and everything was made ready for the lighting of the funeral pyre. The Pontifex Maximus pronounced the last words of farewell, and Tiberius gave a last kiss. Then the flames blazed up, and as they did so an eagle was let loose and flew towards heaven, and so symbolized the apotheosis of the

deified dead. Livia, faithful to the end, watched the burning for five days, and then sorrowfully gathered up the ashes and placed them in the funeral urn within the inner sanctuary of the Mausoleum.

Several others of the imperial family, including Livia herself, found in time their last resting place there. The funeral of Septimius Severus is very fully recorded, and was fashioned after the example set in the case of Augustus. At length all the niches were filled and the tomb was closed, and a long silence settled down on this grave of the great. Grass and moss did their best to hide it, the wild vine and the snowy clematis garlanded it with leaves and flowers. Then in the fifth century there broke in on Rome the hoards of desecrators of homes and graves, the brutal soldiers of Alaric. They started a treasure hunt in this old Mausoleum; but instead of gold they found only ashes, and in their disappointment and rage they flung these last pitiful relics of the Cæsars to the four winds of heaven. So the curtain falls on the great drama of Augustus's career.

A long blank space now occurs in the history of the Mausoleum. Centuries again went by without a change, save that of time, and lizards and serpents slid in and out unmolested. At last the Colonna family took possession of it, and rebuilt it into a fortress. But, enraged with their treachery after the repulse of the Romans at Tusculum, the populace destroyed all that was destructible of this great Mausoleum. It was too strong for them, however. The mortar and cement of centuries had hardened into stone. Its massive walls resisted their attacks; and Montfaucon tells us in his pilgrimage to Rome in the thirteenth century, that he saw over one of the arches of the Mausoleum the funeral inscription of Nerva: "Hæc sunt ossa et cinis Nervæ Imperatoris." Again the Colonna occupied them, rebuilt them into a fortress, and there withstood the assaults of Gregory IX.

Then came a day when a new burial took place here. It was of Rome's last tribune. Murdered at the foot of the Capitol, his dead body was dragged thence by the Jews, under the orders of Jugurtha and Sciaretta Colonna, and on the ruins of the Mausoleum was seen the first funeral pyre since that of Nerva. Every Jew in Rome was there, feeding with dry thistles the fire that consumed Rienzi's body, and his ashes were blown about by the wind.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO

Originally the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian. Then reconstructed during the Middle Ages into a Fort. St. Peter's in the distance.

But Cæsars and Tribune are alike vanished, and not a memorial of them remains. The sarcophagus which contained the ashes of Agrippina, daughter of Marcus Agrippa and wife of Germanicus, is one of the few relics which now remain of the pomp of this splendid Mausoleum. The very stone on which the inscription was graven to her memory was afterwards used as the measure for three hundredweight of corn; and it may still be seen in the court of the Conservators' Palace, on the Capitoline Hill, with the arms of the modern senate sculptured on its side, and beneath an inscription setting forth its " base modern uses ".

This resting-place of Cæsars, this fortress of mediæval princes, was afterwards hollowed out into a vineyard, and Santi Bartoli, in his work on *Gli Antichi Sepolchri* gives us a picture of it in this state. It was then made into a ring for bull-fights, and for years became a circus. Where the grand imperial processions of death once paused, the parti-coloured clown tumbled in the dust, and, flinging out both his arms, cried: " Eccomi qua!" In the chambers where once were ranged the urns of Augustus and Germanicus, stood rows of bottles containing beer, liquors, and *bibite*; and the only funeral pyres that smoked were cigars, as the audience looked at the play of " Julius Cæsar ". *Tempora mutantur.* To-day it is transformed into a magnificent concert hall, and the music of the great masters banishes its mournful memories.

One tomb suggests another. The subject may sound lugubrious, but in the case of the Castle of St. Angelo there is even less of the sepulchre than in that of the Mausoleum of Augustus. It has played so many parts in life that its original rôle is forgotten, and now it is one of the most characteristic features of Rome. The Emperor Hadrian chose a commanding site and a noble design when he planned a royal tomb for himself and his wife Sabina. We get a sidelight into the bent of the Emperor's mind and the sort of studies which pre-occupied him as we examine carefully the structure of this edifice. Possibly the fact that so many obelisks had been brought to Rome had interested him in the monuments of Egypt, and it is evident that he had made researches in connexion with the Pyramids, for he has borrowed hints from them. He copied the idea of the interior tomb chamber, as well as the approach to it by a long corridor. The sarcophagus was so placed that at noon a beam of sunshine passing through

a small hole illuminated its porphyry lid. Hadrian did not live to see the completion of his design, and possibly his purpose was enlarged. Antoninus Pius added forty-eight other tombs for members of the imperial family. These in time were occupied by Marcus Aurelius, Pertinax, Caracalla, and Emperors and their families down to the time of Alexander Severus.

When first constructed it must have presented a very imposing appearance. Its base was four-square, and its walls flashed in the sunshine with their white marble. Round their top ran a carved cornice, very artistic with its festoons of marble flowers. In the spaces beneath were inscribed vain-glorious epitaphs on the departed. Time has pricked those bubbles of fame, the tablets with their adulations have long since disappeared. Pope Gregory XIII used some with which to pave the floor of his chapel in St. Peter's. Outside, a bronze railing encircled the Mausoleum. It was adorned with pilasters ornamented with peacocks. This was the crest of the Hadrian family, the eye in the tail being their special device. On the square base was erected a round building. In the centre of this was the sepulchre of Hadrian and Sabina. It also was encased in marble, and decorated with carvings of festoons. There are traditions of wonderful statues, equestrian and others; as yet they are memories merely. Perhaps some day they may be unearthed. It was said that the groups of men and horses at the corners excelled other works of art, while round the whole circuit of the cornice were Grecian statues of gods and heroes. These, alas, came to an untimely end. When the Goths besieged the fort, what was their dismay to have rained upon them gods from the skies, as the defenders used those statues for ammunition and hurled them on the foe.

The roof of the tower was covered with a deep layer of earth and planted with cypresses. This was another imitation of the Etruscans who thus honoured their dead. In this central retreat towered a square building like a giant altar, on which stood a triumphal chariot and horses of bronze, driven by the Sun-god. Such was the tomb, but it gradually ceased to be used as such, and Aurelian transformed it into a fortress. Then it passed into the hands of the Popes and added to its duties that of jailer. Loathsome were its dungeons, and the tales of misery which could be told of the horrors committed in these dark holes of iniquity would

draw tears from stones. It is surely a touch of irony that over the whole an angel spreads his wings. It was said that during a pestilence when Gregory the Great, after praying for deliverance, was recrossing the bridge over the Tiber he saw above the Castle of St. Angelo a vision of the angel Michael sheathing his sword, and that legend has found permanent expression in stone through the hand of the Flemish artist Peter Verschaffelt.

But of the prisons how shall we speak? Even to think of them makes a shiver pass through one's frame, and we wonder at the heroism of those poor sufferers who endured there such agony that their country might be free. We look through a hole into a windowless cell beneath our feet, and remember how Pope Alexander VI had lowered there a man who had dared to oppose his will. Hearing after many days that his victim was still living the Pope ordered all food to be stopped and the cell sealed. A year afterwards it was opened and the body of the poor wretch was found doubled up; he had munched his knuckles! "A frightful place," is how Cellini, who escaped, describes his cell in that castle. "It has swallowed many alive, as they fell to the bottom of the castle down into a well." A recent writer has spoken truly when he says of this fortress: "It was the coveted prey of the invaders, the refuge of the conquered, the gallows of the martyrs, the heart and the mind of all the revolutions that influenced the destiny of Italy."

As we are dealing with tombs let us make a pilgrimage to one which has done more for the world than all the others put together. We race through Trastevere, cross the river, pass under the Porta S. Paolo, and spin along the dusty Ostian road, and pull up at the modern church on the ancient site, the Church of "St. Paul Outside the Walls". It has a pedigree, though Christian, which takes us far back into Pagan times. Professor Lanciani has offered convincing evidence to prove that its twenty-four columns of Phrygian marble which give such an imposing effect to its nave, were taken from the old Basilica Æmilia, which we have spoken of in our visit to the Forum. There is something in a name after all, and in those days after Christianity was officially acknowledged, and Pagan temples and basilicas began to crumble into decay or suffer from the destructive hand of the militant zealot, a name was sometimes thrown over them

to protect them from the over zealous. Temples of Jupiter became dedicated to St. Jovinus, of Saturn to St. Saturninus, and of Apollo to St. Apollinaris. It was a clever device, and no doubt helped to save many a building from ruthless demolition.

Now the full name of the founder of the ancient basilica in the Forum was Æmilius Paullus. Little did that great conqueror of the Greeks imagine that the mere chance of his name being the same as that of a poor tent-maker condemned to death, would be the means of preserving those beautiful columns on which he had lavished so much wealth and thought. Yet facts suggest that this was more than likely the case. A great portion of the Basilica was dismantled at the end of the fourth century, the very time when the Church of St. Paul was being built on the Ostian road. There seems to be more than a coincidence in this. The magnificent pillars of the church must have come from somewhere; also the stately columns of the Basilica must have gone somewhere. They were not all likely to vanish into thin air, but if transported to a new building would be taken all together. Here then is an edifice constructed at that time with just such pillars as are missing from the Forum. This gives the argument more than plausibility. But there is other evidence, and here let me quote a paragraph from Lanciani. He says: " Towards the beginning of the fourth century it became the fashion to fasten on the neck of runaway slaves and dogs a brass ring from which hung a label giving the name and the address of the owner, with the request that, in case of a renewed attempt to escape, the fugitive should be arrested, and brought back to his master. These small *keimelia* are of great interest on account of the topographic indications they contain, such as ' ad ædem Floræ ad Tonsores '. The collars of slaves are distinguished from those of dogs by the formula ' servvs svm ' (I am the slave of) with which they begin. Two labels, one undoubtedly of a dog, the other probably so, contain the following words: ' I am the dog of Felicissimus, shepherd of the Basilica of the apostle Paul ', ' Hold me because I ran away and take me back to Leo of the Basilica Paulli '. These two labels have been quoted by de Rossi as if they prove that the two basilicas were in existence at the same time, and therefore that the columns of the Pagan could not have been made use of in the Christian, but there is no

evidence of synchronism. In fact, the dog of Felicissimus the shepherd is by some years the younger of the two, as shown by the palæography of their respective labels."

But there is further evidence. If you know a man's character you can pretty well guess what he will do. Now there was a certain Gabinius Vettius Probianus who was prefect of the city in A.D. 377. He had a genius for collecting and preserving the old works of art. Where temples could no longer protect their statues or priceless columns he had these removed to more permanent sanctums. The rising Christian churches offered the best asylums for these. Once placed there their security would be ensured. Pedestals bearing testimony to his energy in this respect have been found, but, alas, not the statues which he had tried to save. It is most tantalizing to read that here stood an original of Praxiteles or of Polyclitus. Being of bronze these were melted down in days of urgency, and the labour of poor Probianus to save them has been in vain. However he has perpetuated his own fame, for the pedestals have remained, and we know what sort of a man he was. When the great Basilica of Æmilius was being dismantled he was not the kind of man to stand idly by and see those magnificent columns thrown on the ash heap, so to speak. What was to become the second greatest church in Rome was building. It was meant to convey as worthy a dignity on St. Paul as had already been offered to St. Peter in the erection of the church dedicated to him. Here was a chance for the pillars, and also an occasion for honouring the Apostle. Probianus being prefect, and having the means at his disposal, is certain from what we know of him to have said: "Here is a good home for these orphaned columns. They will be well cared for as long as the name of the great Apostle is esteemed. The temple which gave them birth can no longer provide for their maintenance. I shall put them under the protection of the Church." Assuredly this lover of art did so, and when we walk through the cool marble nave of St. Paul's we might be walking in the old Basilica of Æmilius.

The next question is why was this magnificent church to St. Paul built on the site where it stands? The very vastness of such a building far away from a population which could fill it or even use it must have a reason beyond that of mere utility. The foundation of tradition must be pretty firm to support such a structure. But in this case there is more than

tradition: the spade of the excavator has unearthed proofs that are tangible.

As for the tradition which goes back to early days it may have got encrusted in time with certain excrescences. For instance there is a too suspicious familiarity about the name of the Roman matron Lucina who is said to have carried the body of Paul from the scene of execution and laid it to rest in her own sepulchre by the side of the Via Ostiensis. She plays this part so often in history that we feel she overdoes it a little; yet of course the Lucina of St. Paul may have been the genuine article and the others only imitation. In all these stories we see the shadow of a certain ministering angel; if we have not got her name right, or if she had more than one incarnation, so to speak, these are details. At least we have found a first stone, if rather shaky, on which to construct our hypothesis. There are others more substantial.

Further traditions relate how the remains of the Apostle rested in their tomb, which lay in a fork between two roads, the main highway to Ostia and a path which led to the river. Other Christian burial places have been found near here, and though they are the earliest specimens of Christian catacombs even the oldest must date from about forty years after the death of Paul. Still one could conceive that if the Apostle was known to have been buried there, then in the course of years his fellow-Christians in Rome who had known him would like to have their bodies laid near his. During the persecution of Valerian (253–260) a tradition affirms that the remains of the Apostle were transferred for safety to " the House of Hermes " under the present church of St. Sebastian on the Via Appia. Recent discoveries there go to confirm this belief. Prayers of pilgrims to that spot dating from the third century are associated with the name of Paul. They are scratched with a stilo on the wall, and are without doubt absolutely genuine.

When we come to the time of Constantine we have the confirmation of our theory in lime and mortar. That Emperor would not have built a memorial church on this spot unless certain that it was the place where rested the body of Paul; and now we reach corroboration in writing. We have the actual words of the *Liber Pontificalis*: " Eodem tempore fecit Constantinus basilicam beato Paulo Apostolo . . . cuius corpus ita recondit in ære, et conclusit sicut Beati Petri "

(At the same time Constantine built the church of St. Paul, enclosing his body in a case of solid metal, as he had done for St. Peter).

This case of solid metal has been measured. It was five feet square. At first this suggests a difficulty. Was Paul so small a man? But then we remember that his head was severed from the body; and in one or two excavations where the body of a decapitated person has been found, the head was placed not in its natural position but resting on the corpse. This would certainly get us over the difficulty of the length.

Now we come to more positive proofs. There is no more reliable archæologist than Lanciani, and as the matter is so important I must quote his own words:

" The marble casing of the grave of the Apostle was seen for the first time on July 28, 1838, when the altar above it, injured by the fire of July 15, 1823, was demolished to make room for the present one. A marble floor was discovered composed of four slabs, on which the dedication

PAVLO APOSTOLO MART(yri)

is engraved in large letters of the time of Constantine. The slabs and their precious inscription were left visible under the new canopy, and I have myself had the privilege of studying them at leisure (on 1st December, 1891), by lowering myself on hands and knees through the *fenestella confessionis*. Two things we must bear in mind: first, that the slabs inscribed with the name of Paul are not in their original position, but appear to have been replaced over the grave most negligently, in a slanting direction; secondly, that the inscription is mutilated at the right end, the last three letters of the word MART(yri) being missing."

From all this one may deduce that the right site of the Apostle's grave has been found, and that the church which bears his name is rightly placed as a memorial over his tomb. A further matter that arises is whether time or thievish hands have robbed that sepulchre of its precious treasure. Here there are many things which have to be taken into account. One of the most destructive forces is that of water. The Tiber has a bad habit even yet of overflowing its banks on the slightest pretext. Besides, even at the normal level the grave is at least eleven feet below the level of the water. The ground is not only low but damp and swampy, and in the early

centuries when little was done by means of embankments and sluices to cope with a flood it must often have been inundated. As recently as 1870 the overflow rose to a height of twenty-six feet above the neighbouring fields. The grave, therefore, must have suffered from the marshy nature of the ground.

Constantine, however, would not have constructed the large metal case unless the bones were actually there, and once enclosed inside it they would be protected from the forces of nature. But what acted as a defence in this way might expose them to danger in another. Anything sealed excites curiosity, and the sackers of Rome might well be tempted to pry into so imposing a chest in search for treasure. The Goths and the Vandals, despite the name they have bequeathed, showed some clemency, and they seem to have respected the church of St. Paul. We learn this from the story of poor Marcella, who, seized and tortured by the soldiers in her house on the Aventine, managed at last to crawl away and find refuge in this church outside the walls, which Alaric had set apart as a refuge for women and children. So we may assume that it escaped that devastation. A worse one, however, took place in A.D. 846 when the Saracens landed and surrounded Rome. They did not get inside its walls, but there was no place outside which they did not pillage. This church lay within their lines, and they did not spare it. In the life of Benedict III we read: "Sepulchrum (Pauli Apostoli) quod a Sarracenis destructum fuerat perornavit" (The tomb of the Apostle Paul which the Saracens destroyed he restored).

Now there would be no use restoring a tomb if it had ceased to be one. Besides, it had not been completely destroyed because its marble top is still there, and we know that it is no copy but the original one. Therefore the inference must be that the bones were still undisturbed. Another sack followed in 1527, and though it is said that the tomb was then desecrated and the relics dispersed, no one is absolutely certain. "Dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and their dust is precious also in His eyes.

It is better perhaps not to know what happens to one's dust. You will agree when I tell you this little incident about tombs in Rome. In the year 1884, when the Via Porta Salaria was in course of construction, an old sepulchre was discovered. It had belonged to the very rich and noble family of the

Licinii Calpurnii. Among the graves was one which bore a well-known name in Roman history, Piso Frugi Licinianus. He had an exciting and unfortunate career. When he was a lad of eleven Messalina had ordered the murder of his whole family, and he alone escaped. Twenty years later he was adopted by the Emperor Galba and made heir apparent to the imperial throne. Only for four days did he bask in the sunshine of such prosperity. His patron through stinginess had incurred the displeasure of the Prætorian Guard, and as we have described in the story of the Basilica Æmilia, the soldiers rushed one morning into the business centre and, finding Galba, cut off his head, and poor Piso suffered with him; but that is not the end. His grave was discovered by the workmen in 1884. At once inquiry was made by those in charge of the operations if anything had been found in the urn which was lying in the tomb.

"Only some soft ashes," was the reply of one of the men, "and as they were nice and white and clean I carried them home to my wife for her bucato!" (washing!)

Shakespeare was not so very wide of the mark when he wrote: "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

St. Paul and St. Peter set the fashion of churches being dedicated to saints in Rome, and now their number is legion. Each is built on a story, sometimes a rather unstable foundation. The tales are mostly heroic; one only I found had a touch of humour. You may not believe me but amongst the saints there is a lawyer. A case of Saul also among the prophets! The church in the university is dedicated to St. Ivo, who won distinction and wealth in the legal profession. But he made a good use of both, and after his death was canonized. The Romans love to tell a fanciful story about this St. Ivo after his earthly pilgrimage was finished. They say that St. Paul and St. Peter had a dispute about the right of the keys. Peter said: "I shall employ St. Ivo to plead my case." "Wait," replied Paul, "I shall get a lawyer too." Peter waited for a very long time, until Paul returned crestfallen. He had been all round heaven, but there was no other lawyer to be found there!

We are drifting into personalities, and this might be a proper place to note what stake the British have in Rome. Both England and Scotland have left their mark on the

Imperial City. Excavators were astonished when exploring the catacombs to come on an inscription carved in the stone "MCCCCLXVII Quidam Scoti hic fuerunt" (In 1467 some Scots were here). Apparently some adventurous spirits from the land of Burns had penetrated there in the Middle Ages and left their mark! Memorials of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races go back a long way, and romance and tragedy are intertwined in the stories of those foreigners in Rome. As we are interested parties we shall look at a few, and see how our ancestors fared on their visits compulsory or otherwise to this ancient city.

We could not make a better beginning than with Caractacus, the old British king who was brought captive to Rome in A.D. 51 along with his daughter. The Roman officer in whose charge they were was captured by his fair prisoner, so the tables were turned. The young princess was renamed Claudia, in compliment to the Emperor who received them so hospitably, and it is said that she and her husband, Pudens, became Christians and thus founded one of the most noteworthy early Christian families. Her father also adopted the new religion, the first sovereign to do so, and returned later to be a royal missionary to his own people. Such at least is the gossip of religious tradition. The actual monument of the capture of Caractacus and the conquest of Britain is to be found in what little remains of the great arch which the Emperor Claudius erected across the Via Flaminia, the modern Corso, to commemorate that triumph. It bore the proud inscription: "For having subjugated eleven kings of Britain without loss on the Roman side, and for having first of all Romans annexed to the Empire barbarous trans-oceanic lands."

This poor arch suffered much at the hands of its discoverers in 1562. One hundred and thirty-six cartloads of its Greek and Luna marble were sold to Pope Clement VIII, who had the marbles sawn into slabs and made use of in the pavement and in the veneering of the transept of St. John Lateran. One of the four panels found was placed on the stairway of the Conservatori Palace. A thought wave of very shallow depth moved the authorities to an insane act. Already on that landing were the famous three panels from the historic arch of Marcus Aurelius. They thought that a fourth would add symmetry to the group; so they took off the head of Claudius from the tablet belonging to his statue and sub-

stituted instead the head of Marcus Aurelius, and now we have four scenes purporting to portray the deeds of that Philosopher Emperor. That is a case of making history to order with a vengeance! The most important part of all, the inscription on the marble, has found a home in the garden wall of the Barberini Palace. My study window looks out on it, and daily I am reminded that Claudius subjugated eleven kings of Britain!

Another British king came to Rome in A.D. 689. His name was Cædwalla. He was baptized by Pope Sergius, and received a great ovation. Perhaps he was killed with kindness, for he did not survive the festivities in his honour, but died on the twelfth day, and was buried in his baptismal garments in the atrium of St. Peter's. His youth and sudden end inspired poets to extol his praises, and thus we have records of this royal tourist of thirty years of age who was an early martyr to the travel craze. Other two kings also followed his example, Offa of Essex, and Cœnred of Mercia. Neither of them returned. They buried themselves alive in monasteries, exchanging the crown for the cowl. Such was the fatal fascination of Rome. That there were numerous other British pilgrims besides kings was evidenced recently in a curious find discovered, of all places, in the atrium of the Vestal Virgins in the Forum. Here there was dug up a secret hoard of eight hundred and thirty-four English silver pennies. These dated from the year A.D. 946 and were undoubtedly the Peter's pence brought by pilgrims. This tax had been instituted not very long before, and already was drawing a large amount from English coffers. In 998 this sum amounted to three hundred marks sterling. It has now been ascertained that in the years 942 to 946 an officer of the Pope lived in this part of the Forum. He seems to have made a good thing out of it, though after all his ill-gotten money apparently did not benefit him much if he merely rolled it up in a napkin and hid it in the ground. Be sure your sin will find you out even after a thousand years!

As I jump the centuries I must not pass over a famous Scot who trudged from the far north land, weary and footsore, that he might learn the truths of the Christian faith at the tombs of the Apostles. This was Ninian, who preceded Augustine by nearly two hundred years, and kindled the light of the Gospel in gloomy Galloway.

Perhaps greatest of all British visitors to Rome was John Milton, who came in the year 1638. As I write I look out on the garden under whose trees he sat, and where perhaps he opened the eyes of Europe with a sonnet on the terrible persecutions of the Waldensians. A little later we find a Scotsman, a Dr. Gibbs, in practice as a physician, and attached to the hospital of Santo Spirito. He seems to have known more about poetry than medicine, for it is recorded of him that "he was an elegant writer of Latin poetry: a small selection of his poems was published at Rome, where he died in 1677, and was buried in the Pantheon". This was surely honour enough. The Pantheon is now the Westminster Abbey of Rome, and is reserved as a burial place for kings. One is glad to know that the bones of a Scotsman are lying there.

There was another Scot who turned up in Rome about the year 1769, and proceeded to turn up Rome to some purpose and his own profit. This was Gavin Hamilton, and he is credited with having a very keen eye for the main chance and other matters as well. It was he who clandestinely transported the Elgin Marbles out of Rome to England. A letter of his addressed to Lord Shelburne on 16th July, 1772, gives away his own character as well as letting us see how he got away some priceless treasures of art. It runs: "In the meanwhile I give your Lordship the agreeable news that the Cincinnatus (discovered at the Pantanello in 1769) is now casing up for Shelburne House, as the Pope has declined the purchase at the price of £500, which I demanded, and has accepted of two singular figures, which I have given them at their own price, being highly necessary to keep Visconti and his companion, the sculptor, my friends. Your Lordship may remember I mentioned in a former letter that I had one other curious piece of sculpture which I could not divulge. I must, therefore, beg leave to reserve this secret to be brought to light in another letter, when I hope I shall be able to say it is out of the Pope's dominions. As to the Antinous, I am afraid I shall be obliged to smuggle it, as I can never hope for a licence." In a following letter he adds: "Since my last I have taken the resolution to send off the head of Antinous in the character of Bacchus without a licence. The under-antiquarian alone is in the secret, to whom I have made an additional present, and hope everything will go well."

But Hamilton was worth his salt to Italy as well as England.

He had a perfect scent for hidden treasure. He unearthed the famous Discobolus, now in the Sala della Biga of the Vatican, and the bust of Serapis in the Rotonda. He enriched half the museums of Europe with Grecian and Roman statuary, and the money he brought to Italy was immense. At Gabii he laid bare the famous Temple of Juno. One treasure he did not discover, nor has anyone yet been able to find it, though its value must be immense. Somewhere on the Capitoline Hill, in the south-west corner, lie heaps of golden nuggets. My authority for this is Tacitus.

During the revolution in A.D. 69 the great Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol was burned to the ground. When Vespasian became Emperor he set himself at once to rebuild it, and on 21st June, A.D. 71, there was a great ceremony in Rome, that of laying the foundation stone of the new temple. The Capitol was festooned with garlands of flowers, pennants waved in the wind. The troops were on duty from early dawn. In the great procession the soldiers had laid aside their weapons and carried instead branches of palm and laurel Behind them came the Vestal Virgins in their white robes. They sprinkled the sacred spot with hallowed water drawn from the sacred springs. The high priest offered the sacrifice of a sow, a sheep, and a bull, while the prætor invoked the blessings of the three deities, Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva. Priscus then touched the rope with which the inaugural stone was bound, and all the people, high and low, taking a hand hauled it into its position. Now comes the interesting part of the proceeding. The whole populace was moved by a holy fervour, and they marched past the hole, and each cast in a golden or silver nugget as a votive offering. The procession took hours to pass, and as the enthusiasm was intense the heap of gold and silver at the bottom of the well must have been enormous. Then it was hermetically sealed, and to this day lies undiscovered. But the fact that Gavin Hamilton failed to unearth it leaves little hope for any treasure-hunter of to-day!

Now I must take you to a spot in Rome which is of interest to all Scotsmen. In the vestibule of the Palazzo Muti (now Balestra) in the Piazza degli Apostoli is a tablet commemorating "the last of the Stuart Dynasty". This was Henry Cardinal York, the younger brother of Prince Charles. Why there is no mention of the more romantic figure I do not know. The

story of the family in Rome is both gay and sad. The Pope showed its members exceptional generosity. On James the Pretender he bestowed a most liberal pension of actually 12,000 scudi. Perhaps it was a speculation as much as a charity. He hoped that one day James would be King of Britain, and then the gift would be returned with interest. No wonder James took up his abode in Rome in 1717. The Pope next found him a wife in the person of Clementina Sobieski, the granddaughter of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland. It was easier to secure a wife than procure a wedding. The Emperor Charles VI, acting on the instigation of George I, imprisoned the young princess at Innsbruck. However, being a girl of spirit, she managed after two months with the help of a certain nobleman to outwit her jailors, and disguised as a young man, she made good her escape. On the 1st of September, 1719, the delayed marriage took place. A month later the young couple came to Rome. The Pope gave them the Palazzo Muti and paid the rent, and raised his pension to 15,000 scudi. In return they proved themselves very loyal children of the Church. Prince Charlie was born on 31st December, 1720. The Castle of St. Angelo boomed forth its royal salute. Two thousand bells proclaimed with their iron tongues the joy of Rome, while London received the news in gloomy silence. The second son followed in 1725, and both boys were great favourites in Roman society. Mention is made of the childish delight they took in the water-fête in the Piazza Navona. This festival was held in summer, when the square was flooded and it was the fashion to drive through the water. The crowds enjoyed the fun as if it were great sport, and Prince Charlie amused himself by flinging pennies into the water for urchins to scramble after.

Then the gaiety yields to gloom, Clementina developed a kind of religious mania, and shut herself up in a convent. After a while she returned to her husband, but then fell into consumption, and died on the 18th of January, 1735. As Queen of England she was granted a royal funeral, though in accordance with her wish she was buried in the habit of a Dominican nun. Prince Charlie married the Princess Louise of Stolberg; but perhaps the least said about their married life the better. She came to live in Rome under the guardianship of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York.

There are some flowers which rush into bloom and then

THE COLOSSEUM

Erected by Vespasian and Titus, and called "The Flavian Amphitheatre". It derived its name from the colossal statue of Nero which used to stand near it.

whose petals wither, leaving the stalk bare. Such was the life of Prince Charlie. At one time all promise and hope with a dash of personal qualities which charmed, then came the withered petals, and a good many of these could be picked up on the streets of Rome.

The Cardinal was the last but certainly not the least of the Stuart line. Lanciani blames him for wantonly destroying the old Temple of Jupiter on Monte Cavo. Its historical interest is very great, for it was erected by Tarquinius Superbus, as the centre of the forty-seven cities which formed the Latin confederation. It was approached by the Via Triumphalis, a paved way which led to the summit from the Via Appia. "These remains," says Lanciani, "were mercilessly destroyed in 1783 by Cardinal York, to make use of the materials for the rebuilding of the utterly uninteresting church and convent of the Passionist monks." Since he wrote these words fresh light has been thrown on the foundations of this old temple, and it is believed that little remained of it in the time of Cardinal York. So he is exonerated from that crime.

In his old age this last of the Stuarts had to accept the bounty of George III, who generously bestowed on him a pension of £4000 a year, and I never look on the cenotaph to the Stuarts in St. Peter's, and the tablet recording their names, without thinking that this is perhaps the most beautiful touch in all their histories, for it was the last gift of their rivals, the reigning Royal Family of Britain.

CHAPTER IV

THE COLOSSEUM

Of all the ruins in Rome none is at once so beautiful, so imposing, and so characteristic as the Colosseum. Here throbbed the Roman heart in its fullest pulses. Over its benches swarmed the mighty population of the central city of the world. In its arena, gazed at by a hundred thousand eager eyes, the gladiator fell, while the vast *velarium* trembled as the air was shaken by savage shouts of "Habet", and myriads of cruel hands, with downturned thumbs, sealed his unhappy fate. The sand of the arena drank the blood of

African elephants, lions, and tigers—of *Mirmillones*, *Laqueatores*, *Retiarii*, and *Andabatæ*—and of Christian martyrs and virgins. Here emperor, senators, knights, and soldiers, the lowest populace and the proudest citizens, gazed together on the bloody games—shouted together as the favourite won, groaned together fiercely as the favourite fell, and startled the eagles sailing over the blue vault above with their wild cries of triumph. Here might be heard the trumpeting of the enraged elephant, the savage roar of the tiger, the peevish shriek of the grave-rifling hyena, while the human beasts above, looking on the slaughter of the lower beasts beneath, uttered a wilder and more awful yell. Rome—brutal, powerful, bloodthirsty, imperial Rome—built in her days of pride this mighty amphitheatre, and, outlasting all her works, it still stands, the best type of her grandeur and brutality. What St. Peter's is to the Rome of to-day was the Colosseum to the Rome of the Cæsars. The Baths of Caracalla, grand as they are, must yield precedence to it. The Cæsars' palaces are almost level with the earth. Over the pavement where once swept the imperial robes now slips the gleaming lizard. The golden house of Nero is gone. The very Forum where Cicero delivered his immortal orations is almost obliterated, and antiquarians quarrel over the few columns that remain. But the Colosseum still stands: despite the assault of time and the work of barbarians, it still stands, noble and beautiful in its decay—yes, more beautiful than ever.

But what a change has come over it since the bloody scenes of the Cæsars were enacted! A supreme peace now reigns there. Thousands of beautiful flowers bloom in its ruined arches, and Nature has healed over the wounds of time with delicate grasses and weeds. In the summer afternoon the air above is thronged with twittering swallows; and sometimes, like a reminiscence of imperial times, far up in the blue height, an eagle, planing over it on wide-spread motionless wings, sails silently along.

Here, as you lie towards twilight, dreaming of the past, upon some broken block of travertine, you will see a procession wending its way between the arches, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes. It is composed of a Franciscan friar in his brown serge and cowl, accompanied by the religious confraternity of the "Lovers of Jesus and Maria", and followed by a group of women in black, and veiled. They

chant together a hymn as they slowly approach the cross planted in the centre of the arena. There they kneel and cry, " Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus te," with the response, " Quia per sanctam crucem tuam redemisti mundum ". Then the monk ascends the platform, plants his crucifix beside him, and preaches a sermon. This finished, the procession makes the round of the stations and again passes out of the arena. As he advances to the first station he chants:

" L' orme sanguigne
Del mio Signore,
Tutto dolore
Seguiterò."

And the people respond:

" Vi prego, o Gesu buono,
Per la vostra passione
Darmi il perdono!"

It is strange to hear this chant and sermon in a place once dedicated to blood—strange to hear the doctrine of love and forgiveness on the spot where the gladiator fell and the martyr suffered for his faith.

As you dream over this change, the splendour of sunset blazes against the lofty walls, and transfigures its blocks of travertine to brown and massive gold; the quivering stalks and weeds seem on fire; the flowers drink in a glory of colour, and show like gems against the rough crust of their setting; rose clouds hang in the open vault above, under which swift birds flash incessantly, and through the shadowed arches you see long molten bars of crimson drawn against a gorgeous sky beyond. Slowly the great shadow of the western wall creeps along the arena; the cross in the centre blazes no longer in the sun; it reaches the eastern benches, climbs rapidly up the wall, and the glory of sunset is gone. Twilight now swiftly draws its veil across the sky, the molten clouds grow cool and grey, the orange refines into citron and pales away to tenderest opaline light, and stars begin to peer through the dim veil of twilight. Shadows deepen in the open arena, block up the arches and galleries, confuse the lines of the benches, and shroud its decay. You rise and walk musingly into the centre of the arena, and, looking round its dim, vast circumference, you suddenly behold the benches as of old thronged

with their myriads of human forms—the ghosts of those who once sat there. That terrible circle of eyes is shining at you with a ghastly expression of cruel excitement. You hear the strange, exciting hum of confused voices, and the roar of wild beasts in the caverns below. You are yourself the gladiator, who must die to make a Roman holiday, or the martyr who waits at the stake for the savage beasts that are to rend you. A shudder comes over you, for the place has magnetized you with its old life—you look hurriedly round to seek flight, when suddenly you hear a soprano voice saying, " François, where did the Vestal Virgins sit?" and you wake from your dream.

Later still the moon shines through the arches and softens and hallows the ruins of the old amphitheatre; an owl plaintively hoots from the upper cornice, and from the grove near by you hear the nightingale's heart throbbing into song; voices are talking under the galleries, and far up a torch wanders and glimmers along the wall, where some enterprising English party is exploring the ruins. The sentinel paces to and fro in the shadowy entrance, and parties of strangers come in to see the " Colosseum by moonlight ". They march backward and forward, and their " guide, philosopher, and friend ", the courier, in broken English answers their questions. They are very much interested to know how long, and how broad, and how high the amphitheatre is, and how many persons it would hold, and where the beasts were kept, and, above all, where the Vestal Virgins sat; and every Englishman quotes the passage from " Manfred ", in which Lord Byron describes the Colosseum, and listens with special attention for the owls and the watch-dog, and is rather inclined to think he has been cheated unless he does happen to hear them; and every truly sentimental young lady agrees with the poet, when he says that the moonlight makes

> " The place
> Become religion, and the heart run o'er
> With silent worship of the great of old,"

who played such pretty pranks here some eighteen hundred years ago.

Such is the Colosseum at the present day. Let us go back into the past, and endeavour to reconstruct it.

We are in the beginning of the reign of the great Julius, and the stormy populace of Rome has no amphitheatre for its

gladiatorial games and combats with wild beasts. When they take place, they are exhibited in the Forum, and there the people throng and crowd the temporary seats by which a small arena is enclosed. But this is soon felt to be insufficient and inconvenient, and Julius for the first time now erects in the Campus Martius a great wooden structure, to which is given the name of *amphitheatrum*. Before this we have only had theatres, which were invariably semicircular in form, the seats of the spectators fronting the stage, which occupied the line of the diameter. We have now, for the first time, an amphitheatre in the form of an ellipse, in which the arena is entirely enclosed with tiers of seats, and this is the shape which henceforward all amphitheatres are destined to take.

This wooden amphitheatre, however, in the reign of Augustus gives way to an amphitheatre of stone, which at the instance of the Emperor is built in the Campus Martius by Statilius Taurus. It was too small, however, to satisfy the wishes of the people, and Augustus seems to have entertained at one time a prospect of building one still larger on the very spot now occupied by the Colosseum; but among his various schemes of embellishing the city, this was abandoned. Tiberius seems to have done nothing in this respect. Caligula, however, began to build a large stone amphitheatre, but he died before it had made much progress, and it was not continued by his successor. Still later, Nero built a temporary amphitheatre of wood in the Campus Martius, where were represented those remarkable games at which he was not only a spectator but an actor. Here at times he might be seen lounging on the *suggestus* in imperial robes of delicate purple, that flowed loosely and luxuriously about him, his head crowned with a garland of flowers, and looking so like a woman in his dress, that you might easily be deceived as to his sex, were it not for that cruel face with his hawk nose and small fierce eyes, that looks out under the flowers. Here, at other times, half naked and armed like a gladiator, he fights in the arena, and woe be to him who dares to draw the imperial blood! If we could look in at one of the games given in this amphitheatre, we should see not only the Emperor playing the gladiator's part on the arena, but at his side, and fighting against each other, at times no fewer than four hundred senators and six hundred Roman knights. Here, too, this mad artist played his harp, made recitations from the poets,

and acted, mixing with the populace, and winning their golden opinions. Scorned and hated by the upper classes, he was certainly loved by many in the lower ranks, and for many a year upon his tomb was daily found the offering of fresh flowers.

Meanwhile, Nero has built his golden house on the Palatine Hill, with its gorgeous halls, theatres, and corridors, thronged with marble statues; and at its base is an artificial lake, fed by pure waters brought from the mountains, in which at times he celebrates his *naumachiæ*. This occupies the very spot on which the Colosseum is afterwards to be built, but it is only a lake during the reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. When Nero set the torch to Rome, among the many buildings which were consumed was the old amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus, and Rome had only that of the Campus Martius, in which the brutal and gluttonous Vitellius could carry on those gladiatorial games which were necessary for the popularity of the Emperor and the peace of the people.

But when Titus and Vespasian return after the conquest of Jerusalem, enriched with spoils, a great change takes place. The populace cries out for "Panem et Circenses", and there is no amphitheatre in which they can fitly be given. Then it is that the Lake of Nero is drained, and out of the Jewish captives who have been brought to Rome to grace the imperial triumph, twelve thousand of those unhappy slaves, whose descendants still burrow in the Ghetto, are driven, in the year A.D. 72, under the smack of the whip, to lay the first stones of the Amphitheatrum Flavium, which now goes by the name of the Colosseum. For long years these poor wretches toiled at their work; but when they had reached the third tier of seats Vespasian died. Titus then continued the construction, and dedicated the amphitheatre in the year A.D. 80, but it was not completely finished until the reign of Domitian. At the dedication by Titus there was a magnificent spectacle. The games lasted for one hundred days. Fifty wild beasts were killed every day, and no fewer than 5000 were slaughtered in the arena. According to the tradition of the Church, the design of the amphitheatre was made by Gaudentius, a Christian architect, who afterwards suffered martyrdom within its walls.

The building is at last finished, and a magnificent structure it is. Looking at it from the outside, we behold a grand

elevation of four stories, built of enormous blocks of travertine, that glow like rough gold in the sunlight. The lower story is Doric, the second Ionic, the third Corinthian, and the fourth Composite; the lower three being composed of arches with engaged columns, and the upper being a solid wall pierced with square openings, and faced by pilasters. High up against the blue sky is drawn the curved cornice of its summit, with huge projecting brackets on which the poles supporting the *velarium*, or awning, are fixed. The two middle rows of arches are thronged with marble statues, and over the principal entrance is a great triumphal car drawn by horses. Just before it is the *meta sudans*, over whose simple cone, fixed upon a square base, the water oozes through a thousand perforated holes, and streams into a basin below.[1] Above, on the Palatine, are the splendid porticoes and pillars of the golden house, with its green hanging gardens, and beyond, on the Via Sacra, is the grand triumphal arch of Titus, and afterwards of Trajan.

It is a holiday, and games are to be given in the amphitheatre. The world of Rome is flocking to it from all quarters. Senators and knights with their body-guards of slaves and gladiators, soldiers, glittering with silver and gold, youths with their pedagogues, women, artisans, and priests, companies of gladiators marshalled by *Lanistæ*, cohorts with flashing bucklers and swords, and masses of freedmen, slaves, and the common populace of the city, are pouring down the Via Sacra, and filling the air with a confused noise and uproar, in which shouts of laughter and cheering are mingled with the screams of women and the clash of swords. At times the clear piercing shriek of a trumpet or the brazen clash of music rises above this simmering cauldron of noise, and here and there, looking up the human river that pours down the slope of the Via Sacra, you see grey sheaves of bristling spears lifted high above the crowd, or here and there a golden eagle that gleams and wavers in the sun, where some Roman legion sharply marches through the loitering mass of people. We push along with the crowd, and soon we arrive at the amphitheatre, where we pause and struggle vainly to read the *libellus* or programme, which the *editor* or exhibitor has affixed to the walls, to inform the public of the names of the gladiators, and the different games and combats of the day. The majestic porticoes which surround the whole building

[1] It is thus represented in two medals struck by Titus and Domitian.

are filled with swarms of people, some lingering and lounging there till the time shall come for the games to begin, or looking at the exquisite designs in stucco with which they are adorned,[1] and some crowding up the *vomitoria*, which at regular distances lead up to the seats. Here we procure our tickets for a numbered seat, and soon push up the steps and come into the interior circle of the mighty amphitheatre, glad enough at last to be jostled no longer, and under the direction of a *locarius*, to get our seat. Already the lofty ranges of benches are beginning to be filled, and at a rough guess there must be even now some 50,000 persons there. But many a range is still empty, and we know that 87,000 persons can be seated, while there is standing room for 22,000 more. The huge *velarium* is bellying, sagging, and swaying above our heads, veined with cords, and throwing a transparent shadow over the whole building. How it is supported, who can tell? But we may congratulate ourselves that we are on the shady side, where the sun does not beat; for the mad Emperor, when the games have not been fierce and bloody enough to please him, has many a time ordered a portion of the *velarium* to be removed, so as to let the burning sun in upon those who were unlucky enough to be opposite to it, and then prohibited anyone from leaving his place under penalty of instant death.

Looking down we see surrounding the arena a wall about 15 feet in height, faced with rich marbles, and intended to guard the audience against the wild beasts. This is sometimes called the *podium*, though the term is more appropriately applied to the terrace on the top of the wall, which extends in front of the benches, and is railed round by a trellis-work. This, in the amphitheatre of Nero, was made of bronze, but Carinus afterwards substituted golden cords, which were knotted together at their intersections with amber. There is the seat of honour, and three or four ranges of chairs are set apart for persons entitled to the distinction of the *curule* chair. Those taking their seats in them now, are, or have

[1] These still remained in the fifteenth century, and were copied and engraved by Giovanni da Udine, in the time of Leo X. This painter, who was the first to revive the use of stucco, after the manner of the ancient Romans, in decoration and arabesque, was employed by Raffaelle to make the stucco of the Logge, in the Vatican, the designs of which were taken, in a great measure, from those which were found in the Baths of Titus and in the Colosseum.

TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

In the Roman Forum.

been, some of them, prætors, and some consuls, ædiles, or censors. There, too, is the Flamen Dialis. Opposite to the prætors, that group of white-robed women, also in the *podium*, is the Vestal Virgins; and there, on the raised tribune, is the seat of the *editor* who exhibits the games.

Above the *podium* are three tiers, called the *mœniana*, which are separated from each other by long platforms running round the whole building and called *præcinctiones*. The first of these, consisting of fourteen rows of stone and marble seats, is for the senators and equestrian orders, and they have the luxury of a cushion to sit upon. The second tier is for the *populus*, and the third, where there are only wooden benches, is occupied by the *pullati*, or common people of the lower classes. Above these is a colonnade or long gallery set apart for women, who are admitted when there is to be no naked fighting among the gladiators. But as yet the seats are empty, for the women are not admitted before the fifth hour. On the middle seats, where the plebeians sit, there is not a single person in black, for this was prohibited by Octavius Cæsar, and it was he also who ordered that the ambassadors should not stand, as they used to do, in the orchestra or *podium*, and that the young nobles should always be accompanied by their pedagogues.

While we are looking round we can hear the roar of the wild beasts, which are kept in great caves under the pavement of the arena; and sometimes we see their fierce glaring faces through the arched doors with which the walls of the *podium* were pierced. They are now protected by portcullises, which later will be drawn up by cords to let the beasts into the arena, and these, which may be seen raging and roaring behind them now, will have to fight for their lives to-day.

The arena where the combats will take place is sunken from 13 to 15 feet below the lowest range of seats, and is fenced around with wooden rollers turning in their sockets, and placed horizontally against the wall, so as to revolve under any wild beast, in case he should attempt to reach the audience by leaping over the boundary wall. For public security, all around the arena are the *euripi*, or ditches, built by Cæsar, and flooded, so as to protect the spectators against the attacks of elephants, which are supposed to be afraid of water. The floor of the arena originally was strewn with yellow sand (and from this its name was derived), so as to

afford a sure footing to the gladiators, but Caligula afterwards substituted borax, and Nero added to the borax the splendid red of cinnabar, with which it now is covered. Underneath this is a solid pavement of stones closely cemented so as to hold water; and when the *naumachiæ* or naval battles are given, there are pipes to flood it, so as to form an artificial lake on which galleys may float. Near the northern entrance you will see a flight of broad stairs, through which great machines are sometimes introduced into the arena.

The air is filled with perfumes of saffron infused in wine, and balsams, and costly tinctures, and essences, which are carried over the building in concealed conduits, and ooze out over the statues through minute orifices, or scatter their spray into the air. Lucan, you remember, describes this:

> "When mighty Rome's spectators meet
> In the full theatre's capacious seat,
> At once by secret pipes and channels fed,
> Rich tinctures gush from every antique head—
> At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,
> And rain their odours on the crowd below." [1]

There is now a sudden stir among the people, and the amphitheatre resounds with the cry of "Ave, Imperator", as the Emperor in his purple robes, surrounded by his lictors and imperial guard, enters and takes his seat on the elevated chair called the *suggestus* or *cubiculum*, opposite to the main entrance. Then sound the trumpets, and the gladiators who are to fight to-day enter the arena in a long procession, and make the tour of the whole amphitheatre. They are then matched in pairs, and their swords are examined by the *editor*, and even by the Emperor, to see if they are sharp and in good condition. After this comes a *prælusio* or sham battle with wooden swords and spears. There is the *Retiarius* clothed in a short tunic, his head, breast, and legs uncovered, and a net upon his arm with which he will strive to entangle his adversary ere he dispatches him with that sharp trident at his side. Near him is his usual adversary, the *Mirmillo*, armed with his oblong curving shield and long dagger, and wearing on his head the helmet with the sign of the fish (μορμύρος), from which he derives his name. There, too, is the *Laqueator* with his noose; the *Andabata* with his close helmet, through which

[1] Rowe's translation, Lucan, Book ix.

there are no eyeholes, and who will fight blindfold; and all the other gladiators, with the *Lanistæ* who accompany them to see that all is fair, and to excite their spirit in the combat. They are now matched and ready. The *prælusio* is over; the trumpet again sounds, and the first on the list advance to salute the Emperor before engaging in their desperate contest.

In the museum of San Giovanni in Laterano is a large mosaic pavement, taken from the Baths of Caracalla, on which are represented colossal heads and figures of some of the most celebrated gladiators of the day. Their brutal and bestial physiognomies, their huge, over-developed muscles, and Atlantean shoulders, their low, flat foreheads and noses, are hideous to behold, and give one a more fearful and living notion of the horror of those bloody games to which they were trained, than any description in words could convey. They make one believe that of all animals none can be made so brutal as man. It is very probable that some of these were the favourite gladiators of Caracalla, and made a part of the imperial retinue. They completely throw into the shade all our modern prize-fighters, and even the heroic pugilists of the Regency could not hold a candle to any of them.

The famous picture of Gerome, the French artist, gives one a vivid notion of what the spectacle in the Colosseum was at this moment. The fat, brutal, overfed figure of Domitian is seen above in the imperial chair, and in the arena below a little group of gladiators is pausing before him to salute him with their accustomed speech. "Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant!" The benches are crowded row above row with spectators, eager for the struggle that is to take place between the new combatants. They have already forgotten the last, and heed not the dead bodies of man and beast, that slaves are now dragging out of the arena with grappling-irons. A soft light, filtering through the huge tent-like *velarium* overhead, illumines the vast circle of the amphitheatre. Thousands of eager eyes are fixed on the little band, who now only wait the imperial nod to join battle, and a murmurous wave of impatience and delight seems to be sounding like the sea over the vast assembly. Looking at this picture, one can easily imagine the terrible excitement of a gladiatorial show, when 100,000 hearts were beating with the combatants, and screams

of rage or triumph saluted the blows that drank blood, or yelled his fate to the wretched victim as he sank in the arena and the benches swam before him. Or take, to aid the imagination, the graphic and vigorous description of this scene given by Amphilochius, in an epistle in verse, to Seleucus, and thus admirably translated by Mrs. Browning:

"They sit, unknowing of these agonies,
Spectators at a show. When a man flies
From a beast's jaw, they groan, as if at least
They missed the ravenous pleasure, like the beast,
And sat there vainly. When in the next spring
The victim is attained, and, uttering
The deep roar or quick shriek between the fangs,
Beats on the dust the passion of his pangs,—
All pity dieth in that glaring look.
They clap to see the blood run like a brook;
They stare with hungry eyes, which tears should fill,
And cheer the beasts on with their soul's goodwill;
And wish more victims to their maw, and urge
And lash their fury, as they shared the surge,
Gnashing their teeth, like beasts, on flesh of men."

The accounts of the *venationes* or battles with wild beasts, and of the gladiatorial shows, exhibited in the Colosseum and elsewhere by the ancient Romans, are so amazing as to be scarcely credible. The people seem to have been insatiable in their thirst for these bloody games. They were introduced originally by Lucius Metellus, in the year 251 B.C., when he brought into the circus 142 elephants taken by him in his victory over the Carthaginians. This, however, was scarcely a *venatio* in the sense of later days, for the elephants were killed, as it would seem, only to get rid of them. In the year 186 B.C., however, a real *venatio* was introduced by M. Fabius, when lions and panthers were exhibited. The taste, once formed, grew apace, and at a *venatio* given by Pompey, in the year 55 B.C., upon the dedication of the temple of Venus Victrix, an immense number of animals were slaughtered, among which were six hundred lions and eighteen or twenty elephants. Gætulians fought with the latter, and drove them to such fury with their javelins, that the enraged beasts strove to break down the railings of the arena and revenge themselves on the audience. Julius Cæsar also distinguished himself by

his magnificent *venationes*, one of which lasted for five days. In the course of these he introduced giraffes, then for the first time seen in Europe. Titus, as we have seen, on the dedication of the Colosseum, exhibited for slaughter no fewer than the almost incredible number of 5000 beasts;[1] and in the latter days of Probus there is an account of one of these spectacles, where 1000 ostriches, 1000 stags, 1000 boars, besides great numbers of wild goats, wild sheep, and other animals, were destroyed in the circus, for the satisfaction of the Roman people.[2] So excited and fascinated did the audience sometimes become, that they were allowed to rush into the arena among the animals and slay as they chose. On some occasions the arena was planted with large trees so thickly as to resemble a forest, and among them the animals were turned loose, to be hunted down by the people. At another show, Probus exhibited 700 wild beasts, and 600 gladiators. These numbers seem monstrous, and almost lead one to suppose that these beasts could not have been all introduced at once; yet Suetonius directly tells us that Titus exhibited 5000 beasts "uno die", on one day. Indeed, it has been calculated that no fewer than 10,779 wild beasts might stand together in the arena.

The slaughter of animals at these *venationes* was not so terrible as that which took place at the gladiatorial shows, where human life was brutally wasted for the amusement of the people. These games are said to have originated in an ancient Etruscan custom of slaying captives and slaves on the funeral pyres of the dead. They were first introduced into Rome by Marcus and Decimus Brutus, at the funeral of their father in the year 264 B.C.; and on the death of P. Lucinius Crassus, Pontifex Maximus, one hundred and twenty gladiators fought for three days, and raw meat was distributed among the people. These games at first were restricted to funerals, but they soon began to be exhibited in the amphitheatre; and under the Empire the taste for them had grown to such madness, that no family of wealth was without its gladiators, and no festival took place without deadly contests between them. Even while the Romans were at their banquets, gladiators were introduced to fight with

[1] Suetonius, Life of Titus.

[2] These are the numbers stated by Vopiscus, in the Life of Probus, p. 233. *Hist. Aug.*, edit. 1519.

each other, the guests looking on and applauding, as they sipped their wine, the skilful blows that were followed by blood. Blood was the only stimulant that roused the jaded appetites of a Roman, and gave a zest to his pleasures. In the amphitheatres the numbers that fought together almost surpass belief. At the triumph of Trajan over the Dacians more than ten thousand were exhibited. Even as early as 71 B.C. sixty thousand of them are said to have fallen under Spartacus. At last the rage for these games became so great, that not only freemen, but dwarfs, knights, senators, the Emperor himself, and even women fought as gladiators, and esteemed it no dishonour.[1] And such was the terrible loss of life in the arena that Justus Lipsius affirms that no war was ever so destructive of the human race. "Credo, immo scio, nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitiemque generi humano intulisse quam hos ad voluptatem ludos." [2]

At times the arena of the Colosseum was flooded with water deep enough to float vessels, and engagements took place where two miniature fleets, laden with gladiators, fought together to represent a naval battle. These *naumachiæ* were attended with an enormous loss of life, and were exhibited on a scale of great grandeur and magnificence. In one of the sea-fights exhibited by Nero, sea monsters were to be seen swimming round the artificial lake; in another, by Titus, some 3000 men fought; and in another, exhibited by Domitian, the ships engaged were almost equal in number to two real fleets. One of the most famous of these *naumachiæ* took place in the reign of Claudius, on the occasion of the draining of Lake Fucinus. In this spectacle the contest was between vessels representing the Rhodian and Sicilian fleets, each consisting of twelve *triremes*, and having, as Tacitus tells us, 10,000 combatants. These were for the greater part compulsory gladiators, composed of slaves and captives of war. As they passed the spot where the Emperor sat, before engaging, they hailed him with the cry of "Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant!"—"Hail, Cæsar, those who are to die

[1] Suetonius, in his Life of Domitian, says: "Venationes gladiatoresque et noctibus ad lychnuchos dedit; nec virorum modo pugnas, sed et fœminarum;" and Tacitus, in the 15th Book of the *Annals*, says: "Fœminarum senatorumque illustrium plures per arenam fœdati sunt."

[2] Justus Lipsius, *Saturn. Sermon.*, lib. ii, cap. 3. Anyone who is desirous to know more of the gladiators will find an interesting account of them in this curious and learned essay.

salute thee!" To which he responded, "Avete vos,"—"Health to you;"—a phrase which they interpreted as an absolution by the Emperor from the necessity of exposing their lives for his amusement, and refused to engage. When a message to this effect was brought to Claudius, he sat for a time, as Suetonius tells us, in deep meditation, pondering whether he should destroy them all by setting fire to the vessels and burning them alive, or should allow them to kill each other by the sword. At last he decided upon the latter course, and descending from his seat, he ran with a vacillating graceless gait ("non sine fœda vacillatione discurrens"), around the borders of the lake, and partly by persuasion, and partly by threats, persuaded them to fight.

A circle of beams was built around a vast inclosure, so as to prevent any of these wretched victims from fleeing, and not only all the ground was guarded by large numbers of horse and infantry, but on the lake itself were covered vessels laden with armed soldiers to keep order. The spectacle must have been magnificent. The banks of the lake, the hillsides, and mountain-tops were thronged by an enormous crowd, which had flocked to see the battle from Rome and from all the adjacent country. The Emperor, robed in imperial purple, presided over the games, and at his side sat Agrippina, in a golden mantle. In the midst of the lake rose from the water, by machinery, a silver triton, who blew a trumpet to sound the attack. The combatants fought with great bravery, and it was not until a large number had been slain that the signal for separation was given.

Constantine, and his son Constans, first issued edicts prohibiting these gladiatorial shows; but the appetite for them had become too strong to be denied gratification, and notwithstanding these prohibitions, they continued to flourish, and survived the ancient religion more than seventy years. St. Augustine relates in his *Confessions*,[1] that about the year 390 a certain Alipius, one of his fellow-students, who had been baptized into the Christian religion at Milan, came to Rome. Here he was strongly urged by his friends to go and see the gladiatorial shows in the Colosseum. At first he refused, but finally yielded to their persuasions, and agreed to accompany them, resolving internally, at the same time, to keep his eyes shut, so as not to see the atrocities which he knew

[1] Lib. vi, cap. 8.

were committed there. This resolution he kept for some time, but at last, startled by a great shout of the people on the occasion of some remarkable feat of skill, poor Alipius, overcome by curiosity, opened his eyes. It was then all over with him; he could not shut them again; but from moment to moment his excitement grew fiercer and fiercer, until at last his voice was heard shouting madly with the rest. From that time forward, these games became a sort of insanity in him, and he not only returned to them constantly, but exhorted everybody he knew to accompany him. "Clamavit, exarsit, abstulit secum insaniam qua stimularetur redire et alios trahens." This story, related by St. Augustine, clearly shows that the gladiatorial games continued in his time; and the verses of Prudentius, written against Symmachus, the prefect of Rome, also prove that they existed in the time of the Emperors Valentianus, Theodosius, and Arcadius.

On the Kalends of January, in the year 404, a remarkable incident occurred in the Colosseum on the occasion of a gladiatorial show, which is recorded by Theodoret and Cassiodorus.[1] While, in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, the gladiators were fighting in the arena, a monkish figure, clothed in the dress of his order, was suddenly seen to rush into the midst of the combatants, and with loud prayer and excited gesture endeavour to separate them. This was an Eastern monk, named Telemachus or Almachius (for such is the chance of fame, that his name is not accurately recorded), who had travelled from the East with the express design of bearing his testimony against these unchristian games, and sacrificing his life, if necessary, to obtain their abolition. The Prætor Alybius, however, who was passionately attached to them, indignant at the interruption, and excited by the wild cries of the audience, instantly ordered the gladiators to cut the intruder down, and Telemachus paid the forfeit of his life for his heroic courage. But the crown and the palm of martyrdom were given him, and he was not only raised to a place in the calendar among the saints, but accomplished in measure the great object for which he had sacrificed himself; for, struck with the grandeur and justness of the

[1] Theod., *Hist. Eccles.*, cap. xxiv, lib. 5. Cassiod., lx, c. 11. See also Justus Lipsius, *Saturn. Serm.*, lib. ii, cap. 111. Baronius ad Ann., et in Notis ad Martyrol. Rom., 1 Jan. Augustin. *Confess.*, lib. vi, cap. 8; lib. i, cap. 12.

courageous protest which he had sealed with his blood, the Emperor Honorius abolished the gladiatorial games, and from that time forward no gladiator has fought in the Colosseum against another gladiator.

Combats with wild beasts still however continued, as is plain from rescripts of Honorius and Theodosius, ordaining that no one not specially appointed by the imperial ministers should have the right to hunt wild beasts to secure them for the public games, but should only be allowed to kill them in self-defence or in defence of the country. Those *venationes* in the Colosseum continued down to the death of Theodoric, in 526, when they fell into disuse, and the edict of Justinian absolutely abolished them.

Up to this period there is every reason to suppose that the Colosseum was in perfect preservation. Cassiodorus, who describes the games held there in the time of Theodoric, makes no mention of any injury, as he certainly would have done had there been any of importance.[1] Heretofore it had been kept in repair to serve for the exhibition of gladiatorial shows, but the edict of Justinian, prohibiting all games therein, rendered it useless as an amphitheatre and sealed its fate. Thenceforward it was abandoned to the assaults of time and weather, and to the caprice of man; and their injuries were never repaired. The earthquakes and floods of the seventh century undoubtedly shook it and destroyed it partially. Barbarians at home and from abroad preyed upon it, boring it for its metal clamps, plundering it of every article of value, defacing its architecture, and despoiling it of its ornaments of silver and gold as well as of its poorer metals. In almost every one of its blocks of travertine is now to be seen a rudely excavated hole, by which the ingenuity of antiquarians has been greatly exercised; but it now seems to be agreed on all sides that these holes were made for the purpose of extracting the iron bolts with which the stones were originally clamped together. Still, it would seem to have been entire, or nearly so, as late as the beginning of the eighth century, when the Anglo-Saxons visited Rome, and, gazing at it with feelings of awe and admiration, broke forth into the enthusiastic speech recorded by the venerable Bede: " Quam-

[1] Cassiod., lib. v, Var. Ep. 24; See also Pietro Angelo Barges, in his learned *Epistola de Privatorum Ædif. Urbis. Eversoribus.* Grævius, *Antiq. Rom.*, tom. 4.

diu stabit Colysæus, stabit et Roma. Quando cadet Colysæus, cadet et Roma. Quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus," which Byron thus translates:—

> " While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand!
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall!
> And when Rome falls—the world!"

From this time forward exposed to tumult, battle, and changes of ownership, now occupied as a fortress by the Frangipani, now by the Annibaldi, and wrested from both in turn by pope and emperor, it fell rapidly into ruin, and its walls began to crumble and fall into decay. As early as the year 1362, the Bishop of Orvieto, legate to Pope Urban V, wrote to inform the Pontiff that the stones of the Colosseum had been offered for sale, but no one had proposed to purchase them save the Frangipani family, who wanted them to build a palace. The government at this period, not placing any value on the Colosseum as a memorial of antiquity, but regarding it merely as a quarry of stone, were in the habit of granting permissions to excavate travertine therefrom to any princely family who could afford to pay for them. Donatus tells us that Paul II (1464 to 1471) used the blocks of travertine taken from the ruins of the Colosseum to build his palace of San Marco; and a monstrous hole was made in it when the great Farnese palace was built out of its spoils.[1]

Nor was this the worst treatment which this noble structure was to suffer. Not only were blocks of travertine removed, but all the marble was torn down and burnt into lime;[2] and to such an extent were the spoliations of this period carried on, as to render it only surprising that anything now remains. This was not the only building thus barbarously served. Poggius relates that when he first went to Rome the Temple of Concord was perfect—" opere marmoreo admodum specioso,"—but that soon after, the whole building, with its splendid marble portico, was pulled down and burnt for lime. The marble of the tomb of Cecilia Metella met the same sad fate; and Eneas Sylvius, who afterwards became Pope under the title of Pius II, in an epigram written by

[1] " Per fabbricare il Palazzo Farnese gran guasto diede al Anfiteatro di Tito," says Muratori, in his *Annals ad An.* 1549, tom. x, p. 335. See also *Mémoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip.*, tom. xxviii, p. 585.

[2] " Ob stultitiam Romanorum majori ex parte ad calcem redactam," says Poggius, in his Essay *De Variet. Fortun.*

CAMPIDOGLIO

him, and preserved by Mabillon, expresses a fear that these barbarous practices will finally lead to the destruction of all the ancient monuments:—

" Oblectat me Roma tuas spectare ruinas
Ex cujus lapsa gloria prisca patet—
Sed tuus hic populus muris defossa vetustis
Calceo in obsequium marmora dura coquit.
Impia tercentum si sic gens egerit annos
Nullum hic indicium nobilitatis erit."

Sadly enough, the mausoleum of the great Carian king, Mausolus, one of the wonders of the ancient world, suffered the same fate. Not only the marble of the architecture, the massive stairs, the splendid columns, but the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, wrought by Scopas and his pupils, were broken to pieces and burnt into lime by the knights of St. John, to build the castle of Budrum.

Marangoni tells us that there was a sale of the stones of the Colosseum in 1531, and a century afterwards some of them were used in the building of the Campidoglio. Even at the very period of the revival of the arts it would thus seem that no regard was paid to the preservation of the ancient temples. Michaelangelo himself built the Farnese Palace and the Campidoglio, and even he seems not to have protested against this barbarity. Urban VIII also built, out of the quarry of the Colosseum, the façade of the Barberini Palace, tore the brass plates from the Pantheon to build the hideous *baldacchino* of St. Peter's, and threatened to serve the remains of the tomb of Cecilia Metella in like manner. But the sins of Urban VIII were small in comparison to those of the Farnese Pope. He spared nothing, levying his exactions not only upon the Colosseum, but also on the arch of Titus, the baths of Constantine and Caracalla, the forum of Trajan, the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the theatre of Marcellus, and other buildings, stripping them ruthlessly of their precious marbles and splendid columns. The accounts of the apostolic chamber show a sum of no less than 7,317,888 *scudi* expended between 1541 and 1549 on the Palazzo del Campo dei Fiori. Truly, as Gibbon says, " every traveller who views the Farnese Palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes."

To check these abuses, Eugenius IV is said to have surrounded the Colosseum with a wall, and by a charter long

extant, to have granted the grounds and edifice to the monks of a neighbouring convent. But if this wall ever existed, which seems rather doubtful, it was overthrown after his death in a tumult of the populace, and no traces of it now remain.[1]

In 1585, Sextus V endeavoured at once to check this barbarism of destruction and to utilize the Colosseum by establishing in it a woollen manufactory. For many years it had served as the arena for all sorts of fairs, and possibly this fact suggested the notion of making it subservient to some practical use. But after spending on the project 15,000 *scudi*, he abandoned it as impracticable. Let us not grieve; for from all that can be collected of the plan from the designs of the architect, Fontana, it was the Pope's intention to wall up the arches and arcades, which would simply have ruined the building. A century later, Clement XI revived the project, and went so far as to inclose the lower arcades and establish a manufactory of saltpetre. But this scheme, also, fell through.

But better days were now coming. In the year of the Jubilee, 1675, Clement X set apart the whole building to the worship of the martyrs. And on the 11th February, 1742, Benedict XIV again consecrated the Colosseum to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had suffered there, and made it a church in 1744. He then erected a cross in the centre of the arena, repaired the altars established by Clement XI, and cleared the place of the robbers and prostitutes by whom it had previously been haunted. This act was the salvation of the Colosseum. Taken into the fold of the church it was now cared for, and from this time forward every means was used to preserve it, and the injuries of time have been constantly repaired. Parts of it, however, were in a very dangerous condition, and in the year 1813 one of the arches fell to the ground. To prevent the tottering fragments around it from falling, the wall supporting the north-west angle was built by Pius VII, and his successors have faithfully lent their aid to the preservation of the building. It is said that the trembling stones were so threatening that convicts under sentence of death or imprisonment for life were employed to build up this wall, with the promise of pardon if they succeeded;

[1] Gibbon, who makes this statement, founds it upon Montfaucon, who received it from Flaminius Vacca, who lived a century after Eugenius, and reported the fact on the testimony of the Olivetan monks of Sta. Maria Nuova. But Marangoni states that, on examining their archives, he found in them no record of such a fact.

but whether this statement be actually true I cannot affirm.

Pius IX also made very material restorations, and perhaps in some cases carried them too far; thus detracting from the antique character of the ruins. He constructed a gigantic buttress at the southern end, to support the lofty wall, which threatened to fall; and some of the arches and interior walls he entirely rebuilt.

When the French took possession of Rome they placed a nightly guard at the Colosseum with the object of keeping it clear of robbers and thieves, who were said to infest it, and no one was allowed to pass without special permission.

After the edict of Justinian, prohibiting the celebration of any games, either of gladiators or of wild beasts, these exhibitions fell into discredit, and for a long period the Colosseum was entirely abandoned. But from time to time, in succeeding centuries, efforts were made to revive the exhibitions of wild beasts in the arena, and bull-fights were not infrequent. The last of these seems to have taken place in the year 1332, and Ludovico di Bonconte Monaldeschi has quaintly described it in his annals of the period, printed in the appendix to the great work of Muratori.[1] Though his narrative is probably taken from the account of others rather than from his own memory, he having been only five years of age when the exhibition took place, yet it bears the stamp of truth deeply impressed on it in every part.

" This festival took place," he says, " on the 3rd of November. All the matrons of Rome were present standing in the balconies, which were lined with scarlet. There was the beautiful Savella Orsini and two others of her family; and there were the Donne Colonnesi, though La Giovane could not be present because she had broken her foot in the garden of the tower of Nero; and there was also there the beautiful Jacova di Vico, or Rovere; and these ladies led all the beautiful women of Rome, the Rovere leading the Trasteverine women, the Orsini those of Piazza Navona and San Pietro, and the Colonnesi all the rest. All the noble ladies were in one circle, all the ladies of lower rank in another, and the combatants in a third; and the huntings were by lot, drawn by old Pietro Jacovo Rossi, from St. Angelo in Pescheria. The first *cacciatore* was a foreigner from Rimini, named Galeotto Malatesta, who was dressed in green, with a rapier

[1] Muratori, *Script. Rerum. Ital.*, tom. xii, pp. 535, 536.

in his hand, and on his iron helmet was inscribed this motto, ' Solo io come Oratio,' (I alone like Horatius); and he rushed forward to meet the bull, and wounded him in the left eye, so that the bull took to flight. He then gave the beast a blow behind, and received therefor a kick on his knee, which knocked him over, but the bull continued to flee and did not attack him. Then, greatly excited (' tutto infierito ') Cicco della Valle rushed forth, dressed in half black and half white, and the motto he carried on his helmet was ' Io son Enea per Lavinia,' (I am Æneas for Lavinia); and this he did because the daughter of Messer Jovinale, of whom he was desperately enamoured, was named Lavinia. While he was fighting valiantly with the bull another was let in, which was attacked by Mezzo Stallo, a stout youth dressed as a negro; his wife being dead, he bore the motto ' Cosi sconsolato vivo,' (Thus disconsolate I live); and he bore himself bravely against the bull." A crowd of other nobles also were there with various emblems and escutcheons, a number of which are given by this old author,—" besides many," he continues, " whom I should weary to enumerate. Each assaulted his bull, and eighteen of the combatants were killed and nine wounded, while only eleven bulls were killed. Great honours were paid to the bodies of the dead, which were carried to Sta. Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni in Laterano to be buried. The nephew of Camillo Cencio having been thrown down in the crowd, through the fault of the son of Count Anguillara's sister, Cencio gave him a blow on the head, which instantly killed him, and a great tumult ensued. There was a great crowd at St. Giovanni to see the burial of those who were killed at the games."

During the fifteenth century it was the custom from time to time to represent passion plays or mysteries on a broad platform over the Colosseum steps, just above the site where, a century later, the chapel was founded. Every Good Friday the death and burial of our Saviour was performed to an audience as large, if we may credit the words of Pancirolus,[1] as that which formerly attended the antique games. This " mystery " was in *ottava rima*, rudely composed in the commonest dialect of the people, with an *intermezzo* of various little airs which were probably sung. Two examples

[1] *Tesori Nascosti.* See Marangoni, *Mem. Sac. et Prof.*, p. 59.

of these are to be found, says Marangoni, in the library of the Marchese Alessandro Capponi. The *sacra farsa*—the Holy Farce of the Resurrection (for so Tiraboschi calls it)[1]—written by Julian Dati, a Florentine, was also performed here. These plays continued until the reign of Paul III, who prohibited them, apparently for no other reason than that they impeded him in robbing the Colosseum of marble and stones for building.

After this, for more than a century, there was no public amusement in the Colosseum, saving for those who employed that time in plundering it. But in 1671 permission was granted by the senate and Cardinal Altieri to represent bull-fights in the arena for six years. This raised a great outcry, and Carlo Tommassi wrote a tract to prove the sanctity of the spot, and to urge the impropriety of reinstating such barbarous usages; which so affected the mind of the Pope, Clement X, that he prohibited them, and took measures to prevent them by blocking up the lower arches and consecrating the place. In 1714 Clement XI established the altars of the Passion, and shortly after were painted the pictures of Jerusalem and the Crucifixion that are now seen over the southern entrance.

I have hitherto not spoken of the martyrs who perished for their faith in the Colosseum. These are generally supposed to have amounted to thousands; but Marangoni, who is a careful man and not disposed to exaggerate facts, puts the number of martyrs known, and not merely conjectured, to have suffered in this arena at only twenty-four. Of these, eighteen were men, beginning with St. Ignatius and ending with Telemachus; and six were women. Of the latter, three—Sta. Martina, Sta. Italiana and Sta. Prisca—were exposed to lions, who, instead of devouring them, licked their feet. And one, Sta. Daria, wife of St. Crisanto, according to Marangoni, "was under the vaults ('sotte le volte') of the Amphitheatre, where her chastity was defended by a lion ('Da un leone fù difesa la sua castità')".[2]

[1] *Storia dell. Litt. Ital.*, vol. vi, p. 3; Lib. iii, p. 814.

[2] *Leones*, as Lord Broughton suggests, may, perhaps, be better read *lenones*, for it is well established that "*sotte le volte*" was a place devoted to brothels, where a woman was more in danger of panders (*lenones*) than of lions (*leones*); and in fact the very word "fornicators" is derived from "*fornices*", the places under the vaults. Her chastity needed not the defence of anyone in the arena, however it might below the vaults; and the old well-known proverb—*Christiani ad leones, virgines ad lenones*—seems to favour this view of the martyrdom of Sta. Daria.

Besides these, there were two hundred and sixty anonymous soldiers under Claudius, who, after digging an arena outside the Porta Salara, were killed, and placed among the records of the Christians as martyrs. Doubtless, however, says Marangoni, there were many others besides those mentioned, whose names we do not know, who were exposed to death under the cruel orders of Diocletian, as is evident from the testimony of Tertullian.[1]

The manner in which Christian martyrs were exposed to the wild beasts is shown by some small rilievi in bronze found in the catacombs, where the lions are represented as chained to a pilaster, and the martyrs lie naked and unarmed at their feet. It seems also that the sacrifice of the Christians generally ended the day's sport. When the other shows were over, the condemned Christians were brought into the arena through files of the hunters of the wild beasts, who beat them with rods as they passed. Some of the women were stripped and exposed in nets, and some were tortured because they would not assume the ceremonial robes worn in the worship of the pagan divinities. Every refinement of cruelty was undoubtedly practised upon a sect who were supposed to worship an ass, and who were thought to plot against the state. It would seem, however, that the Christians, so long as they did not meddle with political questions, but confined themselves to their religious doctrine and duties, were left unmolested. In Rome all creeds were free—and anyone might with complete impunity worship Isis, Bacchus, Moses, Apollonius, Mithras, Simon of Gitton, or any other divinity or prophet. But the Christians did not confine themselves within their sphere of worship and faith—they were aggressive, and sought to turn into ridicule and contempt the religion of the state, if not the state itself. It was this that led to their persecution. They deemed it to be their duty to overthrow this religion and to defame it, believing it to be degrading and wicked. But it should always be borne in mind that their martyrdom in those ancient days resulted from their aggressiveness and not the intolerance and bigotry of the Romans. Undoubtedly many were falsely accused, and many who were innocent suffered; but the accusation was of treason against the state, and so many Christians had attempted its over-

[1] Cap. 42, *Apologia.* See also Arringhi, *Roma Sotter.*, lib. ii, cap. 1; tom. i, p. 197, edit. 1651.

throw, that, at last, to be a Christian was to be a suspected traitor.

When we speak with horror of that ferocious spirit which dragged to torture and death the innocent and virtuous, merely because they differed from the religious dogma of the day, and refused to bow down before the pagan gods, we speak without book. This was not the ground of accusation but the test of loyalty—and let us also remember that the Catholic Church in later days, when it had attained a power as extensive as that exercised by Imperial Rome, was guilty of fouler wrong and more infamous cruelty, and that the numbers of victims that were sacrificed by the Inquisition in the single reign of Philip II outnumber by thousands those who perished under the Roman Emperors. Nor let us plume ourselves too much on our religious tolerance even at the present day. The horrors of the past would not, thank God! be now within the bounds of possibility; but bigotry and persecution have by no means ceased, and infidel and atheist are words which are widely and generally thrown against those who differ in their creed from the established Church.

Pius V used to say that whoever desired to obtain a Christian or Catholic relic should take some earth from the arena of the Colosseum, where it had been cemented by so much holy blood; and whenever the Cardinal Ulderico Carpegna passed the spot, says Marangoni, this pious gentleman always stopped his carriage, gratefully to commemorate the names of the holy martyrs who had suffered there.

Such are some of the memories which haunt the crumbled shell of the Colosseum. After all the bloodshed, and murder, and battle, and martyrdom, how peaceful and tranquil it seems! Above us wheel the swallows, that build their " procreant cradles " far up upon the jutting frieze and buttress of the lofty walls, where the air is delicate. There sound the clanging crows, flying blackly along when " night thickens ". There flocks of doves build and breed among the ruins and sail out into the blue deeps. All the benches are draped with weeds and grasses, and festooned with creepers and flowers. Many a strange and curious plant may here be seen, peculiar to the place, and these have been recorded in a little volume by Dr. Deakin on the *Flora of the Colosseum*. The place remembers not its ancient horrors, as it sleeps in the full

sunlight of an Italian day—but when the shadows of night come on, and the clouds blacken above, and the wind howls through the empty galleries and arches, and the storm comes down over the Colosseum, the clash of the gladiators may still be heard, the roar of the multitudinous voices crying for blood rises on the gale, and those broken benches are thronged with a fearful audience of ghosts.

CHAPTER V

PASQUIN

Roman wit is essentially satirical[1], and its true type is *Pasquino*. He is the public satirist, who launches his pointed jests at every absurdity and abuse. There he sits on his pedestal behind the Palazzo Braschi, a mutilated *torso*, which, in the days of its pride, was a portion of a noble group, representing, as is supposed, Menelaus dragging the dead body of Patroclus from the fight. Few of those who pass this almost shapeless fragment would imagine that it was once considered as one of the noblest works of ancient art. Yet this is the case. In the life of Bernini, written by his son Domenico, we are assured that this distinguished sculptor considered it as equal in merit to the Belvedere *torso* of the Vatican, and called it his master; while Michaelangelo preferred the Vatican *torso*. "On one occasion," says his biographer, "having been asked by a noble stranger which statue of all in Rome he considered to be the most excellent, he replied, 'The Pasquino'; whereupon the stranger, supposing himself jested with, became very angry, and was on the point of attacking the artist. Of these two *torsi* he was wont to say, that they exhibited the greatest beauty and perfection of nature without any of the affectation of art." [2]

This statement is confirmed by Filippo Bertinucci, who relates that "Bernini considered the Laocoon and Pasquino to contain all the best characteristics of art, since in them existed the perfection of nature without the affectation of art:

[1] "Satira quidem tota nostra est". Quintilian, X, 1, 93.
[2] *Vita di Cav. Giov. Lorenz. Bernini.* Firenze, 1782.

but that the *torso* and the Pasquino, to him, seemed to possess a greater perfection of style than the Laocoon, though the latter was entire and the former was but a fragment. Between Pasquino and the Torso Belvedere, the difference, he thought, was not very perceptible, and was only apparent to a person of knowledge, but on the whole he preferred the Pasquino."

A repetition of this group is under the Loggie dei Lanzi at Florence, but it is far inferior in execution. Though the Pasquino has suffered terribly, there are still portions which show the same masterly style that is exhibited in the *torso* of Hercules, and it would seem most probable that they were both from the same hand, as they are undoubtedly of the same school.

Ths subject of this group has been much discussed by antiquarians. Winckelmann supposed it to be a statue of Hercules from the fact, stated by him, that on the helmet was carved the battle with the Centaurs; Dante seems to have thought it a statue of Mars;[1] Paoli Alessandro Maffei speaks of it as representing the body of Ajax, son of Telamon, supported by a soldier, and remarks that others have supposed it to be a gladiatorial duel, or an Alexander who has fainted while bathing in the river Cydnus.[2] All these opinions are rejected by Visconti on sufficient grounds, and he declares that in his judgment it represents Menelaus bearing the body of Patroclus away from the battle.[3] Whatever may have been the subject of this once beautiful and now ruined work, it is scarcely less famous under its modern name. Pasquino is now the mouthpiece of the most pungent Roman wit.

The companion and rival of Pasquin in the early days was Marforio. This was a colossal statue representing a river god, and received its name from the Forum of Mars, where it was unearthed in the sixteenth century. Other friends, too, had Pasquino who took part in his satiric *conversazioni* and carried on dialogues with him. Among these was Madame Lucrezia, whose ruined figure still may be seen near the Church of S. Marco behind the Venetian palace; the Facchino or porter, who empties his barrel still in the Corso, though his wit has run dry;—the Abbate Luigi of the Palazzo Valle;—and the

[1] *Inferno*, xiii, v. 196. *Bocchi ampl. del. Cinelli*, p. 115.
[2] Maffei, *Statue. Cav.* xlii.
[3] See *Notizie delle due Famose Statue di Pasquino e Marforio*, &c. Roma, 1854, with a letter from Visconti.

battered Babbuino, who presided over his fountain in the Via del Babuino, and gave his name to the street. Marforio, however, was the chief speaker next to Pasquin, and he still at times joins with him in a satiric dialogue. Formerly there was a constant strife of wit between the two; and a lampoon by Pasquin was sure to call out a reply from Marforio. But Marforio has been imprisoned in the Court of the Campodoglio, and, like many other free speakers, locked up and forbidden to speak; so that Pasquin has it all his own way. In the time of the Revolution of 1848, he made friends with Don Pirlone and uttered in print his satires. *Il Don Pirlone* was the title of the Roman Charivari of this period. It was issued daily, except on *festa*-days, was very liberal in its politics, and extremely bitter against the *papalini*, French and Austrians. The caricatures, though coarsely executed, were full of humour and spirit, and gave strong evidence that the satiric fire for which Rome has been always celebrated, though smouldering, is ever ready to burst into flame. Take, for instance, as a specimen, the caricature which appeared on the 15th of June, 1849. The Pope is here represented in the act of celebrating mass. Oudinot, the French general, acts as the attendant priest, kneeling at the steps of the altar, and holding up the pontifical robes. The bell of the mass is an imperial crown. A group of military officers surrounds the altar, with a row of bayonets behind them. The altar candles are in the shape of bayonets. The Pope is just raising the host, but the Christ on the crucifix has detached his arms from the cross-bars, and covers his face with his hands as if to shut out from his sight the impious spectacle. Lightnings dart from the cross, and from the cup which should hold the blood of the Lord issues a hissing serpent. On the sole of one of Oudinot's boots are the words " Accommodamento Lesseps ", and of the other, " Articulo V della Constituzione ";—thus showing that he tramples not only on the convention made by Lesseps with the Roman triumvirate on the 31st of May, but also on the French Constitution, the fifth article of which says: " La République Française n'emploie jamais ses forces contre la liberté d'aucun peuple." [1] Beneath the picture is

[1] When the French army advanced against Rome, they found the road from Civita Vecchia strewn with large placards, on which this clause of their Constitution was printed; so that they were literally obliged to trample its provisions under foot in making as unjustifiable an attack upon the liberties of a people as was ever recorded in history.

this motto: " Ha incominciato il servizio colla messa, ed ha finito colle bombe "—" He has begun the service with mass, and completed it with bombs."

On the 2nd of July, 1849, the French entered Rome, and *Il Don Pirlone* was issued for the last time. The engraving in this number represents a naked female figure lying lifeless on the ground, with a cap of liberty on her head—on a dunghill near by a cock is crowing loudly—while a French general is covering the body with earth. Beneath are these significant words: " Ma, caro Signor Becchino, siete poi ben sicuro che sia morta?"—" But, dear Mr. Undertaker, are you so perfectly sure that she is dead?"

That day Don Pirlone died, and all his works were confiscated.[1]

The first acquaintance we make with Pasquin is as an abandoned limbless fragment of an antique statue, which serves as a butt for boys to throw stones at, and for other " slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ". Near by him lives a tailor named Pasquino, skilful in his trade, and still more skilful in his epigrams. At his shop many of the *litterati*, prelates, courtiers, and wits of the town, meet to order their robes and dresses, to report scandal, to anatomize reputations, and to kill their time. Pasquino's humour was contagious, and so many sharp epigrams were made in his shop, that it grew to be famous. After Pasquino's death, in mending the street, it became necessary to remove the old statue, embedded in the ground near by, and to get it out of the way it was set up at the side of his shop. The people then, in joke, said that Pasquino had come back, and so the statue acquired this nickname, which it has ever since retained. This, at least, is the account given of it by Castelvetro, in a discourse upon a *canzone* of Annibale Caro, published in 1553, on the faith of the learned and venerable Messer Antonio Tibaldeo of Ferrara. He says that during the life of Pasquin, the statue was half-buried in the public street, and served as a stepping-stone for passers who wished not to soil their shoes in the mud from which it projected, and that it was raised from this position in order to make the way more level. But, according

[1] Charles E. Norton, in his admirable volume on *Travel and Study in Italy*, gives an interesting account of Don Pirlone more at length, and with descriptions of several others of the caricatures.

to Andrea Fulvio, the statue was already on a pedestal during the life of Pasquino, and stood near the Palazzo Orsini, and not far from his shop in the Via in Parione; and Fioravanti Martinelli (*Roma Ricercata*), and others assert that it was found in the beginning of the sixteenth century, under a tower at the side of the ancient Palazzo Orsini, near the Palazzo Braschi, and therefore close to where it stands at present. However this be, there is no doubt that the custom soon grew up to stick to the statue any lampoon, epigram, or satiric verses, which the author desired to be anonymous, and to pretend that it was a *pasquinata*. From this time Pasquino becomes a name and a power. His tongue never could be ruled. He had his bitter saying on everything. Vainly government strove to suppress him. At one time he narrowly escaped being thrown into the Tiber by Hadrian VI, who was deeply offended at some of his sarcasms—but he was saved from this fate by the wisdom of the Spanish legate, who gravely counselled the Pope to do no such act, lest he should thus teach all the frogs in the river to croak pasquinades.[1] In reference to the various attempts made to silence him, he says in an epigram addressed to Paul III:

" Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vatibus æra;
Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?"

" Great were the sums once paid to poets for singing;
How much will you, oh Paul, give me to be silent?"

Finally, his popularity became so great, that all epigrams, good or bad, were affixed to him. Against this he remonstrated, crying:

" Me miserum! copista etiam mihi carmina figit;
Et tribuit nugas jam mihi quisque suas."

" Alas! the veriest copyist sticks upon me his verses;
Everyone now on me his wretched trifles bestows."

This remonstrance seems to have been attended with good results, for shortly after he says:

[1] Giambattista Manso, however, says that this advice was given by Torquato Tasso to Clement VII, and the poet being called to account for it by the pope, answered: " It is true, holy Father, but if your holiness wishes that satires should not speak evil, take care that the men you place in authority act well." A few days after this Pasquin announced that " La Poesia ha salvato la Satira."—Poetry has saved satire.

" Non homo me melior Romæ est. Ego nil peto ab ullo.
Non sum verbosus; hic sedeo et taceo."

" No man at Rome is better than I; I seek nothing from any.
I am never verbose; here I sit, and am silent."

Of late years no collection has been made, as far as I know, of the sayings of Pasquin; and it is only here and there that they can be found recorded in books. But in 1544 a volume of 637 pages was printed, with the title *Pasquillorum Tomi duo*, in which, among a mass of epigrams and satires drawn from various sources, a considerable number of real pasquinades were preserved. This volume is now very rare and costly, most of the copies having been burnt at Rome and elsewhere, on account of the many satires it contained against the Romish Church—so rare, indeed, that the celebrated scholar Daniel Heinsius supposed his copy to be unique, as he stated in the inscription written by him on its fly-leaf:

" Roma meos fratres igni dedit—unica phœnix
Vivo—aureis veneo centum Heinsio."

" Rome to the fire gave my brothers—I, the single phœnix,
Live—by Heinsius bought for a hundred pieces of gold."

In this, however, he was mistaken. There are several other copies now known to be in existence.

This collection was edited by Cœlius Secundus Curio, a Piedmontese, who, being a reformer, had suffered persecution, confiscation, exile, and imprisonment by the Inquisition. From the last he escaped, and while spending his latter days in exile in Switzerland he printed this volume, and sent it forth to harass his enemies and bigoted opponents. The chief aim of the book was to attack the Romish Church; and some of the satires are evidently German, and probably from the hands of his friends. It is greatly to be regretted that no other collection exists; and since so great a success has attended the admirable collections of popular songs and proverbs in Tuscany, it is to be hoped that some competent Italian may soon be found who will have the spirit and patience to collect the pasquinades of more modern days.

The earliest pasquinades were directed against the Borgian Pope, Alexander VI (Sextus), the infamy of whose life can

scarcely be written. Pasquin calls him in one satire, " Papa marrano e simoniaco e traditore "; and in another says of him:

" Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero—Sextus et iste;
Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit."

" Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero—this also is Sextus;
Always under the Sextuses Rome has been ruined."

Again, in allusion to the fact that he obtained his election by the grossest bribery, and, as Guicciardini expresses it, " infected the whole world by selling without distinction holy and profane things," Pasquino says:

" Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum:
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest."

" Alexander sells the keys, the altar, Christ:
He who bought them first has a good right to sell."

Here, too, is another savage epigram on the Borgian Pope, referring to the murder of his son Giovanni, duca di Gandia, by his brother, Cesare, duca di Valentino, who slew him at night, and threw his body into the Tiber, from which it was fished out the next morning:

" Piscatorem hominum ne te non, Sexte, putemus,
Piscaris natum retibus ecce tuum."

" Lest we should think you not a fisher of men, oh Sextus!
Lo! for your very son with nets you fish."

No epigrams worth recording seem to have been made during the short reign of Pius III; but Julius II, the warlike, fiery, impetuous soldier, drew upon himself the constant fire of Pasquin. Alluding to the story that, when leading his army out of Rome, he threw the keys of Peter into the Tiber, saying that henceforth he would trust to the sword of Paul, Pasquin, merely repeating his impetuous words, says:

" Cum Petri nihil efficiant ad prœlia claves,
Auxilio Pauli forsitan ensis erit."

" Since nothing the keys of Peter for battle can profit,
The sword of Paul, perhaps, may be of use."

And again, referring to the beard which Julius was the first among the Popes of comparatively late days to wear:

" Huc barbam Pauli, gladium Pauli, omnia Pauli;
Claviger ille nihil ad mea vota Petrus."

" The beard of Paul, and the sword of Paul—all things of Paul for me;
As for that key-bearer Peter, he 's not to my liking at all."

But of all the epigrams on Julius, none is so stern and fierce as this:

" Julius est Romæ—quid abest? Date, numina, Brutum.
Nam quoties Romæ est Julius, illa perit."

" Julius is at Rome—what is wanting? Ye gods, give us Brutus.
For whenever at Rome is Julius, the city is lost."

If to Julius Pasquin was severe, he was scathing to his successor Leo X. Many of these epigrams are too coarse to bear translation; [1] here is one, however, more decent, if less bitter than many:

" Dona date, astantes; versus ne reddite: sola
Imperat æthereis alma Moneta deis."

" Bring me gifts, spectators! bring me not verses;
Divine Money alone rules the ethereal gods."

And again, referring to Leo's taste for buffoons, he says:

" Cur non te fingi scurram, Pasquille, rogasti?
Cum Romæ scurris omnia jam liceant."

" Pasquil, why have you never asked to be made a buffoon?
All things now are permitted at Rome to buffoons."

Here is another, referring to the story, current in Rome, that Leo's death was occasioned by poison, and on account of its suddenness there was no time to administer to him the last sacraments:

" Sacra sub extrema, si forte requiritis, horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere: vendiderat."

[1] One of these, savage and untranslatable, is as follows:
" Roma, vale! Satis est Romam vidisse. Revertar
Quum leno, meretrix, scurra, cinædus ero."

" If you desire to hear why at his last hour Leo
Could not the sacraments take—know—he had sold them."

During the short reign of the ascetic Adrian VI, Pasquin seems to have been comparatively silent, perhaps through respect for that hard, bigoted, but honest Pope. Under his successor, Clement VII, Rome was besieged, taken, and sacked by the Constable de Bourbon, and through the horrors of those days Pasquin's voice was seldom heard. One saying of his, however, has been preserved, which was uttered during the period of the Pope's imprisonment in the Castle St. Angelo. With a sneer at his infallibility and his imprisonment, he says, " Papa non potest errare," (The Pope cannot err nor go astray)—*errare* having both meanings. But if Pasquin spared the Pope during his life, he threw a handful of epigrams on his coffin at his death. Under a portrait of the physician to whose ignorance Clement's death was attributed, Pasquin placed this sentence: " Ecce agnus Dei! ecce qui tollit peccata mundi!" And again, in reference to this same physician, Matteo Curzio, or Curtius:

" Curtius occidit Clementem—Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parta salus."

" Curtius has killed our Clement—let gold then be given
To Curtius, for thus securing the public health."

On Paul III, the Farnese Pope, Pasquin exercised his wit, but not always very successfully. This Pope was celebrated for his nepotism, and for the unscrupulous ways in which he endeavoured to build up his house and enrich his family; and one of Pasquin's epigrams refers to this, as well as to the well-known fact that he built his palace by despoiling the Colosseum of its travertine:

" Oremus pro Papa Paulo, quia zelus
Domus suæ comedit illum."

" Let us pray for Pope Paul, for his zeal
For his house is eating him up."

With Paul III ceases the record of the *Pasquillorum Tomi duo*, published at " Eleutheropolis " in 1544, and we now hunt out only rarely here and there an epigram. Against Sextus V, that cruel, stern old man, who never lifted his eyes from

the ground until he had attained that great reward for all his hypocritical humility, the papal chair, several epigrams are recorded. One of these, in the form of a dialogue, and given by Leti in his life of Sextus, is worth recording for the story connected with it. Pasquin makes his appearance in a very dirty shirt, and being asked by Marforio the reason of this, answers, that he cannot procure a clean shirt because his washerwoman has been made a princess by the Pope—thus referring to the story that the Pope's sister had formerly been a laundress. This soon came to the ears of the Pope, who ordered that the satirist should be sought for and punished severely. All researches, however, were vain. At last, by his order and in his name, placards were posted in the public streets, promising, in case the author would reveal his name, to grant him not only his life, but a present of a thousand pistoles; but threatening in case of his discovery by any other person to hang him forthwith, and give the reward to the informer. The satirist thereupon avowed the authorship and demanded the money. Sextus, true to the letter of his proclamation, granted him his life and paid him the thousand pistoles; but, in utter violation of its spirit, and saying that he had not promised absolution from all punishment, ordered his hands to be struck off and his tongue to be bored, " to hinder him from being so witty in the future ".

But Pasquin was not silenced even by this cruel revenge, and a short time after, in reference to the tyranny of Sextus, appeared a caricature representing the Pope as King Stork devouring the Romans as frogs, with the motto " Merito hæc patimur ". Pius V was even more cruel in his revenge upon Niccolo Franco, whom he hung for having permitted himself to write an indecent epigram against him.

About the year 1656, Alexander VII consecrated the new church " della Pace ", and on this occasion a triumphal arch was erected before it, on which was the following inscription

" Orietur in diebus nostris Justitia et Abundantia Pacis."

" Justice and the abounding of peace shall arise in our days."

During the night preceding the consecration, Pasquin added the letter M to the first word of this inscription, so that when the procession passed under it, it was seen to read:

" Morietur in diebus nostris Justitia et Abundantia Pacis."

" Justice and the abounding of peace shall die in our days."

When the same Pope Alexander died, Marforio asked, " Che ha ditto il Papa primo de morir?" (What did the Pope say before dying?) To which Pasquin answered in Latin:

" Maxima de seipso;
Plurima de parentibus;
Prava de principibus;
Turpia de cardinalibus;
Pauca de ecclesia;
De Deo nihil."

" Exceedingly of himself;
Much of his relations;
Evil of Princes;
Scandal of cardinals;
Little of the Church;
Nothing of God."

Against Urban VIII, the Barberini Pope, whose noble palace was built out of the quarry of the Colosseum, who tore the bronze plates from the roof of the Pantheon to cast into the tasteless *baldacchino* of St. Peter's, and under whose pontificate so many antique buildings were despoiled, Pasquin uttered the famous saying:

" Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

" What the barbarians have not done, the Barberini have done."

And on the occasion of Urban's issuing a bull, excommunicating all persons who took snuff in the churches at Seville, Pasquin quoted this verse:[1] " Contra folium quod vento rapitur ostendis potentiam tuam? et stipulam siccam persequeris?"—" Against a leaf driven to and fro by the wind wilt thou show thy strength? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?" The Pope, hearing of the satire, ordered it to be erased, and declared that he was desirous to know who was the author of it. Thereupon the verse was again written, and signed " Job ". The Pope then offered a large reward to the author if he would reveal himself, but remembering the fate of the satirist of the sister of Sextus V, he would not

[1] *Job*, xiii, 25.

D. 674

FAMOUS STONE PILLARS

At the entrance to the Palazzo Barberini.

reveal himself, but added under " Job " the word " Gratis."

Innocent X, as well as the profligate Donna Olympia Maidalchini, afforded also a target to Pasquin's arrows. Of the Pope he says:

" Magis amat Olympiam quam Olympum."

" Olympia he loves more than Olympus."

Here also is another on Olympia:

" Olim pia, nunc impia."

During the reign of Innocent XI the holy office flourished, and its prisons were put in requisition for those who dared to think freely or to speak freely. Pasquin in reference to this, says: " Se parliamo, in galera; se scriviamo, impiccati; se stiamo quieti, al santo uffizio. Eh!—che bisogna fare?"—" If we speak, to the galleys; if we write, the gallows; if we keep quiet, to the Inquisition. Eh!—what then must we do?"

Throughout Rome the stranger is struck by the constant recurrence of the inscription " Munificentiâ Pii Sexti " on statues and monuments and repaired ruins, and big and little antiquities. When, therefore, this Pope reduced the *pagnotto*, or loaf of two *baiocchi*, considerably in size, one of them was found hung on Pasquin's neck, with the same inscription—" Munificentiâ Pii Sexti ".

Against the nepotism of this same Pope, when he was building the great Braschi palace, Pasquin wrote these lines:

" Tres habuit fauces, et terno Cerberus ore
Latratus intra Tartara nigra dabat.
Et tibi plena fame tria sunt vel quatuor ora
Quæ nulli latrant, quemque sed illa vorant."

" Three jaws had Cerberus, and three mouths as well,
Which barked into the blackest deeps of hell.
Three hungry mouths have you—ay! even four,—
None of them bark, but all of them devour."

During the French revolution, and the occupation of Rome by Napoleon, Pasquin and Marforio uttered some bitter sayings, and among them was this dialogue:

Pasquin—" I Francesi son tutti ladri "—
Marforio—" Non tutti—ma Buona parte."

Here also is one referring to the institution of the Cross of the Legion of Honour in France, which is admirable in wit:

" In tempi men leggiadri e più feroci
S' appicavano i ladri in su le croci;
In tempi men feroci e più leggiadri
S' appicano le croci in su i ladri."

" In times less pleasant, and more fierce, of old
The thieves were hung upon the cross—we 're told:
In times less fierce, more pleasant, like to-day,
Crosses are hung upon the thieves—they say."

When the Emperor Francis of Austria visited Rome, Pasquin called him—" Gaudium urbis—Fletus provinciarum—Risus mundi "—" The joy of the city—the grief of the provinces—the jeer of the world ".

A clever epigram was also made on Canova's statue of Italy, which was represented as draped:

" Questa volta Canova l'ha sbagliata,—
Ha l'Italia vestita ed è spogliata."

" For once Canova surely has tripped;
Italy is not draped, but stripped."

Upon the marriage of a certain Cesare with a young girl named Roma, Pasquin issued this warning to the bridegroom: " Cæsar! cave ne Roma respublica fiat!" To which Cæsar answered the next day: " Cæsar imperat ". " Ergo coronabitur," was Pasquin's response.

On the return of Pius VII from Paris, after the coronation of Napoleon I, on the 2nd December, 1804, Pasquin, in allusion to the persecution of those who were suspected of favouring Napoleon, says:

" Ma Santo Padre, in cosa abbiam peccato
Voi l'avete unto e noi l'abbiam leccato."

When Pius VIII died, after a Pontificate of only twenty months, Pasquin proposed him as a model to the new Pope in these terms:

" Se imitar noi saprete in tutti il resto
Imitatelo almeno in morir presto."

" Failing to copy him in all the rest,
Die quick, and copy him in this at least."

The death of Pope Gregory XVI, during Carnival in 1846, gave rise to numerous squibs and Pasquinades, among which the following may be cited as one of the shortest and bitterest:

" Tre dispetti ci desti, oh Padre Santo!
Accettare il Papato, e viver tanto,
E morir in Carnevale per esser pianto."

" Three sorrows, Holy Father, in form you receive—
First you accept the Papacy, and then so long you live,
And last you die in Carnival, that we your death may grieve."

The latter days of Pius IX's reign opened a large field for Pasquin, and his epigrams have a flavour quite equal to that of the best of which we have any record. When, in 1858, the Pope made a journey through the provinces of Tuscany, leaving the administration of affairs in the hands of Cardinal Antonelli and the other cardinals of the Sacred College, the following dialogue was found on Pasquin:

" Dunque il pastore se n' è andato?"
" Sì, Signore."
" E chi lascia a custodire la grege?"
" I cani."
" E chi custodisce i cani?"
" Il mastino."

" The shepherd, then, is gone away?"
" Yes, sir."
" And whom has he left to take care of the flock?"
" The dogs."
" And who keeps the dogs?"
" The mastiff."

The wit of Pasquin, as of all the Romans, is never purely verbal, for the pun, simply as a pun, is little relished in Italy; ordinarily the wit lies in the thought and image, though sometimes it is expressed by a play upon words as well, as in the epigram on Buonaparte. The ingenious method adopted by the Italians, in the late 'fifties, to express their political

sympathies with Victor Emmanuel was peculiarly characteristic of Italian humour. Forbidden by the police to make any public demonstration in his favour, the government were surprised by the constant shouts of " Viva Verdi! viva Verdi!" at all the theatres, as well as by finding these words scrawled over the walls of the city. But they soon discovered that the cries for Verdi were through no enthusiasm for this composer, but only because his name was an acrostic signifying

V-ictor E-mmanuel, R-e d-i I-talia.

Of a similar character was a satire in dialogue, and which appeared early in 1859, when all the world at Rome was waiting and hoping for the death of King Bomba of execrated memory. Pasquin imagines a traveller who has just returned from Naples, and inquires of him what he has seen there:

" Ho visto un tumore."
" Un tumore? ma che cosa è un tumore?"
" Leva il *t* per risposta."
" Ah! un umore—ma questo umore porta danno?"
" Leva l' *u* per risposta."
" More! che peccato! ma quando?—fra breve?"
" Leva l' *m*."
" Ore! fra ore! ma chi ha dunque quest' umore?"
" Leva l' *o*."
" Rè! Il Rè! Ho piacere davvero! Ma poi, dove andra?"
" Leva l' *r*."
" E—eh! e-e-e-h!!" [1]

with a shrug and prolonged tone peculiarly Roman—indicative of an immense doubt as to Paradise, and little question as to the other place—is the last answer.

In August, 1859, Pasquin represented himself as having joined the other plenipotentiaries at the conference of Zurich, where he represented the court of Rome—Austria speaks

[1] " I have seen a tumour."
" A tumour? but what is a tumour?"
" Take away the *t* for answer."
" Ah! a humour; but is this humour dangerous?"
" Take away the *u*."
" He dies! what a pity! but when?—shortly?"
" Take away the *m*."
" Hours! in a few hours! but who then has this humour?"
" Take away the *o*."
" King! the king! I am delighted. But then, where will he go?"
" Take away the *r*."

German, France speaks French, neither of which languages Pasquin understands. The following conversation then takes place: " Parlate Francese?—No! Parlate Tedesco?—No! Parlate Italiano?—No! Dunque che lingua parlate?—Latino! E che cosa avete da dire in Latino? Sicut erat in principio, est nunc et semper erit, in omnia sæcula sæculorum —Amen." " Do you speak French?—No! Do you speak German?—No! Do you speak Italian?—No! What language do you speak?—Latin. And what have you got to say in Latin?—As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be, for ever and ever—Amen."

This is as pure a specimen of true Roman wit as can be found. Of a rather different and punning character was the epigram Pasquin made during the siege of Rome in 1849. Marforio proposed to take a journey, but Pasquin endeavoured to dissuade him, saying: " Ma figlio bello, dove bassi? Per terra, c'e sono li Francesi. Per mare, c'e sono li Tedeschi—per aria, c'e sono li preti." " But where can you go, my dear son? The French are on land, the Germans are on the sea, and the priests are in the air."

On the Italian Minister, Ratazzi, the following distich was made:

" Il ministro del Interno ha di Dio tre qualità
È invisibile, è eterno, e lui sol sa quel che fa."

" The minister of home affairs three godlike features shows,
He 's invisible, eternal, and what he does he only knows."

Speaking of the war between Austria and the allied armies of France and Italy, in which three duchies were overturned, and of the subsequent war of France and Mexico, Pasquin said: " La guerra in Italià costò Tre Ducate—Ma questa in Messico costerà un Napoleone."—" The war in Italy cost three ducats (or duchies), that in Mexico will cost a Napoleon."

A still later one on Mexico is the following:

" Massimiliano non ti fidare!
Torna al Castello di Miramare!
Il trono fracido di Montezuma
È nappo gallico pieno di spuma.
Del ' Timeo Danaos ' chi non ricorda
Sotto la clamide trova la corda."

" Oh, Maximilian, trust not your friend!
Back to the castle of Miramar wend!
Leave Montezuma's rotten old throne,
'T is but French nap filled with shoddy alone!
Keep ' Timeo Danaos ' ever in mind,
Or 'neath the Chlamys a cord you will find."

On St. Peter's day in 1862, when the probable departure of the Pope from Rome, in case the city should be occupied by the Italians, was much discussed, there was a report that the Church of St. Peter's, for want of arrases, was covered in part by painted paper, and Marforio and Pasquin had the following conversation: *Marforio*: " E ver che er Papa fa fagotto?" *Pasquin*: " E certo, nun vedi che ha incartato S. Pietro."—" Is it true that the Pope is making his bundle?" " Certainly. Don't you see that he has put St. Peter's up in paper."

The ingenuity of Pasquin in anagrams and acrostics has been already illustrated. But here are some others.

When the Pope Pius IX made a journey through his States in 1857, on his arrival at Bologna he received a letter with this Pasquinade: " Santo Padre. 610." Which, being interpreted, is " Santo Padre, sei un Zero."—" Holy Father, you are a Zero."

During the council of 1870, while the dogma of Infallibility was under discussion, Pasquin thus interpreted the letters I.N.R.I. over the Crucifixes: " I-o—N-on—R-iconosco—I-nfallibilità."—" I do not recognize Infallibility."

The initials R.C.A.—which stand for *Reverenda Camera Apostolica*—were also interpreted to mean *Rubati—Canaglia—Allegramente*. Rob, canaille—merrily.

The word *Cardinali* has also, time out of mind, been transferred into *Ladri cani*, dogs of robbers.

When the Pope, in 1866, enrolled his new Antibes regiment, supposed to consist of Moors, Pasquin thus reported the news: " Si dice che er Papa arruola un nuovo regimento di Mori.—Resta a sape se sono Mori d' oriente, o Mori d' accidente." The literal translation of this is: " It is said that the Pope is enrolling a new regiment of Moors. It remains to be seen whether they are Moors of the Orient or Moors of the Accident,"—but the pun is not here expressed. *Morir* (or in Romanesque *Mori*) *d' accidente*, means to " die of an apoplexy," and this cannot be translated into English.

And here, too, is another, full of spirit and point, which shall be the last in these pages. When the conference at Zurich was proposed, it was rumoured that Cardinal Antonelli was to go as the representative of the Roman States, and to be accompanied by Monsignor Barile, upon which Pasquin said: " Il Cardinale di Stato va via con Barile, ma tornera col fiasco "—which is untranslatable.

CHAPTER VI

BELOW THE CITY

It is not easy to get away from tombs or subterranean vaults in Rome. After all it was the great City of the Dead which won the proud title " Eternal " for this capital of the world. Mussolini said recently and with truth, that he did not want Rome to live on its past—to be a mere curiosity spot for globe-trotters—but to take its place in the forward march of the world, and to be honoured for what it is to-day, and not only for what it has been.

That is an inspiring ideal, and has evoked a great response from the modern Romans. A miracle seems to have taken place in these days in Italy. Their great statesman has carried out a practical experiment in psychology. He has substituted one idea for another in the minds of the people, and has managed to put the State before self. He has used suggestion at every point to fan patriotism. I go to sleep staring out every night at a magnificent reproduction of the *Fasces* on the War Office opposite. It is formed out of many coloured electric lights, and there would be little wonder if I talked Italian in my sleep!

But while Rome may still have a great future it will never get away from its past; and, indeed, it owes most of its present prosperity to " The Grandeur that was Rome ". When the Cæsars built their palaces on the Palatine and adorned the Forum with stately basilicas and temples, they bequeathed a permanent endowment to the city which now brings in yearly no less a sum in hard cash than several million pounds. This is drawn from the pockets of those

lured by the fascination of ruins which are hoary with history. In the season about one hundred thousand English-speaking sightseers visit these scenes of the past; and it is a moderate estimate to calculate that each leaves behind a sum of twenty-five pounds. Many, alas, leave far more, for the hands of the Roman pickpockets have grown slippery with the centuries!

A question which often puzzles strangers is how the soil has accumulated to such a height during the centuries, and thus has covered over the buried city of long ago. When one reflects, however, it does not seem so inexplicable. Two thousand years is no small span in human life, and in that time men's hands have been busy with construction and destruction. When a house becomes a ruin and is left to itself nature at once tries to hide the ugly skeleton. It covers it with its tendrils of green, and if given long enough, from its crumbling stones it rears wide-spreading trees. Then man comes again and cuts these down and levels the space to build afresh. From a mound he takes his earth and fills in a hollow, and so heaps earth on ruins that already are out of sight. The process goes on with each generation. Then there were periods of general devastation when the Goths and Vandals destroyed from mere wantonness, and the Normans sacked the city. Over its ruins Rome rose again. A good illustration of how the configuration changes with time is the site of the present railway station. At one time it was a little artificial hill called " Il Monte della Giustizia ", which rose to a height of 225 feet, almost as high as the loftiest point of the Vatican Gardens. It was regarded as the highest point in Rome, and in Buffalini's map (1551) it is marked as such, being termed " Altissimus Romæ locus ". How this came about is interesting. Originally it was practically flat as can be seen from the position of the wall of Servius which still stands there. But when the Baths of Diocletian were being built their foundation was dug deep, and a great amount of earth was thrown up, and heaped on this spot. Then, as the Baths covered a vast area, all the existing houses in that space had to be demolished, and this added to the debris, so quite a respectable hill began its existence. It was added to as time went on. A rubbish heap soon grows. Centuries later these same Baths were accountable for the finishing touch. Sixtus V began to despoil them. What he did not want was thrown on to the already handy receptacle

for odds and ends. Then nature, disgusted with this blot on the scenery, set to work to transform the deformity into a thing of beauty. It covered it with grass and trees. Then man, taking the hint, completed the task, and laid the hill out in gardens and vineyards, and placed on its summit a colossal female statue, which came to be called " La Giustizia ". From that the hill took its name.

I suppose the ordinary citizen of that time, who did not know his history, imagined that the hill was natural, and may have wondered why it did not form an eighth to the seven hills of Rome. In the process of time another change came with the invention of the steam-engine: railways began to thread their way into the seclusion of cities. For a while Rome kept the railway at defiance, and would not allow it within its walls. Then it had to capitulate to the necessities of modern life. The only suitable site for a station and railway-yard was occupied by this hill. In vain it appealed to its own name " Justicia ". It was faced by the modern engine and stood in the path. One or other would have to give way, and it was not the engine. So the hill was removed. Through the faith of the engineers in their project, it was plucked up by the roots, and cast, not into the sea, but into neighbouring hollows, filling them up and in turn hiding their ruins.

This then is the process which has been at work during the centuries, and explains why we have to go down sometimes thirty or forty feet to find the houses of ancient Rome. Now we are ready for the depths; but there are so many that again we must make a selection.

Perhaps the most interesting church in Rome is that of St. Clement on the Cælian. Here we are on the earliest Christian ground in Rome. Only two other sites can compete with it in this respect. That of the house of Aquila and Priscilla on the Aventine is probably the very oldest of Christian homes, and must have been the first centre for the Roman Church. Next to it in seniority comes the house of Pudens on the Viminal. It is situated under the church of St. Pudenziana, and then there is this house of St. Clement. It was in these homes that the early Christians forgathered, and if their walls could give forth their echoes what messages from Paul and possibly Peter they would repeat, priceless sermons which have passed into lives and character, but not on to parchment.

It was natural that, when at last peace had come to the Church, and it was possible to emerge into the open, these holy places so cherished in the grateful memories of the people should become commemorated by the erection of churches. So a church was built beside the house of St. Clement. It is mentioned by St. Jerome in his *Lives of Illustrious Men* in the year A.D. 385. Zosimus, the Roman bishop, mentions it in his letter to the African bishops in A.D. 417. He says that it was the place where he gave judgment on the errors of Pelagius. Again there is extant a letter from Leo First, to Flavian, the Bishop of Constantinople, in which this edifice is referred to as a titular church. Belonging to the same year is a list of churches in connexion with the council presided over by Symmachus. One memory is associated with it which enshrines it with a special interest for ecclesiastical students. It was from its pulpit that Gregory the Great about the year A.D. 600 delivered his two most famous sermons. At the end of the next century there is a record of its restoration by Adrian I. While in the ninth century, from records which have been found, we learn that it was enriched with gifts of various kinds from the Roman bishops, among which was a new marble chair.

But there was a thorn in the flesh, so to speak, in the very heart of this sacred edifice. Down below the altar we find a relic of the fight which Mithras waged against Christianity. The intensity, the bitterness of that struggle has been forgotten. At one time, humanly speaking, it looked as if Mithras was going to win. Now all that remains is the battlefield with its grim memorials, and one of these lies in the very house of Clement.

Thus this spot stratifies the history of the Church in a wonderful way. The upper edifice was built towards the end of the eleventh century on the ruins of the original church of St. Clement. That building had already fallen into decay, and the soldiers of Robert Guiscard in 1084, when they marched on Rome to relieve the great Hildebrand, added the finishing touch. They seem to have laid waste the Cælian region, unroofed the old church and filled it in with debris. Fortunately the marble choir, a most exquisite relic, was saved, and now adorns the present church.

Soon all memory of the former church was lost, and it was not until comparatively lately that its presence was redis-

covered, the earth cleared away, and now one descends to this beautiful building which was possibly the earliest church in Rome. Later excavations disclosed the reason of its existence there, in the house of Clement, and one can stand in the room where Paul might often have spoken.

But what has this to do with Mithras? That god had a way of penetrating into most things in Rome, and he had a momentary triumph when he set up his pagan worship in the very home of Christianity in the centre of the world. It is easy to see how that came about.

St. Clement is supposed to have belonged to the imperial family of the Flavians, but that only marked him out for persecution. He was first banished from Rome by the Emperor Trajan and eventually martyred by being drowned in the Black Sea. His house at Rome would be forfeited to the state, and soldiers might naturally be quartered in it. They would wish to worship their god. In all likelihood they would belong to part of one of the legions which had served in the East, and had thus adopted the cult of Mithras. It appealed to the soldier. It was a man's religion. It inculcated patriotism and courage, and its dash of mystery was alluring. Therefore one of the rooms of Clement's house was turned into a temple, and to-day it has once more been uncovered to the light, and it presents a very perfect example of the Mithraic cult. Here in the rocky dome, as well as in the shelf on which stood the image of Mithras, is represented the birth of the god, as he rose, the spirit of light, out of the rock. He was not the sun, and though always closely associated with the worship of that luminary, and even in Babylon identified with it, yet one of the essential parts of the Mithraic ritual was the sculptured scene of the reconciliation of the two separate deities. Mithras and the Sun-god are portrayed reclining on a couch at a solemn *agape*. In front is the table on which there is the sacred bread which bears the sign of the cross, and both are holding the cup in their right hands. No, Mithras and the Sun were not identical, though they were very good friends. They helped one another on, and in every right-ordered Mithraic temple there was also a representation of the Sun-god.

The image of Mithras carries a bit of history with it. You will notice that he wears a Phrygian cap. How came he by that? It does not naturally belong to him, for it is not the

Persian headdress. But Mithras did many strange things in his wanderings from his old home. He passed through Phrygia and Lydia on his way west and stole his cap from the former place and never returned it. It really belonged to Attis. I am afraid Mithras took more. The *taurobolium* which became his most sacred rite, and which perhaps made him most popular with the Roman soldiers, was filched also from the ritual of Phrygia; but that is just how Mithras won through. When he saw a good thing he appropriated it. He helped himself to the most attractive things in other religions, even in Christianity.

On the altar in this temple is sculptured the famous scene of the chase and slaughter of the mystic bull. In the national museum of Rome and in the Vatican will be found marble groups of Mithras and the bull; but perhaps the meaning of it all can best be understood from a study of this altar. There we see the god, his mantle floating on the wind, kneeling on the shoulder of the fallen animal, and driving home his dagger in its neck. The blood rushes forth to nourish the earth; but the serpent and the scorpion are doing their best to lap it up and hinder its mission. The dog, however, comes to the aid of the god, and he is evidently bent on making short work of those enemies, faithful little helper of man! The death of the bull is not in vain. The blood does its work, and already there is seen the sprouting of the corn from the enriched soil. Thus out of death comes life. With such a striking picture before their eyes no wonder the worshippers of Mithras would have engraved upon their minds the great central doctrine of their creed.

What was it that gave Mithraism its power? Let me single out only a few things in addition to that fundamental truth just mentioned.

There was its *naturalism*. That is always attractive. The fountain which was to be found in every temple, the fire on the altar, the bull so significant of physical life, the stars, the cave, all these things had a touch of realism that went home. Even the child could appreciate them. It was a picture book of Nature.

A greater appeal to the heart, however, came from its doctrine of *eternal life*. The old Roman religions failed there. Here Mithras had hitched his wagon to a star.

Mithras was a *social force*, and perhaps in this we find as much as anywhere the secret of his success. He inculcated

LAKE AND TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS

In the Villa Borghese.

the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Slaves, merchants, soldiers were taught a common kinship when they submitted to his rites. The highest dignities were open to the lowliest. Guilds were organized, colleges were instituted, a compact organization was established, and this formed a phalanx of power that pushed its way through all obstacles.

If Mithras had been a business man instead of a god we would have said that he had a keen eye to the main chance. He scrutinized rival concerns to discover what it was that gave them " go ", then he coolly took that over, he absorbed it, he assimilated it, he transmuted it. Some comparing him with the other deities of his day might term this broad-mindedness or tolerance. I think the best name for it is *business acumen*, or in less polite phrase, sharp practice!

Another reason which touches the core of spiritual feeling was that Ormuzd was too far removed in his heaven of heavens to be in sympathetic touch with mortals. If he was to be approached the human soul felt the need of a *mediator*. Mithras seized on this yearning and turned it to his own profit. He posed as the mediator between the king of the gods and men. He was so very human himself with his rock birth, his bull, and his cup, that he linked hands with the poor mortal, and led him upward into the august presence of the awful power which was behind everything.

In a word Mithras was clever. He outwitted the other gods, and studied the religious market to advantage.

Why then did he fail in the end? How was it that Paganism in its cleverest form was no match for Christianity? It was too clever. It tried too many arts, and thus became artificial. Its elaborate symbolism was after all superficial, a spreading of the sails to catch the passing breeze. *Mithras lacked heart.*

There was no moving human story of a Jesus of Nazareth. There was courage and display, but not that fusion of suffering which unites, as nothing else can, God and man. The Cross triumphed, for it had a bleeding heart at its centre. Before that revelation the mysteries and splendour of Mithras faded like the stars before the dawn.

As we find our way along these subterranean passages we come on an old wall, which is a portion of the old Servian Wall. As much as 100 feet of it stretch in a straight line. What a wonderful series of strata are thus laid bare in this place: the wall of Servius, a building on it of the Repub-

lican period, supposed to have been the Mint of those times, then a Roman house belonging to the early days of the Empire, and evidently the property of a man of wealth and position, above that a basilica of the fourth century, and last of all another basilica of the twelfth century which is still in active use. Here we have Regal, Republican, Imperial, Christian, Mediæval, and Modern Rome rising each above the other.

It might be interesting to quote the exact words of De Rossi, as he summed up his conclusions with regard to this wonderful discovery.

"All difficulties vanish if we hold that the place was truly, as many arguments persuade us to believe, an old conventicle or place of meeting of the faithful preserving the memory of St. Clement on the Cælian, usurped by the Pagans during the persecution. In which case the edicts of the peace of Constantine restored it of right to the Church and to its primitive Christian designation. Thus the agreement between the historic dates and the monuments becomes complete. The Cælian edifice of the first centuries of the Empire was not constructed for a Mithraic cave, but the Mithraism was introduced into it within the period in which these Christian meeting-places were more than once confiscated. On the peace of the Church coming, Constantine gave them the right of reclaiming their former possessions and their sacred spots, of which the Dominicum Clementis in Rome was one, and was at once recovered and transformed into an ample basilica."

If we are interested in the beginnings of the Christian Church in Rome then we should make another underground expedition. It is only a run of a few minutes in a car from St. Clement to a little church on the slope of the Aventine. Its frontage is so unobtrusive that it is passed by the multitude without a thought that within it lies the key to the secret of those days when the old world was beginning to be leavened by a new force. The custodian is not easily roused from his slumbers, as he is not accustomed to many visitors, and indeed when you get inside there is not much to see. It is what you bring with you in your own mind which gives value to the bare walls and chilly vault. This is the Church of St. Prisca. In ancient documents it bears the name of Aquila and Prisca, and without doubt marks the site of the first Christian home in Rome, that of Priscilla and Aquila. St. Paul, in his *Epistle to the Romans*, which was written in the year A.D. 58, alludes

to the existence of a Christian Church in Rome at that date. "Sojourners from Rome" had brought back from Jerusalem almost thirty years before the knowledge of the new faith, and the seed had fallen on good ground, so that Paul was able to say that "their faith had come to be spoken of throughout the whole world." One other fact is known about that little community in those days. The leaven, while it works secretly, causes fermentation. The new doctrine stirred not only the minds but the passions of the Jewish population living in the Ghetto. During the reign of Claudius in A.D. 52 these differences and the disturbances they produced attracted the attention of the authorities. They were attributed to disputes concerning one "Chrestos". There is little doubt that Suetonius meant "Christus". The form of the word he used would have more significance for him. There must have been exciting scenes around this little house on the Aventine. Claudius himself from the palace of the Cæsars looking across the Circus Maximus might even hear the tumult of riot, and mark the agitation of the crowd. The Jews in their frenzy forgot that they were exposing themselves to danger. In those days a tumult was the one thing an emperor eyed with alarm. One never knew what might spring out of it. So the quickest method of dealing with it was taken. The whole community of Jews, including of course the Christians, was expelled from the city. The edict was only in force for a year, yet it had one good result. It brought about the happy meeting between Paul and the owners of the house on the Aventine. They too were tentmakers, and as at that time there was a great demand for the products of their trade they were able to move about freely and earn a livelihood. They made Corinth their temporary home, and when they came in contact with Paul they gave him that accurate knowledge of the Church in Rome which he shows in the letter he wrote six years later. In all likelihood they inspired him with the desire, "I must also see Rome." When the storm of persecution had blown past they returned to their former house on the Aventine, and Paul in his letter sends them his salutations. It is interesting to note that the friendship formed in Corinth lasted for fifteen years, for Paul in his very last message before his execution sends remembrances to these two faithful friends, who, driven out of Rome a second time by the persecution of Nero, must have been in touch with Timothy somewhere in the East.

The design of the old house on the Aventine is largely left to imagination. Excavations have been made, and brick-work of the imperial period discovered. Lower down was revealed a vaulted chamber with walls and arches of tufa. It is supposed that the house in its original state belonged to the time of the Republic, and was in all likelihood constructed in the days of Julius Cæsar. As far back as the year 1776, there was found near this spot, probably across the street in front of the church, a diploma in bronze which had been sent by a city in Spain in the year A.D. 222, to Gaius Marius Pudens Cornelianus, who apparently occupied an adjoining house at that time. This proves a connexion between the family of Pudens and the house of Aquila and Priscilla. A common faith linked together these two families, so different in position, the one of senatorial rank and the other of a well-to-do craftsman. It is just possible that Priscilla was connected with one of the great Roman families. Recent discoveries in the catacomb of Priscilla establish the fact that this was a common name in the distinguished family of the Acilii Glabriones. The mother of Pudens, whom St. Paul mentions in his last letter to Timothy, was a Priscilla. If there was the household tie as well as the bond of a common faith linking Aquila's wife with one or other of these noble families, though in a humble way, it is easy to understand how the same Catacomb became the resting-place of the mother of senators and the wife of a tentmaker.

In fancy we reconstruct that old house. In those days it must have served alike as a dwelling, a workshop, and a place of Christian worship. The usual atrium in the centre, with its colonnade, would afford room for all the necessary materials in connexion with tent-making. Under the roofed aisles several workmen could find accommodation, if that was necessary. The open roof permitted light and air to reach the workshop. During six days of the week this would be a busy scene of labour. Then on the Saturday night there would be a thorough cleaning up. The cloth and tables would be stored away in an adjoining room, benches would be produced for the worshippers, and at the appointed hour in twos and threes little groups would come over from across the Tiber, the Jewish quarter, and even from the palace on the Palatine, for there were " saints in Cæsar's household ". If the sanctuary were simple, the sermon was of the best, for

Paul himself must often have been the preacher. To visit this spot is to relive some of its past scenes, and perhaps catch some of its far-off inspiration.

Another name is associated with this church, that of a young Roman maiden who became a martyr. Mrs. Jameson describes her as "a Roman virgin of illustrious birth, who, at the age of thirteen, was exposed in the amphitheatre. A fierce lion was let loose upon her, but her youth and innocence disarmed the fury of the savage beast, which, instead of tearing her to pieces, humbly licked her feet—to the great consolation of Christians and the confusion of idolaters. Being led back to prison she was there beheaded."

On our return from the Aventine it is worth while stopping for half an hour to descend into another ancient Roman house. It is under the church of St. John and St. Paul, at a very interesting corner of the Cælian Hill. On our right is the church of St. Gregory, always associated in the minds of the British with the historic fact that it was from here that this great Pope commissioned Augustine to go to England. It was in the year A.D. 596 that he entertained the idea. He had received news that the natives of that distant island were allowed a certain freedom in regard to their religion. Even at that time England seemed to be famed as a land of liberty. Aethelbyrht, King of Kent, had married a Christian princess, Bertha, daughter of Caribert.

One spring day, therefore, in 596 a great crowd had collected at this spot. One of the greatest of foreign missionaries since the days of St. Paul was starting on his adventurous enterprise. He was accompanied by a band of enthusiastic companions. It was all very well to face the unknown when blessed by the Pope and applauded by the populace who thronged the way; but things took on a different aspect when viewed from the rolling decks of a little ship tossing on the Mediterranean. In the Gulf of Lions, however, the heroic mission felt that they had had enough of it, and so they landed on the little island of Lerins, feeling very sorry for themselves, and then they refused to go farther. They struck work at a very awkward place and time. They had no appetite for any more of the choppy waves of the Mediterranean. So there was nothing for it but to leave them there, and Augustine retraced his steps to Rome, all that was left of his noble fellow missioners. He implored Gregory

to release them from their painful and perilous enterprise. There is no record of Gregory ever having been at sea. Therefore he did not know what it was like. He had no fellow-feeling, but grew stern. Augustine produced as a token of humble devotion a quantity of wooden spoons and cups carved by the monks of Lerins for the poor of Rome; but Gregory was adamant. The missionaries must proceed on their journey. When Augustine returned and conveyed the Pope's commands to the strikers they gave in. By that time they had forgotten about their sea-sickness. Besides, summer had come, and the seas, having had their little joke, were penitent and smiling. So they started again, and in due time reached the shores of England, and the Barbarians there became Christians. But it was a near thing. England owes much to the sea, but she almost lost all through it on this occasion!

Now we must return to the depths, for this chapter deals with underground Rome. Perhaps a whiff of the sea in between without its inconveniences will have refreshed us, and now we are to visit the tomb of two martyrs, who had to face something worse than sea-sickness. A tomb in Rome is rather an anomaly. It raises our suspicions, as well it may. Both Pagan and Christian were always buried outside the walls. Why was that rite refused? What made the authorities break their own law, for the Christians were peace-loving people, and would not go contrary to regulations in a matter which did not concern conscience. If they had had charge of the funeral of their two brethren it would certainly have been carried out in the orthodox way, and the remains laid to rest in one of the numerous catacombs. It would have been an occasion for public mourning, for the brothers John and Paul were men of high rank and wealth, as their house denotes. They were officers in the special bodyguard of the Emperor, which was then known as the Protectores Laterales. Why are they buried here? It was no concession made in their favour that they should be singled out to be honoured by a grave within the walls. At that time Julian the Apostate was on the throne; his was a cruel bitterness against all Christians. To have two on his actual bodyguard was more than he could stand; but they were men respected by the public and the Emperor did not dare openly to seize them. He may have feared the effect of such an act on their

comrades on whose very loyalty his own life depended. Therefore he resorted to the coward's method. He ordered his prefect, Terentianus, to murder the two brothers. That officer went at midnight, on 20th June, A.D. 362, and carried out his dastardly commission, and buried the bodies secretly in their own house, and then spread abroad the report that the place had been attacked by robbers. But murder will out. The three sisters found the bodies. All these details have been confirmed by recent discoveries. The little enclosure in the floor of the church is found to be over the very spot where the murders took place. In the vault below paintings and graffiti have been uncovered which mark the exact place.

After the death of Julian a very devout Christian named Pammachius resolved to commemorate the martyrdom by erecting a basilica in their house. This church was levelled to the ground by Robert Guiscard, when he came from Sicily with his Saracens and his Normans, who completely destroyed this section of Rome. It was later rebuilt by Leone III, and the signature of the chief architect has been found on the fragment of an ambone. It was Jacopus, the elder, head of the dynasty of the Cosmati. Nothing could be finer than the pavement, which shows what a perfect craftsman he was. Unfortunately, in 1718, Cardinal Paolucci took it into his head to improve the building. He effaced its real beauty and substituted what you see to-day.

There is one semi-underground cemetery within the walls of the city which must not be passed over in silence, if only for its strange and somewhat revolting peculiarities, and this is the subterranean burial-place under the church of the Capuchins. Any of the snuffy old monks who are ranging about the church will show it to you " for a consideration ". You descend a dark staircase and find yourself in a long corridor, out of which open four grim chambers dedicated to the dead. High grated windows let in the light, and the odour is of the earth, earthy. This is the cemetery of the Capuchins, and the floor you stand upon is holy earth brought from Jerusalem. Underneath this each of the *frati* is deposited after his death, without a coffin, and dressed in his monkish robes; the oldest inhabitant of the cemetery yielding up his place to the new comer. By this time the holy earth has done its work, and nothing remains of the oldest inhabitant who is

thus called to resurrection but the skeleton, and the dried fibre which still clings to the bones and resists decay. This wretched remnant of their dead brother the monks now robe in one of the dresses such as he wore in life, and he takes his place with others of his dead compeers, who are ranged in little alcoves along the walls, to grin with them a ghastly grin at all visitors, until he drops to pieces, or is removed to make way for another. Nothing can be more frightful to behold than these dead figures; some with their mouths agape, some peering horribly out, some with the remnants of their hair and beard still clinging to their mummied jaws and skulls, and all grinning fearfully.

The architecture of the room is built up of fragments of the human skeleton. Row upon row are piled bare skulls, leaving alcoves between them for the terrible figures I have mentioned. Strange decorations are made of the thigh-bones, ribs, and vertebræ, which are arranged over the vaulted ceiling in arabesque figures. A candelabrum of vertebræ, strung together, hangs shaking from the ceiling; and pillars and capitals of bones give apparent support to the chambers. The monks who accompany you to this cemetery show it with considerable pride, and seem to enjoy the prospect of being buried here. They offer you snuff from a little dirty box, and beg you to observe that there is no odour from the bodies, although they are buried very superficially. It is the property of the holy earth, they say, to prevent all odour from the dead.

As the shadows of night come on the effect is horrible. Everywhere these indiscriminate skulls are mocking at you, and under their brown hoods the seated and standing figures gaze out of hollow eye-sockets, and almost seem to move. Above the arches is a long row of skulls, and as some visitor was lingering there after the shadows had begun to darken, fascinated by the horror of the place, and indulging in ugly thoughts about the grave, suddenly he saw one of the skulls roll down from its shelf and move slowly across the floor towards him, clattering its jaws as it came staggering along. Horror-struck, he shrunk back involuntarily with a gesture of disgust and dread.

"Non abbia paura,"—"Don't be afraid," said the consolatory monk at his side, taking a huge pinch of snuff. "There's only a rat in the skull—that's all," and he put it back on the shelf.

If the traveller from Florence to Rome by the Perugia road stop at the little town of S. Giovanni, the birthplace of Masaccio, and enter the cathedral, he will see a most ghastly spectacle. It is the dried-up figure of a corpse, which, in making some repairs in the church, was discovered built up into the wall. Nothing is known of its history, but, from its appearance, the wretched victim would seem to have been thus walled-up alive, and to have perished slowly in the agonies of starvation. The skin, though shrunken away, still covers the entire skeleton, and the despairing look of the withered dead face, with its gasping mouth and glaring eyes turned upwards, as if to some aperture from which it hoped for rescue or drew in air, once seen, will not be easily forgotten. This was one of the methods of burial adopted by the great houses in the Middle Ages to relieve them of troublesome persons, or to wreak a terrible revenge; and those who are fond of chanting the praises of the past should see this miserable figure.

When the Medici Chapel at Florence, which contains the tombs of the grand dukes, was undergoing repairs, and some changes were making, these tombs were opened, and the ducal corpses exposed to view. Some of these, which had lain in their coffins for hundreds of years, were, to the surprise of all, found perfectly fresh and undecayed, as if they had just died; while others had fallen to dust. The only satisfactory theory to explain this phenomenon would seem to be, that at one period grand dukes were helped to their last resting-place by poisons, which, pervading the bodies, had thus preserved them for centuries.

It will be a change to visit a Pagan temple below the city. One was discovered in 1917 just outside Porta Maggiore, and it has proved a pretty hard nut for archæologists to crack. It is a stately Basilica. But in whose honour was it built? Skeletons of a small pig and a dog were found below the apse. The pig suggests Ceres, to which goddess it was sacrificed. As a rule the dog, the friend of man, was immune from the sacrificial knife; but Hecate was the exception. We think the less of her for that; but then she was a little off the straight like this temple, and that gives us a clue to its real cult. If you examine carefully the angles, they are all but right-angles, not quite. It looked as if ancient tradesmen like modern ones in Rome to-day had a dislike for the perfect square. Per-

fection tempts the gods. Therefore it is better to miss it even by an ace. But there are other things about this temple which are suspicious. It was built on the land of Statilius Storus, who afterwards got into serious trouble. There was a woman in the case, a princess. She was very modern and made love to Storus, he was undiplomatic, not to say unchivalrous. This enraged her. A woman's slighted love is a dangerous weapon to oppose. She had means of accomplishing her revenge, and one of these gives away the secret of the temple. Storus was accused of the " Black Art ". The temple was produced in evidence. Nothing about it was square. That was conclusive enough, and he was condemned to death. Now we see where Hecate comes in and the skeleton of the unfortunate dog. This temple was devoted to the cult of the uncanny. It has many interesting reliefs in stucco. To the right of the apse is winged Fortune stretching out her hand to Hope, whose back is turned to her. One would have thought that it should have been the other way about, but then everything is awry here. The stucco decorations are very fine, and are all illustrations of classical stories: the Rape of Ganymede, Hercules and the Hesperides, and many others; but one thing they lack is a unity of purpose.

But of all underground vaults in Rome the one which cannot be excelled for creepiness is the Mamertine Prison. It breathes sighs, its damp walls seem to ooze blood. The poor wretch who reached its slimy depths knew that there was no hope. Here we have Rome's cruel heel. Under its glory and its pomp lay the crushed heart. It was built by the fourth king, Ancus Martius, as a warning to the turbulent mob.

Its site was well chosen. It was within wholesome reach of the Forum where trouble was so suddenly bred. Being in the view of all it made the agitator think twice in case he might have to see another side to that heavily bolted door. It comes down to us from the century after Romulus as a memory of those early days. It and the first wall round the Palatine bridge the ages and bring us to the threshold of Rome's beginnings. The appalling simplicity of its structure defied even the earthquake. It was hewn in the solid rock with a diameter of twenty feet and a height of six. It was cone-shaped, circular at the bottom, and gradually tapering up to the little round man-hole at the top. This only contact

with the outer world opened into a chamber above, which also was underground and without windows. Originally the two cells may have been one, then they were divided by a flooring to an outer and inner prison. The lower section is partly hewn out of the solid rock, and then shaped into a cone by tufa blocks. The upper chamber is nearly twice the size of the lower, and is rectangular in shape with a vaulted roof. These two dungeons comprised all that there was of a prison in Rome during its early centuries. The Romans did not believe much in prisons. They did not see why the state should be at the expense of feeding its criminals. A short shrift was a much more economical, and, after seeing the Mamertine the visitor will agree a less cruel, method of dealing with the condemned. No wonder its gloomy depths made a strong impression on all Roman writers. Plutarch calls it "the abyss". Varro, Livy, and Sallust all refer to it with a shudder. It was into this loathsome place that the Catiline conspirators were flung, and Cicero whose oratory had brought about their ruin emerged from the vestibule and with a cynical smile announced to the crowd in cold triumph, "They have lived". The proud Jugurtha tasted here the bitterness of the vanquished. "Ye gods, what a cold bath the Romans give!" he exclaimed as he was lowered down to the slimy bottom to die there of starvation. Vercingetorix, the gallant warrior, was carried thither from his native Gaul. Appius Claudius, who deserved better of his country, had occasion here to brood on the fickleness of the mob and the ingratitude of the nation. We have less pity for Sejanus, who tasted here what he had given to others. For over a thousand years this was Rome's prison. Let us get up into the light and the air from this haunted region is our cry. Fortunately for us there is a way out, and the Forum looks all the lovelier bathed in the warm midday sun in contrast to the chilling shadows we have left behind. The story that St. Paul and St. Peter were confined here is a mere legend, which the well pointed out as a verification actually discredits by its manifest superstition.

Before we leave these historic underground scenes there is another we must visit, and that is the crypt below St. Peter's. We take number one car from the Piazza Venezia. Not without reason, as I know to my cost, has it been nicknamed "the thieves' tram". It is usually crowded by the tender-foot tourist, and the slippery-fingered gentry. Therefore if you

are not very familiar with the distinction between a "cinquanta" and a "cinque cento" note do not seize the opportunity of a seat in this car to study the subject. Your purse is likely full to bursting with paper you have not yet deciphered. If you show where you keep it, your difficulty will likely be removed by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of that which suggests the problem. As we pass the church of St. Andrea della Valle, let your imagination reconstruct the scene which took place there on 15th March, 44 B.C. The portico of Pompey's great theatre curved round to the left, and a little in front of it, where now is the piazza Elena, Julius Cæsar fell, with the words of stung affection on his lips, "Et tu, Brute!"

> "This was the most unkindest cut of all:
> For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
> Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
> Quite vanquished him; then burst his mighty heart,
> And in his mantle muffling up his face,
> E'en at the base of Pompey's statua,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell!"

Now we have arrived at St. Peter's, and the eye follows with admiration the lines of the greatest cathedral in the world. Where so many pens have vied with each other in choosing the right words with which to paint the picture there is little left which can be said. But as we pause here let us discern the past showing through the present. Behind the pillared portico and regal dome lies an historic fact. Some great event must have taken place here to have left so enduring a monument.

In the early days of Rome here stretched the Quintilian meadows. It was in this spot that Cincinnatus was ploughing one day when he was surprised to see lictors from the Senate hastening to meet him. He finished his furrow, and left the plough to command the Roman legions. Later this place got a bad reputation. Horrible serpents infested it, and people shunned its infectious vapours. Perhaps it was just because of this seclusion that it became the site of the Temples of Bona Dea and Apollo, where the abominable rites and foul superstitions of those cults could be practised out of sight of human vision. To the Christians for this reason it became a place of abomination. Then Agrippina, the granddaughter

D 674

ST. PETER'S

The Vatican and Pope's residence to the right.

of Augustus, took in hand the task of turning the wilderness into a garden. She laid the ground out with taste, and Caligula, following her lead, erected a circus and built a spacious portico, the first great building on this spot. Tragedy quickly followed on the heels of beauty. The gardens passed into the possession of Domitia, the aunt of Nero, who spent more money in adding to their attractions. In this she made her great mistake. One day Nero passed and admired the bright bloom and the cool shade. There was no garden like it in Rome. Admiration begot envy. The weeds quickly grew in that shallow heart. Covetousness followed, and what Nero wanted he must have. His passions always produced a vile brood, amongst which murder was ever foremost. He condemned his aunt to death on a pretext, and then served himself as her heir, and like another Ahab took possession: but we read of no prophet in pagan times brave enough to denounce the royal criminal.

Thus baptized in blood the garden soon produced wild fruit. Undoubtedly it was here that the first Christian martyrs in Rome suffered. They were falsely accused of having set the city on fire and of being enemies of the human race. Wrapped in the skins of wild animals they were torn by dogs, or tarred with pitch they were burned as torches. Juvenal as well as Tacitus describes these barbarities with horror. How terrible are the memories of this spot!

At this time this circus was outside the city. Its actual centre is marked by a square flat stone in the pavement not far from the German burial place. In this spot originally stood the great obelisk which is now in front of St. Peter's. It was removed to its present position by Sixtus V in 1586. Along the wall of the circus ran the Via Cornelia, afterwards included in the basilica. A strong tradition affirms that St. Peter was crucified in this circus. In the third century Eusebius asserts that he could show memorials of St. Peter at the Vatican and St. Paul on the Via Ostiensis. There exists no document or inscription which records the Apostle's burial. The *Atti Apocrifi*, dating from the fourth century, says that St. Peter was buried at the Vatican in the Naumachia, another passage in the same record states that St. Peter was led by the *apparitores* to the Mons Vaticanus near the place called the Naumachia where the obelisk of Nero stands. In the third century also a priest named Gaius wrote fixing the locality of the tombs of both Apostles. St. Jerome in the fourth century

says that the veneration for the tomb of St. Peter in the Vatican was known " toto orbe ". Prudentius, the poet of the martyrs in the same century, composed a beautiful hymn for the 29th of June in which he pictures the Christians making a pilgrimage to venerate the tomb.

St. Paul tells us that there were Christians in " Cæsar's household ". Doubtless some of these would have graves in the rocky hillside. The *Liber Pontificalis*, compiled in the sixth century, says that St. Peter was buried near the spot where he was crucified. The early bishops of Rome came also to be buried there. The same book relates that Anaclete built a memorial of St. Peter over his tomb. This became the nucleus of the great basilica of Constantine.

" On the day fixed for laying the foundation, Constantine repaired to the Vatican, and divesting himself of his imperial diadem and purple robe, spade in hand opened the ground, and bore away twelve baskets full of earth, in honour of the twelve apostles." " Was it not just," asks a modern divine, " that the hands of the Cæsars, once defiled by the service of idols, should be sanctified by labouring at the erection of the house of the true God." It is said that at this time the body of Peter was placed in a case of sculptured silver. The tomb was in the central nave and protected by a railing. It was of marble, adorned with a gold cross placed upon it by Constantine in memory of his mother Helena. Then somehow it became forgotten. Perhaps it was covered over to hide it from the Saracens when they threatened the city in A.D. 847. It was not until the new church was begun in the sixteenth century that, when a hole was made in the pavement, the old sarcophagus was come upon. Lights were lowered through the hole, and when the authorities of that time were satisfied that this was the actual sarcophagus placed there by Constantine, the Pope had the hole filled up, and it has never been uncovered again.

The present crypt is practically the floor of the old basilica, although the pavement is largely mediæval. The longer part, called the Grotte Vecchie, consisting of three naves, represents the five naves of the first basilica, and the circular portion nearly corresponds with the old apse. An ancient representation of Peter's head in mosaic is seen in the chapel of Santa Maria Pregnantium. It belongs to the period of Pope John VII, whose figure is also there dressed in a tunic and pallium. Peter's appearance is similar to the other portraits of him

THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

It was built out of older monuments.

which have come down from early days. He has curly hair and a short curly beard. A curious tablet which gives a side-light on the history of the building will be seen in the corridor near the entrance. It is a human touch to think of a pope who was a poet, and who employed his leisure time in scribbling rhymes. Damasus I might have got a more inspiring subject than drain pipes for his lines. He describes how the old basilica was suffering from an inflow of water which had to be drained off. In doing this a spring of pure water was discovered, which was a lucky find as it provided a supply for the baptismal font.

The altar is erected over the sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Peter. We have already mentioned the principal evidence on which is based the belief that his body rests here. Each reader must form his own conclusions. There is an interesting representation of Christ on the beautiful marble sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, prefect of Rome in the fourth century. As was the custom up to the fifth century Christ is portrayed without a beard. An inscription that should interest English visitors is that of Gregory the Great. His tomb was removed to the new church above, but the inscription has somehow got stranded here. It relates to his connexion with England and the success of the Christian Church there. Why this should be kept out of sight in the crypt one wonders! An old sarcophagus on which is carved another figure of Christ, this time with a beard, arrests attention. It contains the ashes of Pope Gregory V, who died in the year 999. Though a young man, possibly because he was such, he introduced a great innovation into the service of the Church. Up till then all sermons had been delivered in Latin. He made use of the vulgar tongue, and this was a great step in the formation of the Italian language. His epitaph records the fact that he could preach in Italian, Latin, and German. Adrian IV, the only English pope, is buried here. Unlike Gregory he has not been exalted to the upper regions.

In the first basilica there were two seated figures of St. Peter. That in the present church is one of these. The other, which was made of marble, remains in the chapel of Santa Maria de Porticu. Originally it was probably the statue of a consul. The head, hands, and keys are not original.

One might linger long in this crypt and reread there the forgotten stories of the past in monuments which recall

personalities great in their day whose memories survive only in the fading epitaphs. If we can accept the evidence and believe that the mortal remains of the great Apostle slumber there, then to stand by that altar within a few yards of those feet, which had followed so bravely in His Master's steps, is to feel a link with the past that is stimulating and sacred.

CHAPTER VII

THE GHETTO

" Quid mereare Titus docuit, docuere rapinis
Pompeianæ acies, quibus extirpata per omnes
Terrarum, pelagique plagas tua membra feruntur.
Exiliis vagus huc illuc fluitantibus errat
Judæus—postquam patria de sede revulsus
Supplicium pro cæde luit, Christique negati
Sanguine respersus commissa piacula solvit;
Ex quo priscorum virtus defluxit avorum."

Prudentius, *Apotheosis*, line 538 *et seq.*

Shall we visit the Ghetto? Shall we beard the Hebrew in his den?—the Moses in his stall? It is a curious place, I assure you, and well worth looking into.

The way is plain. Take the Corso and go straight to the Capitol, thence through the Via de' Cerchiari to the Piazza Montanara, and you are on the very confines of the Ghetto. Let us pause here before entering. It is useless to hope to go straight to any place in Rome without being drawn a little out of the path we have proposed to ourselves, or stopped on the way by some object of interest which we cannot pass by—and in going to the Ghetto you can scarcely avoid lingering a few minutes at least in the Piazza Montanara. Every Sunday you will find it thronged with peasants from all the mountain towns in the vicinity, who come down from their homes to labour on the Campagna. As they are generally hired by the week, they return to the city every Sunday to renew their old engagements or enter into new ones. This piazza is one of their chief places of resort, and Sunday is their day of 'change. Here they make their petty purchases,

transact their small business, make merry together in the pot-houses, lounge about in the streets and sun themselves, and go to the puppet theatres and cinemas, where there are at least two performances every day. Men, women and children, in every variety of costume, crowd the place, some with their rude implements of husbandry, some with the family donkey, on which they will return, " ride and tie ", to the Campagna, towards nightfall, making very picturesque " flights into Egypt " along the road, and some carrying their whole wardrobe on their head in a great bundle. Most of them are stalwart, broad-shouldered, and bronzed with the sun, but here and there may be seen the bleached, saffron face of one who has been stricken down by the fever and whose smile is pale and ghastly. The men are dressed in home-spun blue cloth, and wear on their legs long white stockings and small-clothes, heavy leathern gaiters strapped up to the knee, or the shaggy skins of white goats. As the cold weather comes on, a huge blue cloak with a cape is flung over the shoulder, and the peasant, firm as an old Roman, stands like a statue for hours in the piazza. The women are dressed in the vivid colours of their town, with scarlet bodices and snowy cloths on their heads, broad-shouldered, full-bosomed, straight-backed, large-waisted, and made to bear and to endure. Their faces beam with health like russet apples glowing in the autumn sun, and their circulation is decidedly good. So, too, is their digestion, if one judges from the appetite with which they eat their raw onions and salads, and bite great curves out of their wedges of black bread.

Here, seated in the open street, you will see a peasant holding under his chin a basin with a curved notch to fit his neck, from which the piazza barber is rubbing lather over his face with his hand, preparatory to reaping the thick black stubble of his beard. On the opposite side you will hear the snapping of scissors, where sits another peasant, whose round bullet-head has just been cropped close to the skin; or another, on whom the operation is now completed, and who, as he rises from his chair, passes his hand over his head with a grin of satisfaction, and puts on his new hat that he has just bought in the piazza.

At the corner of the piazza, in the open air, with a rickety table before him, on which are a few sheets of paper, and an

inkstand, sand and pens, is the *scrivano* or letter-writer, who makes contracts and writes and reads their letters for them. He is generally an old man, bearded, and with great round iron-rimmed spectacles on his nose. Ah! into his ear how many confessions have been made, how many a declaration of passionate love has been whispered, how many a tender and affectionate phrase has been uttered for the ears of distant friends, and lovers! Italian letters are almost invariably expressions of feeling or sentiment, and not, like English letters, filled with news and incidents, and descriptions of persons and places; and the memory of this old man has many a love romance hung up within its secret chambers that we shall never know. Look at that peasant girl, who, leaning on both her hands over the table, is dictating to him in a low voice, while a group out of ear-shot stand behind her patiently awaiting their turn. See! how the blood mantles in her rich brown face, as she utters words which are to pass through his ears into the heart of her lover, far away in the mountains. Her heavy braids of blue-black hair shine in the sun, her great gold earrings shake against her neck, her bosom throbs against the stiff scarlet bodice, her lips are parted with an eager expression as she watches the trembling hand of the letter-writer (trembling from age, not passion), who mysteriously conveys to paper "that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart". An open letter on the table under her hand shows that she is dictating an answer to that. What a picture it is, out there in the open air! what colour! what light and shade! what expression!

Or look at that young peasant behind, who turns over and over the letter he holds, vainly endeavouring to decipher the black mysterious lines that the old man will interpret for him into heart-beats from home as soon as he has finished the letter in hand. His face now illuminates, for the old man's task is done—he has folded the letter, sealed it with a wet red wafer, directed it, and given it to the girl, who pays him two or three lire, and, saying to her friend "A te", turns away with a contented smile to run and drop it in the post.

Nor only this will you see. Sometimes, instead of smiles, tears—hot, burning tears—drop on that old rickety table. Death has been busy, a life's hope crushed—and the old man's spectacles are dim with mist. He places his hand

THEATRE OF MARCELLUS

gently on the shoulder of the writer and says: "Pazienza! Cosi vuole Iddio. Come si fa?"

But our way lies towards the Ghetto, and we must not linger here too long. Look up! There are the giant remains of the once splendid and still famous Theatre of Marcellus, built by Augustus, and dedicated to his youthful nephew, "Heu! miserande puer", whom Virgil has immortalized in his verse. There still stand some of those magnificent Doric and Ionic columns, which Vitruvius and Palladio considered as worthy models of the best style of their orders. But a terrible change has come over them since the Augustan times. They are all built into the walls of the Orsini Palace, a huge, ugly, characterless structure, that frowns over the Piazza Montanara, and darkens along the narrow street. Half-buried underground are the Doric columns of the lower story, and the rude doors of dark dirty shops, in which all sorts of riffraff are sold, reach nearly to the crumbling cornice. Windows, pierced here and there irregularly, mere holes in the wall, look out between the upper columns. The Middle Ages have overgrown and defaced the antique beauty. The theatre of the brilliant days of Augustus has, in turns, become a feudal fortress and a barricaded palace, and finally yielded its lower stories to miserable shops and shabby lodgings. Yet even in its degradation it is one of the most imposing and picturesque of the Roman ruins.

Let us pass round this gigantic hulk that towers and glooms over the low, miserable houses near it, and we are in the Ghetto. We have entered, appropriately enough, into the Piazza del Pianto—the Place of Weeping—for sorrow and tears have been the heritage of the children of Israel ever since their splendid city was destroyed, and they were scattered to the four winds of heaven. On the very spot where we now stand, or within a short distance from it, this Roman colony of Jews has lived for more than eighteen centuries, despised and degraded—the pariahs of Europe and the Church. Through all the sad vicissitudes of these ages of ignominy, here they have clung with a pertinacity which is unaccountable. No savagery of persecution has been able to drive them away from the place where they have suffered most. Enslaved, and thrown to the wild beasts of the arena as sport for the imperial populace, outlawed and denied all intercourse with Christians by the Popes, branded with infamy, oppressed by

cruel laws, irritated by constant insults, banned from the city, and crowded in wretched and unwholesome houses, they have hovered about Rome as moths round the lamp that burns them, and are now the oldest unbroken colony of Jews in Europe. Close by the side of the Papal Church, which claims to have been instituted by Christ, the Jewish Church, dedicated to Jehovah, has stationed itself, and maintained the laws of Moses with unflinching faith. Persuasions and threats have been tried on it in vain. Under the unremitted burden of their woes, the Jews have obstinately resisted conversion, and on the ruins of the Pagan temples, and within the precincts of the city dedicated to Jove, the two churches of Moses and Peter have held their hostile camps. In the temples of Jove and Juno the Catholic priest has preached in vain for centuries to the disbelieving Hebrew. There is something sublime in this loyalty of allegiance. While the descendants of the poor fisherman have made broad their phylacteries, sat in the high places and glorious temples, and given law to the world, the chosen people of God have herded like swine in the Ghetto. Yet, despite the enormous temptations held forth to seduce them from their faith, instances of conversion have always been rare. The history of such a colony cannot but be interesting, and I propose to set down a few notes thereupon.

But first let us take a glimpse of the Ghetto. Its very name, derived from the Talmud Ghet, and, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious, and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world, and banned as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jews. The air reeks with the peculiar frowsy smell of old woollen clothes, modified with occasional streaks or strata of garlic, while above all triumphs the foul human odour of a crowded and unclean population. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open, and within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, standing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews—fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and young—as thick as ants around an ant-hill. The shop-doors are draped with old clothes and second-hand *roba* of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness—faded silken court dresses of a past century,

with worn embroidery—napless and forlorn dress-coats, with shining seams and flabby skirts—waistcoats of dirty damask—legs of velvet breeches—in a word, all the cast-off riffraff of centuries that have "fallen from their high estate" are dangling everywhere overhead. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors or packed upon benches ranged in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt, and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation—the needle—and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skilful web-work. Everybody is on the look-out for customers; and, as you pass down the street, you are subject to a constant fusillade of, "Pst, Pst", from all sides. The women beckon you, and proffer their wares. At times they even seize the skirts of your coat in their eagerness to tempt you to a bargain. The men come solemnly up, and whisper confidentially in your ear, begging to know what you seek. Is there anything you can possibly want? If so, do not be abashed by the shabbiness of the shop, but enter, and ask even for the richest thing. You will find it, if you have patience. But, once in the trap, the manner of the seller changes—he dallies with you as a spider with a fly, as a cat with a mouse. Nothing is to be seen but folded cloths on regular shelves—all is hidden out of sight. At first, and reluctantly, he produces a common, shabby enough article. "Oh, no, that will never do—too common." Then gradually he draws forth a better specimen. "Not good enough? why, a prince might be glad to buy it!" Finally, when he has wearied you out, and you turn to go—he understands, it is some superb brocade embroidered in gold—some gorgeous *portière* worked in satin—some rich tapestry with Scripture stories—that you want, and with a sigh he opens a cupboard and draws it forth. A strange combination of inconsistent and opposite feelings has prevented him from exhibiting it before. He is divided between a desire to keep it and a longing to sell it. He wishes if possible to eat his cake and have it too—and the poor ass in the fable between the two bundles of hay was not in a worse quandary. At last, the article you seek makes its appearance. It is indeed splendid, but you must

not admit it. It may be the dress the Princess d'Este wore centuries ago, faded but splendid still—or the lace of Alexander VI, the Borgia—or an ancient altar cloth with sacramental spots—or a throne carpet of one of the Popes. Do you really wish to buy it, you must nerve yourself to fight. He begins at the zenith, you at the nadir; and gradually, by dint of extravagant laudation on his part, and corresponding depreciation on yours, you approach each other. But the distance is too great—the bargain is impossible. You turn and go away. He runs after you when he sees that you are not practising a feint, and offers it for less—but still the price is too high, and he in turn leaves you. You pass along the street. With a mysterious and confidential air, another of the tribe approaches you. He walks by your side. Was it a gold brocade you wanted? He also has one like that which you have seen, only in better condition. Would your Signoria do him the favour to look at it? You yield to his unctuous persuasion and enter his shop; but what is your astonishment when, after a delusive show of things you do not want, the identical article for which you have been bargaining is again produced in this new shop, and asserted stoutly, and with a faint pretence of indignation, to be quite another piece! This game is sometimes repeated three or four times. Wherever you enter, your old friend makes its appearance—and you are lucky if you obtain it at last for twice its value, though you only pay a twentieth part of the price originally asked.

All the faces you see in the Ghetto are unmistakably Hebraic, but very few are of the pure type. Generally it is only the disagreeable characteristics that remain—the thick peculiar lips, the narrow eyes set close together, and the nose thin at the junction with the eyebrows, and bulbous at the end. Centuries of degradation have for the most part imbruted the physiognomy, and all of them have a greasy and anointed look. Here and there you will see a beautiful black-eyed child, with a wonderful mass of rich tendril-like curls, rolling about in the dirt; or a patriarchal-looking old Abraham, with a full beard, and the pure Israelite nose hooked over the moustache, and cut up backward in the nostrils. Hagars, too, are sometimes to be seen, and even stately Rebeccas at rarer intervals stride across the narrow street, with a proud, disdainful look above their station; but old Sarahs abound—fat, scolding, and repulsive—who fill to the extreme edge the wide chair on

which they sit, while they rest their spuddy hands on their knees, and shake all over like jelly when they laugh. Almost all the faces are, however, of the short, greasy, bulbous type, and not of the long, thin, hook-nosed class. No impurity of breed and caste has sufficed to eradicate from them the Jewish characteristics.

As it is with the faces, so it is with the names. The pure Hebrew names have in great measure disappeared, or been unaptly joined to Italian surnames. These surnames are for the most part taken from some Italian city, or borrowed from some stately Italian house, with a pure Jewish prefix; as, for instance, Isaac Volterra, Moses Gonzaga, Jacob Ponticorvo. So also their speech is Roman, and their accent thick and Jewish. It is seldom that one hears them speak in their original Hebrew tongue, though they all understand it and employ it in their religious services.

The place and the people are in perfect keeping. The Ghetto is the high carnival of old clothes, the May-fair of rags. It is the great receptacle into which the common sewers of thievery and robbery empty. If a silver salver, a gold watch, a sparkling jewel, be missed unaccountably, it will surely run down into the Ghetto. Your old umbrella, your cloak that was stolen from the hall, the lace handkerchief with your initials embroidered in one corner, there lurk in secret holes, and turn up again after months or years of seclusion. In this *columbarium* your lost inanimate friends are buried, but not without resurrection.

Crammed together, layer above layer, like herrings in a barrel, the Jews of Rome are packed into the narrow confines of the Ghetto. Three of the modern palaces of Rome would more than cover the whole Jewish quarter; yet within this restricted space are crowded no fewer than 4000 persons. Every inch has its occupant; every closet is tenanted. With the utmost economy of room, there is scarcely space enough to secure privacy and individuality; and, herded together like a huge family, they live in their sty. The street is their saloon, where they sit and talk, in loud snuffling voices, across from shop to shop, and from pavement to the opposite garret. The houses are all connected together on the upper floors; so that, in case of inundation, the inhabitants may freely traverse the place without setting foot in the street. Dr. S—— assures me that, when called to visit professionally

one family in the Ghetto, he has repeatedly been conveyed from chamber to chamber, from one end of the street to the other, giving advice all the way, and receiving pay as for one visit; and he also added that the best houses of the wealthiest Jews were never free from a certain odour abhorrent to the Christian nostril. Were you transported blindfold to this place, you would at once recognize it by this sign. Fortunately the level of the Ghetto is so low that, whenever the Tiber rises and overflows its banks, as is frequently the case in the autumn and winter, the whole quarter is under water. This is inconvenient, perhaps, but the inhabitants owe a deep debt of gratitude to old Father Tiber, who thus washes out at intervals this Augean stable. At times the waters rise so as nearly to fill the lower stories in the Fiumara, and in 1846 the houses were inundated even to their ceilings.

Despite this purgation the place reeks with foul odours. But if confidence can be placed in the statements of some old authors, there is no remedy for this defect so long as the Jews adhere to the faith of their forefathers.

It is, however, an extraordinary fact that, despite the filth and bad drainage of the Ghetto, it is on the whole one of the healthiest places in Rome. The average of deaths is small, fever is rare, and in the year 1837, when the cholera raged in Rome, fewer died in the Ghetto than in any other part of the city. This is certainly a corroboration of the prevalent idea in Rome, that fever avoids places where the air is much beaten by a constant concourse of people, and that the denser the population the safer the residence.

The method of cleansing the Ghetto indicated by the learned authors just quoted is not, I fear, a very available one. The Jews pertinaciously resist it, despite the tender invitation held out constantly before their eyes every time they issue from the Ghetto by the Ponte Quattro Capi, where they may read in Latin and Hebrew text this sentence from Isaiah (ch. lxv, ver. 2), inscribed in large letters over the portals of a little church: "I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts." This inscription was the happy idea of a converted Jew, who thus showed his zeal for his new religion. Its results have not, however, been as yet very striking, and perhaps, *Chi sa?* the Jews apply it to the Christians and not to themselves.

Once a year the papal Church, on the Saturday before Easter, baptizes into the Christian faith a recanting Jew, giving him with one sprinkle salvation and the "odour of sanctity"; but a certain extraordinary resemblance of features is often to be marked between the converts of successive years, and it is to be feared that the holy Church is sometimes deceived, or—is not:

> "Lo! Micah—the self-same beard on chin
> He was four times already converted in."

When this ceremony does take place, it is performed in the church of San Giovanni in Laterano with great ceremony. The proselyte, covered with a white veil, and holding a burning wax candle in his hand as a symbol of enlightenment, is anointed on the neck and head, and sprinkled with holy baptism from the great porphyry vase, in which Rienzi bathed in rose-water. The procession then returns to the church, the cardinal blesses the convert at the altar, and then makes a long sermon at the expense of the new Christian and his old friends in the Ghetto. This concluded, he retires, extricated from the claws of the devil, and, if Fortunatus be correct, "surpassing ambrosial dews with the sweetness of his breath".

At earlier periods there have not been wanting converts of eminence at rare intervals, and it has even happened that a regenerated Jew has seen his son admitted to high honours in the Church, and, had his life been sufficiently prolonged, might in his old age have beheld him in the chair of St. Peter wielding the thunders of the Vatican. This was the case of a certain Pietro Leone, who in the eleventh century renounced Judaism, and together with his son was baptized by Leo IX, and assumed his name. Both these Jews were most honourable and excellent persons. The father was very rich and learned, and was held in high consideration by Pope Leo. His son also enjoyed the favour of Paschal II, and was made governor of the Castle St. Angelo. The son of the latter devoted himself to literature, and seems to have been much esteemed in his first years of manhood. He was made Cardinal by Calixtus II, and sent legate to France; but here, on the death of the Pope and the election of Cardinal Gregorius under the title of Innocent II, he was seduced by the party opposed to

this election, and was elected Anti-pope under the title of Anaclet II. After this, his conduct seems to have been far from satisfactory. He despoiled the churches, drove Innocent II from his seat, which he held to his death despite of excommunication, and at last, abandoned by nearly all his partisans save Ruggero Duke of Sicily, to whom he had given his sister in marriage, he died in 1138.

But let us continue our walk through the Ghetto. Passing down the Fiumara and turning at a sharp angle to the left, we enter the Piazza di Santa Maria in Pescheria, and see before us the church from which it receives its name. This uncouth structure occupies the site of the ancient temple of Jove or of Juno (there is some doubt which), and is barnacled upon the ruins of the once splendid Portico of Octavia by which these temples were surrounded; a few of the beautiful Corinthian fluted columns of its vestibule are still standing, cracked and crumbled by fire, and defaced by time and abuse. Some of these are built into the walls of the wretched houses. One or two stand alone, braced by iron bars and supporting fragments of the old cornice, and the two centre ones fronting the piazza are connected by the lofty brick arch which Septimius Severus threw between them to support the entablature after the fire by which the portico was injured in the reign of Titus. Within the enclosure stands the church, and on the arch are the peeling frescoes of a Christian age, dropping daily with the decaying mortar. Nothing can be more melancholy than this spectacle. Everything has gone to ruin. Low miserable houses surround this splendid relic of antiquity. The noble columns are broken, stained, and walled up. The splendour of imperial Rome has given place to the Pescheria—the fish market. Step under this arch and look up that narrow, dirty, but picturesque street on the left—that is the Pescheria. Stone slabs, broken and grappled by iron hooks, stretch out on either side into the street, and usurp it so as to leave no carriageable way between them. If it be market-day you will see them covered with every kind of fishes. Green crusty lobsters, squirming crawfish all alive, heaps of red mullet, baskets of little shining sardines, large *spigole*, sprawling, deformed cuttle-fish—in a word, all the inhabitants of the Mediterranean are there exposed for sale; while the fisherman, standing behind them, slashes now and then a bucket of water over the benches and

cries out his store. Is the market over—the street is deserted, the marble slabs are crusted with the scales of fish, the purchasers and the purchased are gone, but the "ancient and fish-like smell" remains, a permanent bequest, to haunt the place, and mingle in companionship with the other odours of the Fiumara. Great dark holes open into the houses behind, begrimed with dirt and smoke. Above stretches an arch supported by black beams, over which is reared a series of chambers; here juts out on its iron arm the lantern which illuminates feebly the street at night; and here, in a grimed corner, is placed a Madonna-shrine with an onion-shaped lamp burning before it. Do what the Jews may, they are forced to accept the Virgin. Here, reposing from his labours, sits a Jew behind one of the stone slabs. He tends the empty bench, with a green cravat on his neck, and a huge gold watch-chain hanging out of his waistcoat pocket. Behind him, grim with filth, is a great square door. Look at it close—it is antique, of the age of Septimius Severus; its lintels are carved in the egg and cup pattern, and it now serves as the door of his shop, unaltered, save in its use. Everywhere crop out of the walls fragments of columns, architraves, and defaced capitals, and from the windows old petticoats dangle and flap about among them.

Please to remember that this place which I have been describing was once the Portico of Octavia, and then shut your eyes a moment and let your fancy carry you back to the ancient days. Here on this very spot where we are now standing stood the Cupid of Praxiteles, the Diana of Cephisodotus, the Ludovisi Mars, the Phidian Venus; just behind us rose the Temple of Juno; and here the Romans of the Augustan age sauntered between the acts at the Theatre of Marcellus. This was the spot whence Titus and Vespasian led forth their splendid triumph after the destruction of Jerusalem. Through these very columns that stink with fish passed their glittering train, gorgeous with gold, gems and ivory, flaunting Syrian robes of purple embroidered with gold, with richly-caparisoned elephants and dromedaries, then new to the Roman eye; bearing hundreds of statues of every metal, and the *spolia opima* torn from the great Temple of Jerusalem. Yes, over this very ground, where the sons and daughters of Zion drive their miserable trade in old clothes, and where the Pescheria breathes its unsavoury

smells, were carried in pomp the silver trumpets of the Jubilee, the massive golden table of shewbread, the seven-branched candlestick of gold, the tables of the law, the veil itself from behind which sacrilegious hands had stolen the sacred utensils of the altar—and in their rear, sad, dejected and doomed, followed Simon the son of Gorias, loaded with clanking chains, and marching in the triumphal train of his victors to ignominious death at the base of the Capitol. Shut your eyes and see the procession go by—statues, crowns, elephants, purple robes, flashing figures, laurel-crowned legions, and at last, the chariots, with four milk-white horses abreast, bearing the Emperors Vespasian and Titus, stained vermilion, and dressed in purple and gold tunics, to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus;—and when the last robe has fluttered away, and the last brazen clang echoed through the double rows of marble columns, open them again, and behold the Fiumara and the Pescheria, and listen to the strain taken up after seventeen centuries. It is no longer " Io triumphe ", but " Ogh clo' "—*Roba vecchia.* " To what base uses we may return!"

Shut then your eyes again. Thirteen centuries have passed since that vision of triumph. Under the temple of the Jews, close by the spot on which you stand, a boy has been born, and grown to man's estate. To the walls of the little church of St. Angelo in Pescheria he has affixed an allegorical picture, and you hear his voice describing it. There is a great fire, with kings and subjects burning therein; and among them a matron (who represents Rome) dying in the flames. On the right is a church, from which issues an angel in white robes, bearing a naked sword in one hand, while with the other he drags the matron from the fire. High above on the church tower stand St. Peter and St. Paul, and cry: " Angel, angel, succour our protectress!" Descending from the sky many a falcon (which are barons) has fallen into the flames, while others are pouncing upon a beautiful white dove that bears in its bill a myrtle crown. The dove gives it to another bird hunted down by the falcons, that he may place it on the matron's head. Beneath is written: " I see the time of the great judgment, and do thou expect that time." The voice which speaks and explains the picture is that of Cola di Rienzi. You open your eyes to catch a glimpse of the last of the Romans. There is no one near but an old Jew, and

by no means the last of them, who shows you a bad mosaic of which he wishes to make a dispensation to you, "for a consideration", and looking on the walls for the picture, you only see a marble slab forbidding the playing of any game in the piazza.

But shut your eyes again, and you will hear a trumpet sound, and see Rienzi marching out of the church clad in armour, with his head uncovered, and surrounded by the papal vicar and a goodly retinue of followers with allegorical standards of Peace, Liberty, and Justice. They are going to establish the "good estate", for which he paid with his life.

Brushing away these cobwebs of the fancy, you open your eyes again. The church is still there, but Rienzi has gone, never to reappear. It is not worth while to enter the church —there is nothing of note in it; or, if there be, any Jew boy about the place will be your Murray. He will also tell you, if he happen to know the fact, that for many years the Jews were forced to listen therein, once a week, to a sermon delivered by a Christian upon the text of their perversity. It was, of course, a converted Jew, named Andrias, who first conceived so happy a thought; and Pope Gregory XIII was well pleased to carry it at once into execution. He therefore ordained that at least 100 men and 50 women, which number he afterwards raised to 300, should attend this Christian service. Every Sunday came the *sbirri* into the Ghetto, and drove the wretched inhabitants with the crack of their whips, like veritable overseers of a slave plantation, into the precincts of the church. Guards stood at the door to make sure that the appointed number were there; and the *sbirri* within, if they caught a poor devil of a Jew asleep or inattentive, brought him to his bearings at once by a lash of the whip over his shoulders. The sermon was delivered by a Dominican priest, upon the very text which had formed the theme of Jewish discourse the previous day in the synagogue. The effect does not seem to have been satisfactory, for very few of the Jews were whipped into Christianity, though the lashes were laid on with an unsparing hand. Nevertheless, this practice lasted for more than two centuries and a half. The sermon was at first delivered in the church of San Benedetto, but at a later date St. Angelo in Pescheria was substituted.

Passing through the Pescheria and turning to the right we

enter the Via Rua, which is the Corso of the Ghetto. Here a better set of shops may be found, for here are established those of the Jewish colony who have amassed a fortune, or at least are on the way to do so. Everything here is shabby enough, but far better than those of the lower part of the Ghetto, and here you will find all kinds of linen, cotton, and woollen cloth piled away on the shelves.

Crossing again the Piazza di Pianto, we pass into a little irregular place called the Piazza della Scuola, where the synagogue stands. The building is simple, and offers a special contrast in this respect to every other church in Rome. It is rather singular in its architecture, and in front there are two large pillars, and a golden inscription in Hebrew, by which you know it to be the synagogue. All synagogues have a striking family resemblance internally; and I shall not occupy your time and mine with describing the seats below for the men who always honour God by keeping their hats on during their religious ceremonies, nor the seats far above in the well-like cupola, where the daughters of Israel look down through a grating upon the altar below. When you are in it you feel that the Romish Church has had no hand in making it, and that quite a different worship takes place there on its hard regular benches. However, if you are not satisfied without a full description of it, I refer you to a most interesting chapter on the Jews in Rome in the *Figuren* of Ferdinand Gregorovius, where you will find considerable information on the subject.

One bit of information I may be permitted here to give, inasmuch as the stranger will not find it in the pages of Murray. The piazza receives its title della Scuola from the fact that the synagogue unites in itself five *scuole* or schools; namely, of the Temple, Catalana, Castigliana, Siciliana, and of the new school. Each of these represents a parish or ward, which is devoted to a particular class of Jews, according to their nationality, and each has its school in which children are taught to read and write and reckon.

I the more readily ask you not to linger in the synagogue, for there is matter much more attractive in that great irregular building, half-palace, half-barracks, which stands over opposite to it, and has already attracted your attention. That is the famous Palazzo Cenci. Can anything be more appropriate than that the Palazzo Cenci, which, being interpreted into

the vernacular, signifies " the Palace of Rags ", should crown the highest ground of the Ghetto. There it stands, lifted on a rising mound, which is formed of the *débris* and ruin of the Theatre of Balbus, now only a shapeless mass of rubbish, and looking down over the Piazza di Pianto. Yes! the Cenci Palace most fitly looks down into the Place of Weeping. The very name has already awakened in your heart a confused feeling of sorrow and indignation. The painful, melancholy, terrible story we all of us know has risen like a nightmare before your imagination. The place is hideous to you, for it embalms one of the most tragical of all earth's tragical histories. Shall we ascend the slope that leads to its *cortile*? This is the back entrance. The scene has strangely changed since Francesco Cenci, like a demon, ranged its rooms. Through that door used to be the way to Overbeck's studio, which was open to the public every Sunday; and as if the spirit of contradiction possessed the place, it was here that he created his outlines of the New Testament history, and gave all his genius to the adoration of the Madonna and the saints. A ghost-like man he was, ascetic and dry in his manner and look, with long hair piously combed behind his ears, solemn in his voice and gesture—a sort of outline himself with almost no flesh and blood in him, who walked about his studio in a long priestly sort of dress, and explained his charcoal outlines. His figure was in form like one of the dryest of the early Siena school, without any of that gorgeous colour in which the primitive painters loved to indulge, but which Overbeck considered to be too sensuous for spiritual art.

This is the back of the palace; it fronts on the Piazza Cenci, a dreary and deserted place enough. Look up at it. Over a high narrow archway juts out an iron balcony, from which Beatrice may have looked with those sad eyes, that were friends with grief. It is easy enough to see her there still, if one has a lively imagination. Underneath her gapes the great black hole of entrance, looking like a fit vestibule to some horrible inquisition, or even, if possible, to some worse place. *Per me si va nella città dolente* might be inscribed over it, so grim and ugly is its aspect. Sooty, grimed with the dirt of ages, and doorless, it seems like the passage to Acheron; nor is the illusion dispelled as you ascend its ruinous slope of brick stairs, and pick your way along its filth and ordure;

for, glancing down doorways on the right, you see long black passages leading down and down into subterranean depths, that stretch out of sight into darkness. Glad enough are you when you have passed the obscenity and stench of this passage to issue into the light of day in the *cortile*, and see the sunshine playing on the granite columns, and antique friezes, and open corridors of arches. But on the pavement here are open gratings, through which you look down into subterranean *oubliettes*, the caverns probably of the old Theatre of Balbus, where God knows what crimes may have been perpetrated in barbarous ages. A sort of ugly horror seems to possess the whole place, which even the sunshine cannot quite dispel.

As you stand in this *cortile* you see directly before you a little church, founded in 1113 by Cencio, Bishop of Sabina, and rebuilt by Francesco Cenci in expiation of his atrocious crimes, or rather as a bribe to the Church for absolution. Let us read its inscription: "Franciscus Cencius, Christopheri filius, et ecclesiæ patronus templum hoc rebus ad divinum cultum et ornatum necessariis ad perpetuam rei memoriam exornari ac perfici curavit—anno Jubilei MDLXXV". Think what the church must have been of which Francesco Cenci could dare to call himself "patron". It is fitly dedicated to the unbelieving St. Thomas.

We have now gone through the Ghetto; and it remains for me to set down a few notes relative to the history of this little colony of Jews, and of the oppression under which they have suffered.

Among the heathen Cæsars the Jews had been forced by imperial decrees to perform three sacrifices for every new emperor. First on his installation; then on the occasion of any illness; and third, in case of any war undertaken by him. These, it was not only incumbent upon the Jews in Rome to perform, but, after the taking of Jerusalem, upon the whole people wherever it might be.

Their history has never been written in detail, though it well deserves to be at least made the subject of a monograph. Gregorovius has, however, collected a number of facts relating to this matter, to which I have been indebted in my own investigations, and which I have invariably found to be exact as well as interesting.

It was some sixty years before the birth of Christ that

Pompey the Great entered Jerusalem, and struck the first terrible blow at the Israelite nation. He trod the secret places of the Temple with the profane feet of a conqueror, and brought away with him to Rome a number of Jews to serve as slaves in the city soon to be imperial. These were the ancestors of the colony which now throngs the Ghetto. Besides these might be then seen at Rome numbers of distinguished Jews, of princely family and fortune, whom curiosity or pleasure led to the world's central city. Here, among others, came Herod, Antipas, Antipater, the Jewish princess Salome, and Agrippa, walking the streets with stately retinues, gazing on the games from the boxes of the Emperors, and even admitted to their table as guests. Agrippa was the friend of Drusus, and though he expiated his friendship by six months of imprisonment under Tiberius, he became again the friend of Caligula, by whom he was made king of the Jews. These figures, however, gradually disappear from the streets of Rome; Agrippa and his daughter Veronica being the last princely figures of which we catch a glimpse. Henceforward the humble and degraded Jew alone remains, despised by the Romans who conquered his people, and trailing his dirty gaberdine along the public ways, or working with his fellow-slaves in building the Colosseum and the Arch of Titus. The procession has soon passed by, and the mob follows.

To this wretched class the great Julius was kind; and during whole nights after his death it is related that they went to his funeral pile, and wept and sang death wails over him.[1] Augustus was even more considerate to them, allotting to them a special quarter of the Trastevere for their habitations, but giving them also full freedom to earn their living as they could in the city. Besides this, he permitted them, as we learn from Philo, to establish synagogues in which they might worship after the law of their religion, and to send to Jerusalem the gold they received from the sale of the firstlings of the year. He even went so far in his liberality, says Philo, as not only to allow them to make full sacrifice at their altars, but even himself adorned the Temple of Jerusalem with costly presents, and ordered that their division of grain should not be required of them on the Sabbath, that being a day when by their law they were forbidden to perform labour or business. But these sunny days were not long to last. Augustus

[1] Sueton. in *Julius Cæs.*, 84.

died, and the Jews, in gratitude for his kindness, wept and bewailed for him a week. Then came Tiberius, his successor, who laid a heavy hand upon them, banishing some into unhealthy places, ordering the remainder to burn their religious vestments and paraphernalia of worship, and driving them all from the city under penalty of perpetual slavery if they disobeyed.

This was but the foretaste, however, of what they were destined to suffer at the hands of Caligula, who took delight in heaping upon the whole nation cruelties and follies which could only have entered into the brain of a madman. It was upon the Jews at Jerusalem that he specially poured out the vials of his wrath, in the shape of confiscation of their property, exile, death, and personal outrages of every description. Not content with this, he finally ordered Petronius to erect his statue in the Temple of Jerusalem, and forced the Jews to pay it divine honours. But, touched by the prayers of the people, who flung themselves on their knees before him, and implored him rather to slay them, and indignantly refused to outrage their conscience and their God by such impiety, Petronius promised to advocate their cause. He accordingly wrote a letter to the Emperor, praying him to revoke his decree; in answer to which Caligula sent a messenger with orders at once to slay Petronius for his disobedient delay. Fortunately, however, the vessel which carried the fate of the imperial prefect was so long beaten back by tempest and adverse winds, that the Emperor died before it arrived, and the life of Petronius was saved.

Nor did the Jews of Alexandria fare better with this mad Emperor. The cruelties inflicted upon them finally became so intolerable that they determined to send an embassy to him, praying for relief. Philo, who was the chief of this deputation, has left us an interesting account of it in his famous *Embassy to Caligula*, in which we catch a glimpse of imperial manners, rather shocking to our modern ideas of courtly decorum. As the deputation passed through the splendid halls and porticoes of the Palatine palace, it suddenly came upon a tall, ill-proportioned man, with small eyes, stern, broad brows, sparse hair, and a thick beard. He was clothed in so extraordinary a manner as to leave it doubtful whether he meant to represent a male or a female divinity, and was standing between an actor and a steward of the

palace. This was Caligula. The Jews at once prostrated themselves, and cried: "Salve Imperator et Augustus." "These, then," said Caligula, looking fiercely at them, "are the people who adore an unknown God—the impious wretches! —enemies to gods and men, who refuse to pay me divine honours." The Jews eagerly protested that they loved him, and had sacrificed hecatombs in his honour, and particularly when he was ill, had offered up prayers for his recovery. "Yes," replied Caligula, "you sacrificed—but to another god, not me. You did me no honour." Then, without another word, he rushed off into another hall, giving orders to his attendants to alter this statue or that picture, while the poor Jews followed him from room to room in an agony of fear and suspense. All at once the Emperor turned round to them again, and said, mockingly: "Why do you Jews eat no pork?" To this witticism the deputation answered as well as they could, while the courtiers manifested their approbation of the Emperor's humour by loud jeering and immoderate laughter, which they prolonged almost to the verge of indecorum towards the Emperor himself, who suddenly cut short the noise by saying: "You are right; it is a nasty meat;" and then ran about as before, pointing out pictures. At last he dismissed them, saying: "These people are not so wicked as they are mad in denying that my nature is divine."[1] Well might Agrippa's knees shake under him with fear, and a faintness as of death come over him, when he heard in Rome of the horrors of Alexandria and Jerusalem.[2] Bosom friend as he was to Caligula, the thought to what fate an imperial whim might at any moment subject him and his daughter must have been far from quieting. Despite the order of Caligula, it would seem that some Jews still remained, or afterwards returned to the city. But Claudius, his successor, in the year 51, drove them all away outside the walls. Suetonius says, in his life of this Emperor: "The Jews, who were constantly excited to tumult by Chrestus, he expelled from Rome."[3] And this is all the mention he makes of Christ, and all the knowledge he seems to have had of the head of the Christian world, whose followers he afterwards speaks of as a "race of men of a new and wicked superstition," ("genus hominum superstitionis novæ et maleficæ").[4]

[1] Philo, *Legatio ad Gaium.*
[2] Flav. Josephus, b. xix, ch. 1, *Hist. Jud.*
[3] Suet. in *Claud.*, 25.
[4] Suet. in *Nero*, 16.

This was Caligula, to whom the Popes are indebted not only for the lessons they received as to the proper treatment of Jews, but also for that custom of offering the foot to their subjects to be kissed. This practice was first introduced by him, and Seneca indignantly declares it to be the last affront to liberty and the introduction of Persian slavery into Rome.

Under the subsequent Cæsars, from Nero to Vespasian, the condition of the Jews remained unchanged. They were not permitted to live on the Cistiberine side of Rome, though they could come into it. They were treated like outcasts, and it was considered shameful for a Roman to enter their synagogue. At times they were even thrown to the wild beasts of the arena to gratify the populace. But still they had a country. Under Vespasian and Titus Jerusalem was destroyed, and the whole nation, after suffering terrible cruelties, was scattered as wanderers over the earth, to be henceforward homeless and nationless. A great number were brought as prisoners to Rome, to grace the triumph of the Emperors over the destruction of their city; and, after marching in chains in that gorgeous procession of which Josephus has left us so vivid a picture, were placed in the galleys and forced to build the magnificent arena of the Colosseum, in which some of them were afterwards " butchered to make a Roman holiday ". Even a greater monument of their disgrace they erected, when their unwilling hands laid the stones of the Arch of Titus to celebrate the destruction of Jerusalem; and to this day no Jew will pass under that fatal arch.

Titus also brought with him from Jerusalem the seven-branched golden candlestick, the jubilee trumpets, the incense vessels of the altar, the table of shewbread, the sacred veil that divided the Temple, the tables of the law—all the utensils which were so holy in the eyes of the Jews. These, after being carried by the Jewish prisoners in the triumphal procession, were placed in the Temple of Peace built by Vespasian, with the exception of the veil and the books of the law, which were placed in the Emperor's palace. No trace of any of these spoils now remains. Some of them were carried away to Africa by Genseric when he ransacked the city. Belisarius, however, afterwards recovered them, as we learn from Procopius, and sent the golden candlestick to Constantinople, where it was placed in the church. They are

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ARCH OF TITUS

Colosseum in background.

now lost, though there is a tradition that Helena, the mother of Constantine, restored the books of the law to Rome, and placed them under the altar of the church of St. Giovanni in Laterano; and according to the popular belief in the Middle Ages, a seven-branched candlestick in the same church was that taken from the Temple of Jerusalem. The golden fillet is also mentioned as existing in the Temple of Peace at the time of Hadrian.

This great influx of prisoners and slaves largely increased the colony of Jews at Rome, but their condition was not improved. Vespasian issued a decree, ordering them to pay to the Capitoline Jupiter the poll-tax of half a shekel which had before been given in to the treasury of the temple—and this tribute the Jews still pay, not to the Capitoline Jupiter, but to the Capitoline Camera.

Domitian, savage to all, and peculiarly refined in his cruelties, took from them the scanty privilege of a residence in the Trastevere quarter, and drove them entirely out of the precincts of Rome. From this time forward they led a pariah life outside the walls, the scoff and jeer of all, earning a miserable pittance by fortune-telling, interpretation of dreams, magical arts, and thieving. They seem to have occupied much the same position, and to have followed the same pursuits, as the gipsies of the present day; wandering about, sleeping chiefly *sub Jove*, and so poor that Juvenal speaks of them as having only a basket and a bundle of hay—the former to hold the scraps of food they purchased or "obtained", and the latter to serve as bed. The *cophinus* or basket was, according to Sidonius, the badge of the Jews, as the *tiara* was of the Egyptians, and in it they carried their food, so as to keep it separate and out of danger of pollution. They congregated chiefly in the grove formerly sacred to the Camenæ, outside the Porta Capena (which answers to the present Porta San Sebastiano), in the valley of Egeria. This is not the valley beyond the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, which now most improperly bears this name, but the low wooded ground lying just beyond the walls between the Via Appia and the Via Capena. For the privilege of remaining here each Jew paid an annual stipend—*Fiscus Judaicus*—which Domitian sternly exacted, suffering no one to escape payment. So severe was he, that Suetonius relates an instance of which he was an eye-witness, when, in presence of a full council, the procurator obliged an old man

of ninety years of age, who affirmed himself not to be a Jew, to submit to a personal inspection in order to discover whether he had been circumcised.

Two passages in Juvenal give us a vivid picture of the locality occupied by the Jews in his time, and of their occupations:

" Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam;
Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ;
Nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Judæis, quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis medicat silva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
Dissimiles veris." [1]

And this; is it not the perfect likeness of a gipsy of to-day, telling fortunes and promising all you wish for the smallest coins?

" Cophino fœnoque relicto
Arcanam Judæa tremens mendicat in aurem,
Interpres legum Solymarum, et magna sacerdos
Arboris, et summi fida internuntia cœli;
Implet et illa manum, sed parcius: ære minuto
Qualiacumque voles Judæi somnia vendunt." [2]

The mode in which those suspected of Judaism were treated by the Romans is thus graphically told by him:

" Stat contra, starique jubet, parere necesse est;
Nam quid agas, quum te furiosus cogat, et idem
Fortior? ' Unde venis?' exclamat; ' cujus aceto,
Cujus conche tumes? quis tecum sectile porrum
Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?
Nil mihi respondes? aut dic, aut accipe calcem.
Ede ubi consistas, in qua te quæro proseucha.'
Dicere si tentes aliquid, tacitusve recedas
Tantumdem est; feriunt pariter: vadimonia deinde
Irati faciunt: libertas pauperis hæc est.
Pulsatus rogat, et pugnis concisus adorat,
Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti."[3]

From the time of Domitian forward, under the later Cæsars, there is little which I have been able to find. Hadrian for the

[1] *Satire* iii, 11. [2] *Satire* vi, 542 *et seq.* [3] *Satire* iii, 290.

second time destroyed Jerusalem, and as great numbers of the people were sold into slavery cheaper than negroes, probably their condition did not improve in Rome. Alexander Severus seems, however, to have permitted them to return to the Trastevere district, and thenceforward that quarter of the city was abandoned to them; the present Ponte St. Angelo receiving from this fact the title of the Jews' bridge.

In the interval between this Emperor and Constantine the Jews would seem to have held up their heads and bettered their condition, for we find that Constantine issued a decree forbidding them to take Christians into their service, which would indicate that they had attained a position much superior to that occupied by them under the first Cæsars. And although the Theodosian codex separated the Jews and Christians by strenuous provisions, and also forbade the former to celebrate a certain festival in memory of the hanging of Haman, the Jews continued to increase in influence, and even at times to attain to positions of importance. They particularly applied themselves to the study of medicine, and became in the Middle Ages the great masters of this art. To the early Popes of Rome they recommended themselves by skill in pharmacy, and were sometimes received by them as friends. They also distinguished themselves in other walks. Benjamin of Tudela, in his *Itinerary*, relates that, in the time of Alexander III (1159-1185) he found 200 Jews in Rome, who were respectable men, paying tribute to no one, and some of them engaged in the service of the Pope. Two of them he mentions as very accomplished persons, Rabbi Daniel, and Rabbi Dehiel, a clever and learned young man, who was chamberlain to Alexander. Such was the reputation of the Jews for skill in medicine, that, despite their religion, the most bigoted of the Popes, down as late as the time of Leo X, chose their physicians for the cure of the body from the very class which they cursed in their bulls and oppressed by their edicts.[1]

None the less, however, were the Jews the football of the successors of St. Peter, who alternately degraded them with ignominies and exalted them to dignities. The Popes emulated the early Emperors in their treatment of this outcast nation, and, as we shall see, exceeded them in cruelty and inhumanity.

[1] A complete enumeration of all the Jewish physicians attached to the Popes may be found in the work of Mandosio, *Degli Archiatri Pontefici*. Rome, 1784.

There are no acts so inhuman as those which are done in the name of religion, and the pretext of piety has covered the foulest deeds that have ever disgraced the history of mankind. Under the Popes, various councils soon began to embitter the condition of the Jews. Decrees were passed ordering them to wear shameful badges by which to be recognized and avoided, and at certain periods they were prohibited from all communication with Christians.[1] These, however, were in measure evaded or a release was purchased—for what is not vendible in this " bottega di Roma ", as the papal city has been aptly called? The fear of death which haunted the heads of the Church often induced them to lay aside their religious scruples and accept aid from physicians whose creed was as deadly as their practice was sanative. And so, winding a devious way, through bigotry, superstition, cruelty, and fear, the thread of Jewish history in Rome shows itself at intervals in the gorgeous fabric of the Papacy.

When the Popes took the place of the Emperors, and Christianity assumed the purple robes, the forms of sacrifice were changed, but the homage was exacted. Upon the installation of the Pope a deputation of Romish Jews was obliged to present itself before his holiness on the public way of his triumphal procession, singing songs in his praise, and carrying on their shoulders a copy of the Pentateuch written on parchment, bound in gold and covered with a veil, which on bended knees they offered to him, beseeching his protection. The successor of Peter took the book, read a few words from it, and then putting it behind him said, " We affirm the law, but we curse the Hebrew people and their exposition of it." Having thus graciously accepted their homage, he proceeded on his way; and the deputation, full of fears for the future, retired to their humble quarters in the Ghetto, saluted on all sides by the cries and scoffs of the populace.

It was Calixtus the Second who revived the old usage, and recreated it in this form in the year 1119; and his successors were so much pleased with it that they continued it thenceforward for nearly four centuries.

[1] By the Aurelian Council of the year 540, the twenty-ninth canon prohibits the Jews from holding intercourse with Christians in Holy Week from the day of the supper to the second Sunday in Easter, in any place or on any occasion. The same order is extended in the Lateran Council, held in the time of Innocent III, to all " diebus lamentationis et Dominico Passionis ". See Menocchio, *Stuore*, ch. 82, vol. iii.

The spot on which this homage was generally offered was at the Bridge of Hadrian, the second destroyer of Jerusalem, but sometimes it was performed on Monte Giordano. The ill-treatment to which the Jews were subjected by the mob in these public places at last became so excessive, that in 1484 Innocent VIII, taking compassion on them, received them in the enclosure of the Castle St. Angelo. Burkhard, the master of ceremonies of the Pope, gives us the address of the Jews, and the response of the holy Father, in these words. Extending the copy of the Pentateuch, the chief of the deputation said, in Hebrew, "Most Holy Father, we Israelites beseech you, in the name of our synagogue, that the Mosaic law given by Almighty God to Moses, our priest on Mount Sinai, may be conceded and allowed to us, as by other eminent Popes the predecessors of your holiness it has been conceded and allowed." To which the Pope replied, "We concede to you the law, but we curse your creed and your interpretation; for he of whom you said, 'he will come,' has already come, our Lord Jesus Christ, as is taught and professed by our Church."

On one occasion Pius III, in the year 1503, being ill, received this deputation in a hall of the Vatican. But Julius II immediately remanded the ceremony to the Bridge of Hadrian, where he made a long sermon on the occasion, and his physician, the Spaniard Rabbi Samuel, also spoke with eloquence. His successor, Leo X, received this homage with still greater pomp and circumstance, as is evident from the description of the occasion by his great master of ceremonies Paris de Grassis. This worthy person tells us that the Jews stood before the door of the Castle St. Angelo on a wooden scaffold covered with gold brocade and silken carpets and bearing eight burning wax candles. There they held up the tables of the law, and while the Pope rode by on his white horse, fat, sensual, and repulsive (for surely, if the portrait Raffaelle has left us of this voluptuary be faithful, nothing could have been less spiritual than his appearance), the Jews made their customary humble appeal, and this holy figure, differing somewhat from that of the chief of the apostles, made the usual response. What a picture it must have been! Perhaps Adrian saw it with a satirical eye, thinking little better of the Pope than Mosheim, who places him in the list of atheists, or than the Venetian ambassadors, who give accounts

of his gross excesses and vices of a nature to scandalize the lowest rake of this century. However this may have been, certain it is that the ceremony was discontinued by honest, pious, and ascetic Adrian, and was not again renewed.

Yet it was not to be permitted to the Jews to be absolved from humiliations, and, though the homage was not exacted, they were obliged to cover with costly stuffs and carpets a portion of the street over which the papal procession took its way. At the installation of Gregory XIV, the steps of the Capitol and the Arch of Septimius Severus were adorned by them; but by a refinement of annoyance worthy of a papal court, they were subsequently bound to decorate with their richest tapestries, silks, and embroideries, the detested Arch of Titus, built to commemorate their own degradation and the destruction of their holy city, as well as the whole road leading thence to the Colosseum. These tapestries and hangings bore upon a gold ground embroidered emblems selected by the Pope, with Latin texts taken from the New and Old Testament. The emblems, generally twenty-five in number, and expressive of every sort of fantastic allegory, were woven by the Jews themselves in their dirty Ghetto, and doubtless had hatred and indignation enough wrought into their texture to give a *jettatura* to the Pope who passed over and under them. In course of time these scriptural allegories became confused with pagan devices. The Old Testament and Roman mythology intermarried and gave birth to designs absurd in sentiment and *barocco* in style—Apollo, Moses, Minerva, the Virgin, Popes, donkeys, and heraldic animals, grouping amicably together, to illustrate texts from the Bible—somewhat after the fashion of " Bould Homer, Venus, and Nicodemus " in the famous gardens of " the groves of Blarney ". Some of these very tapestries, I doubt not, might even now be raked out of hidden chambers in the Ghetto, if anyone had the will to purchase them.

At a later period Pius VII (Chiaramonti), at the beginning of the nineteenth century, exempted the Jews from this tribute, and in place of it allowed them to present a book, bound in costly style, and with emblems exquisitely painted in miniature, which was dedicated with Latin verses to the Pope. One of these books was presented to Gregory XVI. It was painted by Pietro Paoletti of Belluno; that painter being selected in honour of the Pope, whose native town was Belluno; and was

sent by his holiness to the cathedral there, where anyone who is curious may examine it. To Pius IX a similar book was presented, which cost no less than 500 *scudi*.

Let us now retrace our steps to the thirteenth century, when Innocent III, in the year 1215, re-enacted the decrees of the council ordering the Jews to wear badges of their degradation. From this time forward, for more than two centuries, they were alternately favoured and oppressed, according to the character of the Pope—generally, however, being admitted to a certain position in case of eminent qualities and acquirements. Thus, John XXII (1316), being adverse to them, prohibited the use of the Talmud, and ordered it to be publicly burned. The anti-pope Benedict XIII (1394), being favourable to them, allowed a Jewish woman to take the care of his wardrobe, and a Jewish physician to take care of his body. This worthy leech, whose name was Joshua Halorki, was converted by him to the Christian faith, and, under the new title of Hieronymus de Sancta Fide, wrote certain works against the Talmud and on the perfidy of the Hebrew nation, for which service he received high honours from the Pope and as deep curses from the Jews.

Innocent VII (1404) was also propitious to them, and among other privileges he granted to some of the Jewish physicians the freedom of the city, and exempted them from wearing the ignominious badge of their people. Martin V (1417) showed a like graciousness, and did them the honour to select his favourite physician from among them.

But these sunny days now came to a close. The Papacy grew strong, and its enemies felt the weight of its hand. In Eugenius IV (Condolmieri, 1431) the Jews found a cruel master. He banned them from the city, forbade them to hold any public office, and decreed that their testimony should not avail in a court of justice against that of a Christian. Besides loading them with taxes and tributes, he first conceived the happy thought of making their degradation subservient to the festivities of the Carnival. With this view he mulcted them of an annual fine of 1130 *scudi* in order to defray its expenses. This seed of sorrow took root at once and bore bitter fruit. From this time forward, one of the principal amusements of the Carnival was to maltreat the Jews; and the sport proved so excellent that cardinals and *monsignori* freely took part in it. It was Paul II (Pietro Barbo), however, who in 1468 first

ordained the races of this wretched people in the Corso, and gave form and law to the cruelty of the mob. The programme of ignominy was this: First, a body of Jewish elders, clothed in a shirt or doublet, preceded the cavalcade of the senators who opened the Carnival. They were then obliged to run races every day; and it was the custom to give them a rich dinner beforehand so as to enable their bodies and spirits to sustain the trials they were to undergo. There were two classes of races; the one comprising old men, young men, and children, without reference to their nation; and the other being of horses, asses, buffaloes, and Jews. While it was optional with the former to race or not, it was compulsory with the latter—Jews and asses being treated as belonging to the same category. The racing by the Romans was soon abandoned, but the Jews had not the privilege of refusal, and the sport was too good to be foregone.

The course was from the tomb of Domitian, close by the Porta del Popolo, to the church of St. Marco, in the Piazza de Venezia; and amid the howls and shrieks of the delighted bystanders, who showered upon them as they passed the most insulting and disgraceful epithets, the poor old Jews, a little drunk with their repast and the liquor with which they tried to drown the sense of their ignominy, stumbled along the crowded Corso. Noble ladies and purple-robed cardinals and *monsignori* applauded this degrading spectacle, while the Pope himself looked down from his decorated balcony, and smiled his approval or shook his holy sides with laughter. But this spectacle, as we have described it, bad as it was, did not satisfy the greedy demands of the populace or the Pope, and a piquancy was afterwards added to it by forcing the Jews to run with a rope round their necks and entirely naked, save where a narrow band was girt round their loins. This brutal exhibition, more disgraceful to the Pope than to the Jews, was annually repeated during every day of the Carnival for more than 200 years; and it was not until the year 1668 that Clement IX (Rospigliosi) absolved the Jews from its performance on condition of their paying a tax of 300 *scudi*, and also relieved them from accompanying the cavalcade of senators, they agreeing in compensation to furnish the prizes for the races.

Besides this, on the first Sunday of Carnival, a deputation from the Ghetto, composed of the chiefs of the Jews, was

forced to go bareheaded to the palace of the Capitol, where were the *conservators* of the Roman senate. Here they threw themselves on their knees, presenting to the *conservators* bouquets of flowers and twenty *scudi*, which they prayed them to apply to the decoration of the balcony of the Roman Senate in the Piazza del Popolo. They then proceeded to the *senator*, and kneeling, besought his permission to reside in the Ghetto during the ensuing year. The *senator* placed his foot upon their brows and commanded them to rise, saying, after an appointed formula, that although they were not acceptable in Rome, yet out of pity they would be allowed to remain.

In the meantime, between the institution of these races and their discontinuance, this much abused colony was destined to be trodden down by one of the most bigoted, fanatical, and cruel princes who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter—the Neapolitan Caraffa, who in 1555 was made Pope under the title of Paul IV. To him the Christians owed the establishment of the Censorship and the Inquisition at Rome, and the Jews the revocation of all their privileges by the bull "Cum nimis absurdum". Hitherto the better class had preserved certain privileges in the midst of their disabilities and degradation. But this bigot, with one blow, sheared them all away. He prohibited Jewish physicians from practising among Christians; he disabled them from carrying on any trade or handicraft, and from the purchase and sale of merchandise; he imposed upon them heavy tributes, and prohibited them from all commerce with Christians. Even the title of Don, to which some of the highest Spanish Jews were entitled, he disallowed. Perfectly to separate them from all other classes, he ordered that they should not enter the city without bearing a badge of Hebraism; the men a yellow hat and the women a yellow veil; for, he says: "it is truly too shameless and unseemly that Jews, whose guilt has precipitated them into eternal slavery, under the pretext of receiving Christian compassion, should insolently assume to dwell among Christians and take Christian servants, and even to purchase houses, without bearing a badge."

Hitherto, certain Jews had for a long period been silently permitted to reside within the walls of the city, despite all the laws to the contrary, though for the most part they congregated together on the farther side of the Tiber to avoid close contact with a people who hated and despised them; but

Caraffa now imprisoned them within the narrow limits between the Ponte Quattro Capi and the Piazza del Pianto, now known as the Ghetto, though it formerly bore the name of the Vicus Judæorum. But Ghetto is its true name—the place of ban—the place for outcasts—as deeply they must have felt when, on the 26th of July, 1556, they were driven sorrowing into this pen and walled up there like beasts. From that time forward to the present day, the most of four centuries, they have lived crowded together in its narrow confines, overflowed by every rise of the Tiber, and only by the utmost economy of room making space for the necessary separations into families and individuals. On one occasion, when the quarter was overflowed, they begged permission to come out of it temporarily, until the waters should abate, but it was answered that water would not hurt them.

But now that they were segregated in the Ghetto certain questions arose. The fourth part of the houses belonged to Romans, and there were even distinguished families residing there, among whom may be mentioned the Boccapaduli and the Cenci. It was impossible for the Jews to live in the houses without the consent of the proprietors, who might keep them roofless and houseless, either by refusing to let their houses at all, or by demanding exorbitant rents from a people who had no choice of place. To guard against this a law was passed, called the " Jus Gazzaga ", which was to this effect —the Roman proprietors should retain the title to their houses, but should be required to make a perpetual lease of them to the Jews for a small annual rent, which by the terms of the contract should never be increased. The tenant was to be entitled to make such repairs and changes in the house as should seem to him proper, and was also permitted to sell and even to devise his interest; the landlord having no power to dispossess his grantees or devisees. This " Jus Gazzaga " is still in force, and the old leases made more than three centuries ago are still sold and devised as they then were with the same limited rents.

Banishment into the Ghetto was not the only evil the Jews suffered under Caraffa. The Inquisition did its holy office unto them, and many a one was burnt in the Campo dei Fiori and the Piazza di Minerva. But the reign of Caraffa was short. Four years had scarcely elapsed when he died; and, when the Inquisition was plundered and the church of

the Dominicans stormed, the Jews obtained a temporary relief. At least they had the satisfaction of pelting the monument of the Pope with mud and his memory with curses, and one of them even drew over its hand a yellow glove. At this the people laughed, fortunately for the audacious individual, considering the joke a good one, and Jews and Christians for once united in tumbling down the statue, and dragging through the mud its head with the papal crown upon it.

Their relief was, however, short; for in 1566, Pius V (Ghislieri) confirmed the bull of Caraffa, and ordained that the gates of the Ghetto should be closed at Ave Maria, after which hour no one should be allowed to pass out or in. Any poor wretch of a Jew belated in Rome was therefore obliged to pass his night under the open sky beside his prison walls, unless he could make interest to open the gate with a silver key.

Football still to the Popes, their fate again changed when Sixtus V (Felice Peretti), who has inscribed his name on so many of the public monuments and pedestals of Rome, issued in 1586 his bull, "Christiana pietas infelicem Hebræorum statum commiserans", a monument itself to his humanity and truly Christian spirit. This bull threw open the doors of the prison built by Caraffa, and enabled the Jews not only to reside at their pleasure within any walled city or castle in the Roman territory, but also reinstated them in their privileges of carrying on all trades, except the retailing of wine and the sale of grain and meat. Through its provisions their intercourse and commerce with Christians was renewed, and they were allowed to become their servants, though not their masters. It even went so far in its humanity as to improve their habitations, to establish schools and synagogues among them, and to permit them to form a Hebrew library. It prohibited the summons of Jews to Court on their Sabbath, forbade their baptism by force, the imposition of improper and extraordinary expenses on such of them as were travelling, and reduced their tribute money to a reasonable poll-tax. Sunshine for once streamed in upon them. Their lot had never been so easy. But fortune has a wheel, and to the Jews for the most part a wheel of torture. In less than ten years it gave a violent turn. Clement VIII (Aldobrandini) came to the throne, and they were again remanded to their prison and shorn of all their privileges.

In this wretched state of impotence and disgrace the Jews remained for two centuries, now and then experiencing a slight relief, as when Clement IX abolished the law requiring them to run races in the Corso at Carnival, but still occupying a wretched and ignominious position. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Clement XI and Innocent XIII (the names somehow terribly jar with the facts) renewed Caraffa's bull, forbidding the exercise of all trades to them, with the exception of the traffic in old iron and old clothes, " stracci, ferracci ". But it was not till 1740, under Benedict XIV, that they were allowed to sell cloth that was new.

How strangely their fate had changed since they were the chosen people! Then, by the law of Moses, agriculture was their occupation, and traffic was given over to strangers. Now they were only too happy to be allowed to exercise the humblest trades, and were not allowed to own or hire an inch of land, nor to cultivate an inch belonging to a Christian.

Thus driven to the wall by the Christians, what, then, was the occupation of this people during these long centuries of disabilities? Somehow they must live. The exceptions, as we have seen, distinguished themselves by the practice of medicine, and were received at intervals into the household of the Pope. But the masses earned a miserable livelihood by the most disreputable means, glad enough to earn it in any way. They continued to do what they had done in the time of Juvenal. They told fortunes, they dealt in magic, they made potions, they went about among the people professing mysterious powers, and extorting money from the fears of the superstitious. Here you have the two sides—the science of medicine, and its obverse, the practice of witchcraft. Besides this, they lent the money they scraped together at usurious interest. Their forefathers had invented bills of exchange; and they certainly took advantage of this invention, revenging themselves on the Christians for the shabby way in which they were forced to accumulate their golden heaps, by exacting an exorbitant interest on every loan which the necessities of the Christians forced them to demand. But in these cases—

> " We still have judgment *here*; that we but teach
> Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
> To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

The Church by its edicts had demoralized the Jews to the utmost. It had left them no reputable means of acquiring property. The curse reacted. They took to disreputable methods of securing their livelihoods, and in turn demoralized their persecutors. The remarkable bull of his holiness Pius V, issued in 1569, "Hebræorum gens sola quondam a Domino electa," gives us a curious glimpse into the habits of the Roman colony of Jews in his day. By the provisions of this bull they were banned from every spot in the Roman States with the exception of Rome and Ancona, and as a reason for this harshness the following statements, among others, are therein made: "For not to mention the various methods of usury, by which the Jews entirely consume the means of needy Christians, we also believe it to be clearly established that they are the protectors of robbers and thieves, whom they conceal, as well as receivers of stolen goods, not only of a profane class, but also appertaining to our holy worship, either for the purpose of hiding them awhile, or of carrying them to other places to change their form so that they may not be recognized. Very many of them also steal, under the pretence of carrying on a proper business, into the houses of honest women, precipitate them into the abyss of shameless indecency, and, what is most corrupt of all, they lead astray imprudent and weak persons, with Satanic practices, fortune-telling, wonderful remedies, and the practice of magic arts and witchcraft, into the belief that they can predict future events, and discover treasures, stolen and lost articles, and pretend to powers of divination in other ways which it is given to no mortal to possess."

There is little doubt that these same practices are continued to a certain extent even to the present day; and it is said that the Jewish women still go about the city secretly selling love potions, interpreting dreams, and lending their aid in most disreputable ways to the superstitious and lustful. For the most part, the women, however, exercise the art of the needle, and if there be a carpet to be sewn together, or a rent in one's coat to be repaired, their efficient aid is invoked by all. Their speciality is sewing and mending old and new clothes. The men go about the streets by day buying cast-off garments and rags, or any depreciated article on which the proprietor wishes to raise money. At every public auction their greasy faces, hooked noses, and black eyes are to be

seen, and their thick voices to be heard bidding low sums, and appropriating every article which sells at a sacrifice. By night, with a basket on their back and a lantern in their hand, they rake over the refuse heaps in the streets, picking out from them bits of broken glass, rags, paper, and silver spoons if they have the luck to find them, and not till dawn breaks over the house-tops do these night-birds return to their roost in the Ghetto.

Under the sway of the Cæsars, during the reign of Claudius, the number of Jews in Rome is given as 8000; but this number was diminished under the Popes to about one half, and has since but slightly varied. If we may trust the statements of a work published in Rome in the year 1667, under the title *Stato Vero degli Ebrei in Roma*, there were then 4500 Jews in the city, some 200 of whom were respectable and well-to-do persons. At the present day they number about 10,000. As they become rich, they generally change the Roman Ghetto for some city where they may live in a manner conformable to their wealth.

The same author also tells us that, despite the disabilities of the Jews in the Roman Ghetto, they had thriven and grown rich. After deducting all the tributes paid by them, which by his calculations amounted every five years to no less a sum than 19,470 *scudi*, he estimates their property at a million *scudi*. " 235,000 *scudi* (he goes on to say) have the Jews extorted from the Christians by usury, and no evening passes that at least 800 *scudi* are not transferred from the pockets of the latter through the Ghetto doors into their houses." Indeed, these usurious practices became so excessive at last as to rouse the hatred of the Romans, and John of Capistrano once besought the Pope, Eugenius IV, to give him a fleet to carry away beyond sea the whole Jewish population. " Now he (the Pope) is dead," says our author, " it were to be wished that he would send from heaven a fleet to Clement IX to transport all these thieves out of Rome." No love evidently was lost between the Christians and the Jews at this time.

When the French occupied Rome, the prison of the Ghetto was opened, and permission was given to its occupants to dwell in the city and to engage in trade. But on the return of Pius VII in 1814, they were again imprisoned and afflicted with their old disabilities. Leo XII, however, was touched

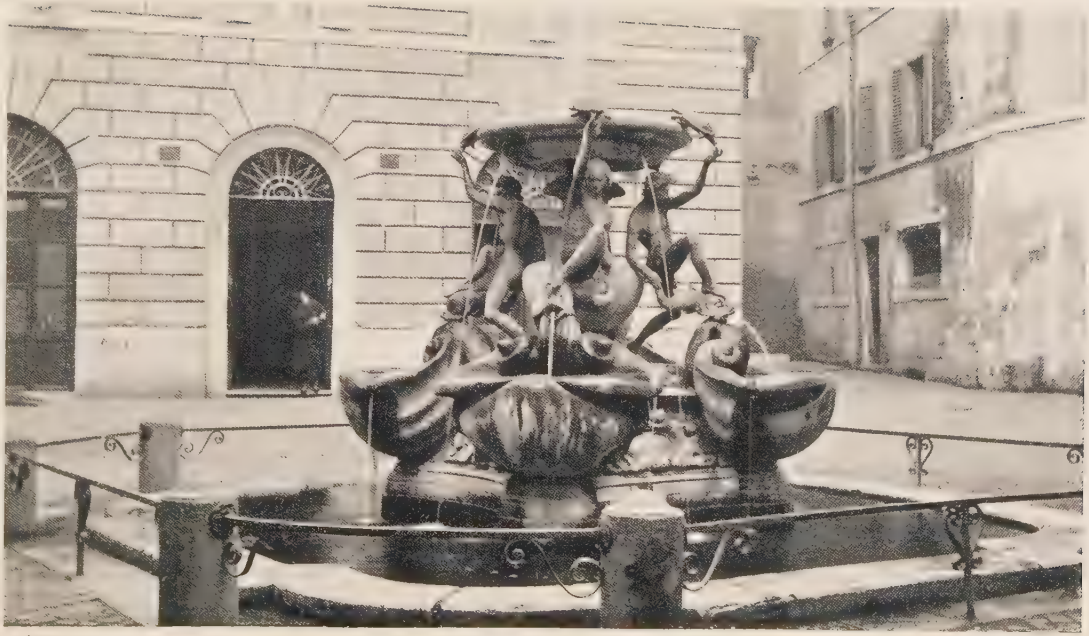
by an impulse of humanity, and gave them, besides their privileges under the "Jus Gazzaga", the right to purchase houses within the limits of the Ghetto, and hold them in fee. He also enlarged the boundaries of the Ghetto, so as to take in a portion of the Pescheria, and opened eight gates, which, however, were strictly guarded and closed at night.

When Pius IX came to the papal throne in 1846, the Jews enjoyed the sunshine of his first liberal days. At the instance of Don Michele Caetani, Prince of Teano, always a sincere advocate of the cause of this unhappy colony, he confided to a commission the examination of its just claims, with authority to enforce them. The first step taken in these reforms was to exempt the Jews from the necessity of listening every Sunday to a sermon against their religion in the church of St. Angelo in Pescheria. The walls of the Ghetto were then levelled, no more to be raised, Ciceruacchio himself lending a hand in their destruction; and permission was given to the Jews to reside within the walls of the city adjacent to the Ghetto, and to exercise certain trades, before prohibited. Some of them gladly availed themselves of this privilege, and hired houses and opened shops beyond the limits of the Ghetto. But upon the return of the Pope from Gaeta, escorted by French bayonets, all the liberal decrees were at one blow struck away from the people, and the old tyrannous *régime* reinstated. Though the rights and privileges conceded to the Jews were not formally repealed, they were silently withdrawn, or so obstructed as to become inoperative. While those who had hired houses and opened shops in the city, and exchanged the squalid Ghetto for better dwellings outside its limits, were suffered to remain, a stop was put to further emigration. The method adopted to secure this end was truly papal. The liberal decrees in their favour had delegated to the cardinal vicar the power to grant permissions to fix their domicile within the city. These permissions, granted freely at first upon petition, were now so obstructed by delays and difficulties of every kind, that the petitioner, wearied out by a long and fruitless struggle, at last abandoned the attempt. Many of the richest Jews then left Rome, and betook themselves to Leghorn, where they were affected by no legal disabilities of caste, diminishing thus the taxable property of Rome to the full extent of their fortunes, which in many cases were large The ties of old habit bound some

of them still to Rome, and they sought a compromise with the government, petitioning to be allowed to invest one-third of their property in the city. This was denied them. The result will be seen by the census. In 1842 there were 12,700 Jews within the Pontifical States, and in 1853 this number was reduced to 9237; 3463, or more than a fourth of the Jewish population, having withdrawn.

But the air is thick and full of bad odours in this Roman Ghetto. Let us pass through it. A few steps lead us out of its precincts, and we stand on the banks of the Tiber, whose yellow waters, swinging round a curve, whirl turbidly along, and turn the slow wheels of great mills. The air breathes freshly on our faces—and picturesque in the soft Italian light rise the towers, domes, columns, bridges, grey lichen-covered roofs, and crumbling ruins of Rome. The sun turns all to gold as it drops to the horizon. The round, broken, ivy-covered walls of the Golden Palace of Nero, that lift themselves before us, it regilds; the tall dark cypresses are hung with golden balls; the mediæval tower of Sta Maria in Cosmedin is sheathed with flashing plates of gold; the yellow molten river of Midas sweeps along under our feet. Even in the windows of the Ghetto that look out upon it there are golden panes that dazzle the eye. Nature is as prodigal to their humble, wretched houses as to St. Peter's dome that towers against the evening's sky. It gilds their roofs, and paints the flowers at their rickety lattice windows with dyes richer than popes' tiaras and cardinals' robes. It recognizes no difference between Christian and Jew.

Look round. There, trembling behind its opal veil of air, rises the Alban Hill, and blushes soft and rosy as a dream. Villas and towns gleam out on those dim exquisite slopes and a soft delicate air comes breathing over the Campagna and rustles through the trees that cluster at our feet, and bears its blessing, too, up through the Ghetto streets, where the breath of Christian charity is too dainty to enter.



FOUNTAIN OF THE TORTOISES

CHAPTER VIII

FOUNTAINS AND AQUEDUCTS

" Nobil onda,
Chiara figlia d' alto monte,
Più ch' è stretta e prigioniera,
Più gioconda
Scherza in fonte,
Più leggiera
All' aura va."—*Metastasio.*

Rome is the city of fountains. Wherever one goes he hears the pleasant sound of lapping water. In every square it piles its columns in the sunshine, toppling over with the weight of myriad pearls and diamonds, and plashing back into the carven basin. From year to year the splendid fountains of St. Peter's toss their white waving veil of spray into the sky, embroidered with prismatic gems, to cool the sultry air, and lull the senses with their rustling murmur. From the Janiculum the Fontana Paolina rolls its silver cascade with a roar into its granite basin. Over artificial rocks, at the feet of Neptune and his Tritons, rush the many streams of the Fontana Trevi, and gathering in a broad and flashing fall, slide into the little quivering lake below, that keeps the blue of the sky in its troubled bosom. Seated in the Barberini Square, on his travertine shell, and supported by dolphins, the picturesque Triton of Bernini blows from his conch into the sky a stream of pearls. From mossy grottoes, where giant river gods are watching in stone, burst forth beneath a lofty obelisk the many streams of the Piazza Navona; and as if one fountain did not suffice for this great square, it is flanked at both ends by two others. In the Piazza di Spagna the lower waters gush out into a stone boat, and pour over its sides into a wide well. In oblong basins of Egyptian granite, that once were bathed in by the ancient Romans of the age of Caracalla, plash the fountains of the Farnese Piazza; and on a circular basin of oriental granite from the Temple of Romulus, a massive column of water crumbles constantly in the sun beneath the colossal figures of Phidias and Praxiteles in the Quirinal. Everywhere there are fountains—on the heights of the Capitol, and in the valley of the Pantheon, that

is overflowed yearly by the Tiber, when the mountain streams are swollen.

Not only in the piazzas, where elaborate vases, figures, and obelisks surround and embellish the fountains, is the sound of water heard—at every corner it pours its single streams from gaping mouths. In the court of every house it splashes and gurgles, as it fills the simple stone wells. In every garden it spirts its fine thread into the air. Under foot, below the surface of the pavement, it glides, to cool the earth. From old Egyptian lions' mouths it pours solemnly. Vast receptacles for washing it fills with its constant streams—in the open air, where scores of Roman women stand all day, and shake and beat their linen in the sun—or under the dark shadows of palaces in gloomy cellars, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrates.

Everywhere around these fountains are picturesque groups, who pause to chat while the stream fills their copper vases, before they bear them away on their heads. Here climb and scramble little boys, and sit astride the marble lions' backs, or lean over to drink from the gushing stream. Here the thirsty horses of the *carrettieri* stop and plunge their noses into the basins, jingling their bells as they toss their heads. Here peasants fill their dried gourds on their way out on to the Campagna. Here, in the summer, orange and lemon stands are placed, each with its little jet drawn from the fountain through a *canna*, or slender tin canal; and here the melon-seller erects his booth, swashing his boards constantly with water.

As you walk the empty streets at midnight you hear the low bubbling sound of water everywhere. Shut your eyes near any one of the great squares, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Fontana Trevi, and you can scarcely believe that you are not far out in the country, where leaves whisper and torrents flow and tumble. In the morning the foreigner just arrived runs to the window, and opens the shutters, thinking that it is raining, but it is only the fountains, and the sun bursts in with a surprise.

Go out upon the Campagna, and all along the road at intervals you will meet wells and fountains, where the horses and oxen are drinking, and where the *carrettieri* fill anew the wine-casks on which they have levied a way-tax. In the noble old villas at Frascati you will find extraordinary water-

works. Great fountains tower shimmering with sunshine into the air, and fall into vast basins surrounded by balustrades, where carven masks, half hidden by exquisite festoons of maidenhair, pour their slender silver tribute. Down lofty steps, green with moss, the water comes bounding and flashing like a living thing, to widen below into a pool, where glance silver- and gold-fish. Through the green alleys, over which sombre ilexes twine their crooked branches, or down the vistas of clipped laurel hedges, you will see the silver lines of fountains sparkling against the green background. In ruined gardens the water dribbles over staggering leaden pipes into basins, on whose rim green lizards bask panting in the sun, and slowly drips into the mantling pool, greened over with decay.

Come with me to the massive ruins of Caracalla's Baths—climb its lofty arches, and creep along the broken roofs of its perilous terraces. Golden gorses and wall-flowers blaze there in the sun, out of reach; fig trees, whose fruit no hand can pluck, root themselves in its clefts; pink sweet-peas, and every variety of creeping vetch, here bloom in perfection; tall grasses wave their feathery plumes, out on dizzy and impracticable ledges, and nature seems to have delighted to twine this majestic ruin with its loveliest flowers. Sit here, where Shelley wrote the *Prometheus Unbound*,[1] and look out over the wide-stretching Campagna. There sleep in the sunshine the steep sides of Gennaro, with tender purple shadows nestling behind its cloven wedges. There, like a melody, rises from the long still level of the sea the varied and undulating line of Monte Albano, sweeping in exquisite curves to the crest of Monte Cavi. Far off a shining band flashes between the land and sky—there lies the Mediterranean. Below you, stretching off towards the mountains, amid broken towers, tombs and castled ruins, that everywhere strew its rolling surface, behold that long line of arches, with here and there great gaps opening between lofty, ivy-covered fragments that seem like portions of grand porticoes

[1] "This poem," says Shelley, in his preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, "was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright-blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

—that is the Claudian Aqueduct. It domineers over all other ruins that you see—stretching its arches out and out till, " fine by degrees and beautifully less ", they run away into the mountains' bosom. There it lies, like the broken vertebræ of some giant plesiosaurus, a ruined relic of a mighty age and a distant time. From the " heart of the purple mountain ", the shadow of trees and the song of birds, it drew its waters to supply the baths of the Romans in this very ruin on whose heights we stand; and the sylvan stream that listened on the hilltops to the nightingale, and was brushed by the wavering butterfly, here leaping at last to light from its dark and narrow prison, heard suddenly the clash of gladiators' swords and the murmur of a Roman populace.

Look down there from your dizzy height. Sunken in the ground are great shapeless blocks, the fragments of the ceiling that roofed with mosaics these spacious halls. When these great pieces fell, Rome shook with their thunder, and the people said: " There is an earthquake!" Of the giant columns of granite which once bore them up, nothing now remains save shattered fragments strewn upon the ground. But one of them still stands in the Piazza di Trinità at Florence, holding on its top the figure of Justice—" out of reach ", as the Florentines say. The statues and precious marbles of antiquity are all gone, save a few broken bits and relics, kept in a fenced-in chamber below. The Farnese family and their successors, the Frati, swept the place of everything. Its ancient marble guests, the Flora, the Farnese Bull, the Hercules, and the Venus Callipyge, are now in the museum of Naples; and in the Villa Borghese and the museum of San Giovanni in Laterano you may see portions of the mosaics of athletes which once adorned these floors. The sloping pavement of black and white mosaic crumbles away daily under the tooth of time, and the reckless destructiveness of travellers. Sheep and goats nibble under the shadow of the massive walls, that still stand firm as ever. Once in a while a spasmodic and idle effort is made at excavation, but such attempts almost invariably end in little or nothing being done. Except at such times, nothing could be more peaceful, grand, and beautiful than these " mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla ".

Let us reconstruct them as we stand here, and imagine them as they were in the days of their perfection.

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BATHS OF CARACALLA

They were commenced by Caracalla in the year 212, continued by Heliogabalus, and finished by Alexander Severus. The baths themselves covered an oblong rectangular space of 720 feet in length by 375 feet in width; at both ends was a large hall with a semicircular tribune, all paved in the richest mosaic. These were devoted probably to gladiatorial exercises, to recitations of poets, and to lectures by philosophers and rhetoricians. Connecting them was an immense oblong apartment, usually spoken of as the *cella caldaria*, where were the hot baths. On one side of these and on a lower level, was another chamber similar in shape, containing the cold baths, and called *cella frigidaria*. On the other side was a vast circular edifice, called the *laconicum*, which was composed of a large central hall surrounded by chambers, and containing the vapour baths. The modern staircase by which we ascend to the platforms of the ruins occupies one of the pillars of the *cella caldaria*; so that, looking down over the side towards the city, we see the *cella frigidaria*, and opposite, the long hall of the *cella caldaria*; while still beyond rise the giant towers and arches of the *laconicum*, through whose open spaces gleams the western sky. The *cella caldaria*, which was surrounded by columns of granite, was probably the most magnificent of all the halls.

Outside the central building was an open space, surrounded by porticoes and gardens, and containing a gymnasium, stadium, arena, and theatre, where games, sports, plays, and races took place; and beyond the porticoes on the westerly side was a great reservoir to supply the baths; the water being brought to it by the Antonine Aqueduct, which was fed by the Claudian Aqueduct, and brought over the Arch of Drusus. The circuit of this magnificent inclosure is nearly a mile, and within its baths could be accommodated 1600 bathers at a time.

But these were not the only public baths of Ancient Rome, not even the largest. The Baths of Diocletian, which according to Baronius were built by 40,000 Christians at the command of their great persecutor, covered an area of 150,000 square yards, and afforded baths to no fewer than 3200 persons, or double those of the Thermæ of Caracalla. The remains of this magnificent structure are scattered over the Piazza di Termini; some portions are built into the present railway station, some embodied into the church of San Bernardo,

and some into the Termini prisons. In its very centre stands the noble church of Sta Maria degli Angeli, built by Michelangelo, and shapen out of the *cella caldaria*. Here one still sees the massive columns of Egyptian granite in their old places, and from the vaulted roof still hang the metal rings on which the ancient lamps were hung. Behind, where once was the swimming bath, stretches the beautiful cloister of the convent of the Certosa; and there, wandering among its silent and peaceful arcades, or lingering round the central fountain over which wave the grand cypresses planted by Michelangelo, one may ponder the wonderful changes which have taken place on this spot. Now and then you may see a monk moving solemnly along, but he will not speak unless he passes another of his order, and then he will only say: "Fratello, dobbiamo morire," (Brother, we must die). To which a hollow answer will come, "Fratello, morire dobbiamo". So, breathing the orange blossoms, you may dream there over the past, and in its silence summon up the loud murmurs, the noisy games, the bloody sports that once it knew.

Besides these, there were the Baths of Agrippa, to which some antiquaries have considered the Pantheon to be the hall of entrance; the Baths of Constantine, which covered the summit of the Quirinal, and occupied the present site of the Consulta, the Palazzo Rospigliosi, and the Villa Aldobrandini; the Baths of Nero and Severus, which occupied a portion of the Piazza Navona, and extended thence nearly to the Pantheon; and the Baths of Titus on the Esquiline. To these the people flocked in crowds. Here they lounged and bathed, looked upon the games, betted on the gladiators, struggled in the gymnasium, and listened to the recitations of poets and rhetoricians.

The extraordinary number of *thermæ* shows how universal among the ancient Romans was the daily use of the bath. It was not confined to the rich classes, but extended to all, and was usually taken after exercise, and before the principal meal of the day, then *cœna*, which in the time of Augustus was served at about three o'clock. Before these vast imperial *thermæ* were built, none of the Roman baths were free. The price of a bath was, however, only a *quadrant*, which was the smallest coin in use, and this was paid to the *balneator* or keeper of the establishment. Children, however, below a

certain age paid nothing. It was then the custom for those who wished to court the favour of the populace to throw open the baths to the public on certain days free of expense. But after the Emperors built their *thermæ* no charge was ever made, and everyone who chose might have a bath.

The bathing in the *thermæ* was without individual privacy. Originally, men and women bathed in separate chambers; but in the licentious days of the empire both sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Later, this practice, which naturally led to the grossest immorality and indecency, was forbidden by Hadrian and afterwards by Marcus Aurelius; but it none the less existed as late as the time of Alexander Severus, who prohibited, under severe penalties, any baths to be open in Rome for promiscuous use by both sexes. One has only to read Suetonius to acquaint one's self with certain shameless and disgustingly dissolute practices of the Emperors in their private baths, that almost surpass belief. Nothing, indeed, shows the low condition of public morals among the ancient Romans, and their open licentiousness, more plainly than the manner in which their public baths were conducted.

The modern Romans are not the children of their ancestors in this matter of bathing. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, there is less accommodation for public bathing in Rome than in any other city I know. The common people are not a bathing people. "Dio mio," cried one of them to whom I recommended a bath, "What? wash me from head to foot in *cold* water! I shouldn't dare to do it! I never did it in all my life. Avrei paura davvero." Those Anglo-Saxons who take a cold bath every morning are looked upon here as little less than mad; and even the physicians shake their heads and say, "That may do in your country, but it won't do here"; and in this I am inclined to think they are right. Not that I mean to indicate that the Romans are, on the whole, dirtier people than others. By no means. They wash themselves, but they do not take baths. They use the wash-bowl, but the bathing-tub and the shower-bath frighten them. In the summer only do they indulge in the full luxury of water, and then they throng the shores of Civita Vecchia and crowd the esplanade of Leghorn to bathe. From morning to night the bathing-houses are besieged and the screams of bathers are to be heard. Oddly enough, however, it is a common custom for the whole family to take one bathing-house

together and bathe all at once, without a notion of indelicacy. "All things are as they seem to all"; but I confess to certain old-fashioned notions—prejudices of education, perhaps, which I cannot overcome.

Mastro Egidio, the Solomon of the Longaretta, was a serious personage of great influence, and who had by no means a humble idea of his own importance. For forty years he was the Fontanaio of the Acqua Paolo at San Pietro in Montorio, and always wore the true Roman dress of his order—short-clothes with buckles on his shoes, a shirt without plaits, a blue sash round his waist, a *beretta* with a purple tassel on his head, and a double chain to his watch dangling from the fob. His memory ran back to the time of Pius VI, and at the election of Papa Gregorio XVI he led the Trastevere squadrons to put down the seditious *carbonari* who agitated Rome. One day in those troublous times, seeing that the Pope was taking an airing in his carriage, Mastro Egidio summoned his band, and, going forth to meet him, presented himself at the carriage-door, and assured the holy Father that he had nothing to fear, for the Trastevere was with him. The holy Father, putting forth his fat fingers, amiably patted the great Egidio on the cheek, saying: "The Trastevere is always faithful."

"Holy Father," solemnly responded Egidio, "the spot where those holy fingers have touched me shall not be washed till Lent."

It is the usual belief entertained by the English that they are the only clean people in the world. The Americans agree to this statement, with one exception in favour of themselves. An Englishman, however, whether he be clean or not, looks clean. His fresh, rosy face and light blond hair give an immediate impression of cleanliness, that no Italian could possibly present, even were his *epidermis* scrubbed off by washing. But if anyone, without prejudice, will take the trouble to walk through the Corso, or over the Pincio on any day when the people are out, and examine them one by one, I think he will be persuaded that their linen is scrupulously white, their dress nice, and their hands and necks perfectly clean, to an extent rarely met with elsewhere in the same class, and certainly not to be seen in England.

Apropos of washing, the learned Dr. Johannes di Mediolano, of the Academy of Salerno, gives us some very important

A VIEW OF THE AQUEDUCT JUST OUTSIDE THE WALLS

information on this head. Washing after eating, he says, in his Latin verses, confers upon us a double gift; it not only sharpens the eyesight, but also cleanses the hands—a fact which could scarcely have been known at his time, or he would not have mentioned it so gravely:

> " Lotio post mensam tibi confert munera bina,
> *Mundificat palmas*, et lumina reddit acuta."

But I have somewhat strayed away from my subject. " Let us resume," as Byron says.

There were formerly no fewer than fourteen aqueducts, some authors say twenty, which supplied Rome with water. Of these, with the exception of four, the Aqua Virgo, the Aqua Claudia, the Aqua Alsietina, and of late the Aqua Marcia, only the ruined arches, that form so picturesque and peculiar a feature of the Campagna, now remain.

Of all these ancient aqueducts, the Aqua Claudia and the Anio Novus were the most extensive and magnificent, and their ruins are the grandest of all that are seen about Rome. The Claudian Aqueduct was commenced by Caligula in the year A.D. 36, and finished by Claudius in A.D. 50. It cost, according to Pliny, no less a sum than 350 millions of sesterces. Its length was more than forty-six miles, and the source was near the thirty-eighth milestone on the Via Sublacensis. For ten miles it was carried above ground over those lofty arches, the remains of which, draped with ivy and blossoming with flowers, still stretch along the Campagna. Under its shadow sheep nibble, and between its sunny openings, or mounted on its broken ledges, herds of long-haired white goats crop the bushes and leaves that festoon it; while near by, leaning on his staff, the idle shepherd dreams the long day away in his quaint and picturesque costume. Wherever you go these arches are visible; and towards nightfall, glowing in the splendour of a Roman sunset, and printing their lengthening sun-looped shadows upon the illuminated slopes, they look as if the hand of Midas had touched them, and changed their massive blocks of cork-like travertine into crusty courses of matte gold.

Yet, magnificent as are these remains of the Claudian Aqueduct, they are surpassed by those of the Anio Novus, the highest and longest of all the aqueducts of ancient Rome.

In length it was about sixty miles, and for the space of fourteen miles it bore its waters above ground over lofty arches, some of which were 109 feet in height. As they neared the walls these two great aqueducts, *par nobile fratrum*, joined together to pour their refreshing tribute into Rome, and their water-level was so high that it supplied the summit of the Capitoline Hill.

But grand as is the effect of these colossal aqueducts upon the Campo Romano, still grander glimpses of them may be caught in the mountains. Hire a horse at Tivoli, and, taking a bridle-path through the quaint and picturesque olive forests, ride on for seven miles into the heart of the country. You will find no lack of wild beauty all along the road to delight you. The forest itself is filled with aged olives, that twist their hollow mossy trunks into every sort of fantastic shape, and stretch out their grim and withered arms across the path, with a wizard-like resemblance to enchanted human forms. Here and there you will see the woodcutters or guardians of the forest, and come across the rude *capanne* in which they dwell, and once in a while will meet with wandering flocks of sheep or goats. But for the most part it is a solitary ride, so lonely and secluded that, if the shape of Pan should start from behind a tree, you would scarcely be surprised; and the pipe you hear in the distance may well be his. At last you will come to a deep valley cloven down between two lofty hills. At its base babbles a torrent through tangled bushes and trees, and over it stride the gigantic arches of the Claudian Aqueduct. The tall poplars which grow beside the stream are dwarfed to bushes as you look down on them, and from below, as you gaze up at the colossal aqueduct, it seems like the work of the Titans.

All around Tivoli wherever you go are massive remains of these Roman works; and at a mile beyond the town, in the direction of Subiaco, the road passes beneath one of the arches, the top of which is crowned by an old mediæval tower. Most travellers who go to Tivoli content themselves with making the tour of the falls and *cascatelle*, visiting the villa of Mæcenas, and the romantic Villa D'Este, and lunching in the Temple of Vesta; but few ever see the grand old castle, and fewer still explore the adjacent country, so rich in picturesque ruins of the ancient time. Yet here an artist might fill his portfolio with new and characteristic sketches of great beauty, and the antiquarian might spend weeks of purest pleasure.

In the ancient aqueducts the water was carried in channels of brick, or stone, lined with cement, and covered with an arched coping. Sometimes along the bottom of this channel were laid pipes of lead, terra-cotta, and even of leather for the water; but generally it flowed in a stream through the trough of the channel. At intervals along the course of the aqueduct were constructed reservoirs, called *piscinæ*, in which any sediment might be deposited; and near the city was a vast reservoir, called *castellum*, which formed the head of the water, and served as a meter. From this the water was distributed into other smaller reservoirs, from which, again, the city was supplied by pipes. Why these aqueducts were built above ground seems never to have been satisfactorily answered; but as the fact that water was distributed in pipes through the city, and jetted in fountains, shows that the ancient Romans could not have been ignorant of the simple law that water will find its level, the giant arches would seem to have been constructed purely for architectural beauty. Of late years an aqueduct has been discovered leading underground across the valley of Alatri, which clearly proves that the ancient Romans did not build their overground aqueducts through ignorance.

Of the Claudian Aqueduct, only a portion was used by Sixtus V in building the present aqueduct, which is called, after the conventual name of its founder Fra Felice, the Aqua Felice. It is not even an established fact, however, that any portion of this aqueduct was used, some writers declaring that only the remains of the Aqua Alexandrina were employed. These waters are drawn from a spot near the Osteria de' Pantani, on the road to Palestrina, and supply the loftier part of the city, from the Piazza de' Termini, where are the Baths of Diocletian, to the Piazza Barberini. They also feed twenty-seven fountains, among which the principal are the Fontana di Monte Cavallo, the Fontana de Termini, and the Tritone de' Barberini. The water is clear and pellucid, but heavy, and is not highly esteemed for drinking.

The waters of one of the noblest of the ancient aqueducts, the Aqua Marcia, have been of late collected again, and brought to Rome, not through its lofty arches, which still tower in broken grandeur on the Campagna, but by the cheaper and less picturesque means of siphons and under-

ground pipes. This aqueduct is said to have been originally projected by Ancus Marcius, afterwards reconstructed by Quintus Marcius Rex (from whom it received its name), united to the Aqua Virgo by Marcus Agrippa, and subsequently repaired by Vespasian, Titus, and Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Agrippa, by his labours, greatly enlarged and enriched it, and in the account of his ædileship it is stated that he created 700 wells, 500 fountains, and 130 reservoirs, many of them magnificently adorned. Upon these works he erected 300 statues of marble or bronze, and 400 marble columns. Truly, as Pliny says, it must have been a work which may be fairly said to be unsurpassed—even in those days of colossal and splendid works.

The waters of the Aqua Marcia were drawn from the mountains near Sublaqueum, now Subiaco. Thence they were carried across the territory of the Marsi, traversed the Lacus Fucinus, disappeared in certain caverns, reappeared in the vicinity of Tibur (Tivoli), and then took a direct course to Rome—being carried at last into the city over a lofty arched aqueduct nine miles in length. The water was of great repute among the ancients. Pliny calls it the most celebrated water in the world, and says that by its coldness and salubrity it gives the palm of all waters to Rome. The only one which was considered to rival it was the Aqua Virgo, which still pours through the fountain of Trevi, and has hitherto been held to be not only the purest water in Rome, but the purest with which any city in the world is supplied. It would seem, however, from what Pliny states in another passage, that the Marcian water is at least its equal—and that while the Aqua Virgo is cooler to the touch, the Marcian is cooler to the taste.

One great advantage which it possesses over all the other waters in Rome is the great height of its level. The Aqua Virgo only feeds the lower parts of the city—and the Aqua Felice, though higher, cannot supply the houses on the hills —but the Aqua Marcia's level is as high as the upper rooms of the Quirinal Palace.

Of all the fountains in Rome, the Triton, in the Piazza Barberini, is the most original, and, though *barocco* in style, the most harmonious in composition. On the other hand, the Fontana de Aqua Felice, with its basalt lions, is the ugliest and most ludicrous. Over it in a great niche stands a colossal

figure, with outstretched hand, swaddled in oppressive draperies, which is intended to represent Moses; but, in fact, the figure is that of a hideous dwarf, with a ferocious face covered by a massive beard, and with two great horns on its forehead. It is quite impossible to determine whether this dwarf has no legs or no body—both it cannot have. You cannot help smiling as you look at this monstrous abortion, and yet there is a tragedy connected with it. As the story goes, it was the work of a young and ambitious sculptor, who boasted loudly that, if the commission to make this statue were given him, he would model a Moses which should, to use his phrase, beat that of Michelangelo all to rags. The government, impressed by his enthusiasm, gave him the commission. He locked himself into his studio, shut out the world, and gave himself up, body and soul, to his great work. At last it was completed, and the doors were thrown open to the public. Such a roar of scornful laughter then saluted his ears, that the poor artist, driven mad by his disgrace, threw himself in despair into the Tiber, and was drowned. Nevertheless, the government completed the statue, and there it stands, a warning to all ignorant and ambitious young sculptors.

The ancient Aqua Alsietina was restored by Paul V, and now supplies the Trastevere quarter, under the name of the Acqua Paolo. It was originally built by Augustus to supply water for his *naumachiæ*, and it still subserves one of its old uses in turning the flour-mills on the slopes of the Janiculum, and feeds the massive Fontana Paolina and the exquisite fountains in the Piazza of St Peter.

But by far the most esteemed of all the waters of Rome are those of the ancient Aqua Virgo, which still retains its name of Acqua Virgine. The name of this aqueduct was derived from a tradition that its source was discovered by a young girl, who pointed it out to some soldiers who were perishing of thirst. It was restored by Nicholas V, and for purity, lightness, and absence of all sediment, its waters are unequalled by any in Rome or elsewhere. It enters the city on the Pincian Hill near the Porta Pinciana, spreads over all the central portions of the town, supplies the magnificent fountain of Trevi, the fountains in the Piazza di Spagna, the Piazza Farnese, and the Piazza Navona, and pours daily into Rome no less than 66,000 cubic metres of water.

There is still another water, called the Acqua Sallustiana,

which supplies a very small district in the neighbourhood of the Palazzo Barberini and the Porta Pinciana, and is highly esteemed. I shall not easily forget the solemn and majestic articulation of one of the *padroni di casa* in this vicinity, who, in recounting the various advantages of his house, always wound up with this climax; " E poi, abbiamo qua l' Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na, l' ac-qua la più buona che si trova a Ro-ma, l' Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na." It was impossible not to be impressed with this solemnity, and the *padrone* was to a certain extent right; the *Ac-qua Sal-lus-ti-a-na* is an excellent water, but it does not compare with the Acqua di Trevi.

The old-fashioned house in Rome has still a great stone trough or *pozzo*, into which a stream of water is constantly pouring with a hollow gurgle. The method of drawing water from these troughs is peculiar. From the kitchen windows which look down into the courts a stout iron wire leads to a spot above the trough. Upon this is suspended, by an iron ring and pulley, a tin or copper pail that is run down and drawn up upon this suspension bridge by a stout rope. All day long you will hear the rattling of this apparatus, as the stout *donna di faccende* souses the pail down into the fountain with a sudden slide, and then slowly drags it back dripping and creaking to her high window. Often there are little wooden balconies built out from the kitchen window, which opens to the floor, with a sloping roof of tiles to shed the rain, and in such cases they serve as the platform to which the water is drawn. They are generally very picturesque, with their pots of flowers, their brilliant carnations, their large terra-cotta vases, their spiring weeds that grow out of the eaves under the curved and moss-stained tiles, and the primitive shapes of the wooden railings. Here, by the half-hour together, the Roman women will lean and talk to each other across the court, and a charming picture they sometimes make, as they stand there in the sun, with a background of delicate grey walls stained by the hand of time with exquisite gradations of colour.

There is in many of the courts a large stone basin below for the washing of clothes, and all day long you will hear the song and incessant chatter and laugh of the washers. When their clothes are thoroughly washed, they are brought upstairs, and swung out on long iron wires that stretch across the court, or from angle to angle of the houses. Each article

is fixed to little rings, and a rope running through a ring at the opposite end enables them to be drawn out one after another over the court, where they hang and flap in the air until they are dry.

On these little platforms and balconies sturdy Juliets of the kitchen carry on mysterious communications with Romeos of the garage or garden below, and when no eye is looking they let down a cord to draw up—not a bouquet of roses, but a good stout cabbage or cauliflower, which their lover ties to it. Here in the winter the old *padrone*, in his faded dressing-gown and velvet skull-cap, often shuffles out and seats himself in the sun, and mumbles to himself, as he warms " his five wits "; and shall I not confess that here also I have often stood for an indefinite space of time, charmed by the varying and homely picture and watching the fun that goes on? Nothing can be more picturesque than these views from the back windows. Here a terrace with rows of flower-pots—there a quaint balcony broken into exquisite light and shade —above, perhaps, a tall tower looking down into the court, or an arbour of grapes, dappling the grey floor or wall with quaint shadows; and oftentimes a garden close by, with its little dripping fountain and its orange-trees, " making a golden light in a green shade ", while above is the deep delicate blue of the Roman sky, against which are cut out the crimped edges of tiled roofs. Screams of wild Campagna songs, with their monotonous drawl, pierce the air, as the self-forgetful *donna di faccende* remembers her Campagna home and rattles out on their wires her files of snowy clothes.

CHAPTER IX

CUSTOMS ANCIENT AND MODERN

It is curious to note in Rome how many a modern superstition has its root in an ancient one, and how tenaciously customs still cling to their old localities. On the Capitoline Hill the bronze she-wolf was once worshipped as the wooden Bambino is now. It stood in the Temple of Romulus, and there the ancient Romans used to carry children to be cured

of their diseases by touching it. On the supposed site of this temple now stands the church dedicated to St. Theodoro, or Santo Toto as he is called in Rome. Though names have changed, and the temple has vanished, and church after church has here decayed and been rebuilt, the old superstition remains, and the common people at certain periods still bring their sick children to Santo Toto, that he may heal them with his touch.

The Eve of Epiphany, or Twelfth-Night, is to the children of Rome what Christmas Eve is to us. It is then that the *Befana* (a corruption, undoubtedly, of *Epifania*) comes with her presents. This personage is neither merry and male, like Santa Claus, nor beautiful and childlike, like Christ-kindchen—but is described as a very tall, dark woman, ugly, and rather terrible, " d' una fisionomia piuttosto imponente ", who comes down the chimney, on the Eve of Epiphany, armed with a long *canna* and shaking a bell, to put playthings into the stockings of the good children, and bags of ashes into those of the bad. It is a night of fearful joy to all the little ones. When they hear her bell ring they shake in their sheets; for the Befana is used as a threat to the wilful, and their hope is tempered by a wholesome apprehension; and well they may, if she is like what Berni paints her:

> " Ha gli occhi rossi ed il viso furibondo,
> I labbri grossi, e par la Befania."

The celebration of Epiphany is of very ancient date, and is stated by Domenico Manni, who has written a little treatise on this subject, to have been instituted about the year 350 by Julius I. Previous to his time, it seems not to have been a separate festival, but to have been mixed up with other festivals, probably of Pagan origin. It is now generally supposed only to celebrate the visit of the Magian kings to the cradle of Christ; but the office of the day still performed in the Roman Church clearly proves that it also celebrates the Baptism of Christ and the first miracle of changing water into wine at the marriage in Cana.—" Tribus miraculis ornatum diem sanctum colimus. Hodie stella magos duxit ad Præsepium; hodie vinum ex aqua factum est ad nuptias; hodie in Jordano a Johanne Christus baptizari voluit."

It is curious to trace in the *Befana* of Italy and in the

popular superstitious notions and usages of this country at Epiphany the distorted reflections not only of the Christian history, but also of the pagan mythology and festivals which took place at this time. The gifts which it is the universal practice of Christendom to present to children at Christmas or Twelfth-Night, are but symbols of the treasures brought to the infant Christ by the wise men. The baptism has left its trace in the *canna* of St. John, which is always borne by the *Befana*. In some parts of Italy it is also a superstition that at midnight of the eve of Epiphany sheep have the power of speech—" le pecore la notte di Befana favellano ". Sant' Epifanio, who lived in the fourth century, declares that in his time, on this night the water of a certain river was changed into wine. And it is still a popular superstition, derived undoubtedly from the miracle at Cana, that then also extraordinary transformations of things take place—such as that the walls are changed into cheese, the bed sheets into a kind of paste called Lasagne, and water into exquisite wine. Mixed up with these, also, are reminiscences of the Murder of the Innocents; for on this night it is said that the *Befana* goes wandering about, not only with presents, but also to stab and prick the bodies of bad children. The best way to avoid this punishment is to eat beans, which form, therefore, a common dish on Twelfth-Night; but another mode of avoiding these persecutions is to place a mortar on the body, and to offer up for good luck a certain prayer composed expressly for this occasion, and called the Avemaria della Befana.

It is curious, too, to note how the physiognomy of this imaginary character varies among different nations and under different influences. The Christ-kindchen of Germany is an image of the infant Christ himself. The Santa Claus is a clumsier impersonation, in which the figures of the ancient Teutonic legend are scarcely hidden under the Christian garb of the Church; while the Befana of Italy is a bizarre creature made up of fragments and spoils from various scriptural figures. In Venice, Girolamo Tartarotti informs us that this figure is called Radodese, which is probably a corruption of the name of Herod, or Erode.

As far back as the twelfth century, mysteries and *pia spectacula* were given, representing the visit of the kings to Christ, and the flight into Egypt. Galvano della Fiamma,

the Milanese historian, tells us that it was the custom in Milan, in the year 1326, for three persons, crowned, dressed as kings, mounted on large horses, and followed by a great concourse of people, to go through the streets at Epiphany, with a golden star carried before them. This procession went to the square of San Lorenzo, where was seated a person representing King Herod, and surrounded by the scribes and wise men, when a long dialogue took place between them. In other places, a beautiful girl was put upon an ass, carrying an infant in her arms, and followed by an old man on foot, which was intended, of course, to represent the flight into Egypt. In later times these celebrations were travestied by the Befana, who went through the streets accompanied by persons carrying burning brooms or sheaves of straw, ringing bells, and blowing horns and whistles; and even to the present day, in some places, a figure stuffed with straw, and dressed grotesquely, is carried in procession through the streets, and followed by a cheering and hooting crowd.

The burning broom which was carried in the procession of the Befana was not without significance; for according to some legend she is said to have been an old woman, who was engaged in cleaning the house when the three kings passed carrying their presents to the infant Christ. She was called to the window to see them; but being too intent on the worldly matters of the household, she declined to intermit her sweeping, saying: "I will see them as they return." Unfortunately the kings did not return by the same road, and the old woman is represented as waiting and watching for them eternally. She is, in fact, a sort of female Wandering Jew, who never lays aside her broom.

The whole month of December was formerly dedicated to Saturn, and was given up to the wild festivities of the Saturnalia, of which Carnival and Twelfth-Night retain many striking features. The *moccoletti*, for instance, is manifestly a reproduction of the Saturnalian *cerei*; and the ancient custom of electing a mock king at this season is still a characteristic ceremony of Twelfth-Night. Under Augustus, the Saturnalia Proper only occupied three days, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of December; but two days were afterwards added under the name of the Opalia; and, still later, the Sigillaria increased the number of days to seven. This last

festival received its name from the *Sigilla*, which were then exposed for sale and given as toys to children; and these *sigilla* were neither more nor less than little earthenware figures, similar to those which form so striking a peculiarity in the modern celebration of Epiphany in the Piazza Sant' Eustachio.

The custom of giving and receiving presents at Epiphany is by no means confined to children. It is universal, extending even to the Pope and College of Cardinals, and assuming the form of a religious and symbolical ceremony. On Epiphany morning, the Cardinal Prodatario, who is head of the College of ninety-nine apostolic writers, used, by ancient custom, formally to present the members of the College to the Pope, upon which one of the members, after pronouncing a Latin address, placed in his hands a Tribute, or Befana as it was called, consisting of a hundred ducats in gold placed in a cup or chalice of silver which was valued at thirty-five *scudi*. This chalice was, however, sometimes of gold, and together with the ducats made up the sum of 200 *scudi*. The Pope in accepting it made a reply in Latin, and graciously allowed the writers to kiss his foot. This ceremony has been omitted since the year 1802; but the Befana tribute is still presented to the Pope by the Cardinal Prodatario in behalf of the College —and still graciously accepted.

At the two periods of Christmas and Easter, the young Roman girls take their first communion. The former, however, is generally preferred, as it is a season of rejoicing in the Church, and the ceremonies are not so sad as at Easter. In entering upon this religious phase of their life, it is their custom to retire to a convent, and pass a week in prayer and reciting the offices of the Church. During this period, no friend, not even their parents, is allowed to visit them, and information as to their health and condition is very reluctantly and sparingly given at the door. In case of illness, the physician of the convent is called; and even then neither parent is allowed to see them, except, perhaps, in very severe cases. Of course, during their stay in the convent, every exertion is made by the sisters to render a monastic life agreeable, and to stimulate the religious sensibilities of the young communicant. The pleasures of society and the world are decried, and the charms of peace, devotion, and spiritual exercises eulogized, until sometimes the excited imagination

of the communicant leaves her no rest, before she has returned to the convent, and taken the veil as a nun. The happiness of families is thus sometimes destroyed; and I knew one very united and pleasant Roman family which in this way was sadly broken up. Two of three sisters were so worked upon at their first communion, that the prayers of family and friends proved unavailing to retain them in their home. The more they were urged to remain, the more they desired to go, and the parents, brothers, and remaining sister were forced to yield a most reluctant consent. They retired into the convent and became nuns. It was almost as if they had died. From that time forward, the home was no longer a home. I saw them when they took the veil, and a sadder spectacle was not easily to be seen. The girls were happy, but the parents and family wretched, and the parting was tearful and sad. They do not seem since to have regretted the step they then took; but regret would be unavailing—and even if they felt it, they could scarcely show it. The occupation of the sisters in the monastery they have joined is prayers, the offices of the Church, and, I believe, a little instruction of poor children. But gossip among themselves, of the pettiest kind, must make up for the want of wider worldly interests. In such limited relations, little jealousies engender great hypocrisies; a restricted horizon enlarges small objects. The repressed heart and introverted mind, deprived of their natural scope, consume themselves in self-consciousness, and duties easily degenerate into routine. We are not all in all to ourselves; the world has claims upon us which it is cowardice to shrink from, and folly to deny. Self-forgetfulness is a great virtue, and selfishness a great vice. After all, the best religious service is honest labour. Large interests keep the heart sound; and the best of prayers is the doing of a good act with a pure purpose.

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

When the snow is disappearing from Monte Gennaro and the Sabine Mountains, picnic parties begin to spread their tables under the Pamfili Doria pines, and draw St. Peter's as seen from the old wall near the ilex avenue, or make trips

to Frascati, Tusculum, and Albano, or spend a day in wandering among the ruins of the Etruscan city of Veii, lost to the world so long ago that even the site of it was unknown to the Cæsars; or stroll by the shore at Ostia, or under the magnificent *pineta* at Castel Fusano, whose lofty trees repeat, as in a dream, the sound of the blue Mediterranean that washes the coast at half a mile distant. There is no lack of places that Time has shattered and strewn with relics, leaving Nature to festoon her ruins and heal her wounds with tenderest vines and flowers, where one may spend a charming day and dream of the old times.

Spring has come. The nightingales already begin to bubble into song under the Ludovisi ilexes and in the Barberini Gardens. Daisies have snowed all over the Campagna, periwinkles star the grass, crocuses and anemones impurple the spaces between the rows of springing grain along the still brown slopes. At every turn in the streets basketfuls of sweet-scented Parma violets are offered you by little girls and boys; and at the corner of the Condotti and Corso is a splendid show of camellias, set into beds of double violets, and sold for a song. Now and then one meets huge baskets filled with these delicious violets, on their way to the confectioners and *caffès*, where they will be made into syrup; for the Italians are very fond of this *bibita*, and prize it not only for its flavour but for its medicinal qualities. Violets seem to rain over the villas in spring, acres are purple with them, and the air all around is sweet with their fragrance. Every day scores of motors are driving about the Borghese grounds, which are open to the public, and hundreds of children are running about, plucking flowers and playing on the lovely slopes and in the shadows of the noble trees, while their parents stroll at a distance and wait for them in the shady avenues.

If one drives out at any of the gates he will see that spring is come. The hedges are putting forth their leaves, the almond trees are in full blossom, and in the vineyards the *contadini* are setting cane-poles and trimming the vines to run upon them. Here and there along the slopes the rude antique plough, dragged heavily along by great grey oxen, turns up the rich loam. Here and there the smoke of distant bonfires, burning heaps of useless stubble, shows against the dreamy purple hills like the pillar of cloud that led the Israelites. One smells

the sharp odour of these fires everywhere, and hears them crackle in the fields:

" Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis."

The olive orchards have been already blessed by the Church, so as to preserve them from destruction by tempest and lightning, and to this precaution has been added insurance against hail at the various offices; and everywhere on the hill-sides farmers may be seen carefully pruning away the dead branches and loosening the soil about their " old fantastic roots ".

On *festa*-days the wayside *osterias* (*con cucina*) are crowded by parties who come out to sit under the green arbours of vines, drink wine grown on the very spot, and regale themselves with a fry of eggs and chopped sausages or a slice of lamb, and enjoy the delicious air that breathes from the mountains. Files of scholars from the Propaganda stream along, now and then, two by two, their leading strings swinging behind them, and in their ranks all shades of physiognomy, from African and Egyptian to Irish and American. Youths from the English College, and Germans, in red, go by in companies. All the minor schools, too, will be out—little boys, in black hats, following the lead of their priest-master (for all masters are priests), orphan girls in white, convoyed by Sisters of Charity, and the deaf and dumb with their masters. Scores of *ciociari* also may be seen in faded scarlets, with their wardrobes of wretched clothes, and sometimes a basket with a baby in it on their heads. The *contadini* who have been to Rome to be hired for the week to labour on the Campagna come tramping along, one of them often mounted on a donkey and followed by a group carrying their implements with them; while hundreds of the middle classes, husbands and wives with their children, and *paini* and *paine* with all their jewellery on, are out to take their holiday stroll and to see and be seen.

During all Lent a sort of bun, called *maritozze*, which is filled with the edible kernels of the pine-cone, made light with oil and thinly crusted with sugar, is eaten by the faithful—and a very good Catholic " institution " it is. But in the festival days of San Giuseppe, gaily ornamented booths are built at the corner of many of the streets, which are adorned with great green branches as large as young trees and hung with

red and gold draperies, where the *Frittelle di San Giuseppe* are fried in huge caldrons of boiling oil and lard and served out to the common people. These fritters, which are a delicate batter mixed sometimes with rice, are eaten by all good Catholics, though one need not be a Catholic to find them excellent eating. In front of the principal booths are swung *Sonetti* in praise of the Saint, of the cook, and of the doughnuts, some of them declaring that Mercury has already descended from Olympus at the command of the gods to secure a large supply of the fritters, and praying all believers to make haste or there will be no more left. The latter alternative seems little probable when one sees the quantity of provision laid in by the vendors. Their prayer, however, is heeded by all; and a gay scene enough it is—especially at night when the great cups filled with lard are lighted, and the shadows dance on the crowd, and the light flashes on the tinsel-covered festoons that sway with the wind and illuminates the booth, while the smoke rises from the great caldrons which flank it on either side, and the cooks, all in white, ladle out the dripping fritters into large polished platters, and laugh and joke and laud their work, and shout at the top of their lungs, " Ecco le belle, ma belle frittelle!" For weeks this frying continues in the streets; but after the day of San Giuseppe, not only the sacred fritters are made, but thousands of minute fishes, fragments of cauliflower, *broccoli*, cabbage, and artichokes go into the hissing oil and are heaped upon the platters and vases. For all sorts of fries the Romans are justly celebrated. The sweet olive oil, which takes the place of our butter and lard, makes the fry light, delicate, and of a beautiful golden colour; and spread upon the snowy tables of these booths their odour is so appetizing and their look so inviting that I have often been tempted to join the crowds who fill their plates and often their pocket-handkerchiefs (*con rispetto*) with these golden fry, " fritti dorati " as they are called, and thus do honour to the Saint and comfort their stomachs with holy food, which quells the devil of hunger within.

This festival of San Giuseppe, which takes place on the 19th of March, bears a curious resemblance to the *Liberalia* of the ancient Romans, a festival in honour of Bacchus, which was celebrated every year on the 17th of March, when priests and priestesses, adorned with garlands of ivy, carried through the

city wine, honey, cakes, and sweetmeats, together with a portable altar, in the middle of which was a small fire-pan (*foculus*), in which, from time to time, sacrifices were burnt. The altar has now become a booth, the *foculus* a caldron, the sacrifices are of little fishes as well as of cakes, and San Giuseppe has taken the place of Bacchus, Liber Pater; but the festivals, despite these differences, have such grotesque points of resemblance that the latter looks like the former, just as one's face is still one's face however distortedly reflected in the bowl of a spoon; and, perhaps, if one remembers the third day of the Anthesteria, when cooked vegetables were offered in honour of Bacchus, by putting it together with the Liberalia we shall easily get the modern *festa* of San Giuseppe.

But not only at this time and at these booths are good *fritti* to be found. It is a favourite mode of cooking in Rome; and a mixed fry (*fritta mista*) of bits of liver, brains, cauliflower, and artichokes is a staple dish always ready at every restaurant. At any *osteria con cucina* on the Campagna one is also sure of a good omelet and salad; and, sitting under the vines, after a long walk, I have made as savoury a lunch on these two articles as ever I found in the most glittering restaurant in the Palais Royal. If one add the background of exquisite mountains, the middle distance of flowery slopes where herds of long-haired goats, sheep, and grey oxen are feeding among the skeletons of broken aqueducts, ruined tombs, and shattered mediæval towers, and the foreground made up of picturesque groups of peasants who lounge about the door and come and go, and men from the Campagna, on horseback, with their dark capacious cloaks and long ironed staff, who have come from counting their oxen and superintending the farming, and *carrettieri*, stopping in their hooded wine-carts or ringing along the road—there is, perhaps, as much to charm the artist as is to be seen while sipping beer or *eau gazeuse* on the hot Parisian *asphalte*, where the *grisette* studiously shows her clean ankles and the dandy struts in his patent-leather boots.

And here, in passing, one word on the onions and garlic, whose odour issues from the mouths of every Italian crowd like the fumes from the maw of Fridolin's dragon. Everybody eats them in Italy; the upper classes show them to their dishes to give them a flavour, and the lower use them not only as a flavour but as a food. When only a formal

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THE ANCIENT COVERED BRIDGE OF NOMENTANA

On the small River Aniene.

introduction of them is made to a dish I confess that the result is far from disagreeable; but that close, intimate, and absorbing relation existing between them and the lowest classes is frightful. *Senza complimenti*, it is " tolerable and not to be endured ". When a poor man can procure a raw onion and a hunch of black bread he does not want a dinner; and towards noon many and many a one may be seen sitting like a king upon a doorstep, or making a statuesque finish to a palace *portone*, cheerfully munching this spare meal and taking his siesta after it, full-length upon the bare pavement, as calmly as if he were in the perfumed chambers of the great:

> " Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody."

And, indeed, so he is; for the canopy of the soft blue sky is above him, and the plashing fountains lull him to his dreams. Nor is he without ancient authority for his devotion to those twin saints, Cipollo and Aglio. There is an " odour of sanctity " about them, turn up our noses as we may. The ancient Egyptians offered them as first fruits upon the altars of their gods, and employed them also in the services for the dead; and such was their attachment to them that the followers of Moses hankered after them despite the manna, and longed for " the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely ". Nay, even the fastidious Greeks not only used them as a charm against the Evil Eye, but ate them with delight. In the *Symposium* of Xenophon, Socrates specially recommends them, and Galen discourses wisely and at length on their admirable qualities. On this occasion several curious reasons for their use are adduced, of which we who despise them should not be ignorant. Niceratus says that they relish well with wine, citing Homer in confirmation of his opinion; Callias affirms that they inspire courage in battle; and Charmidas clenches the matter by declaring that they are most useful in " deceiving a jealous wife, who, finding her husband returned with his breath smelling of onions, would be induced to believe he had not saluted anyone while from home ".

An indication of the approach of Holy Week is the Easter egg, which now makes its appearance, and warns us of the solemnities to come. Sometimes it is stained yellow, purple,

red, green, or striped with various colours; sometimes it is crowned with paste-work, representing, in a most primitive way, a hen—her body being the egg, and her pastry head adorned with a disproportionately tall feather. These eggs are exposed for sale at the corners of the streets and bought by everybody, and every sort of ingenious device is resorted to to attract customers and render them attractive. This custom is probably derived from the East, where the egg is the symbol of the primitive state of the world and of the creation of things. The new year formerly began at the spring equinox, about Easter; and at that period of the renewal of nature, a festival was celebrated in the new moon of the month Phamenoth, in honour of Osiris, when painted and gilded eggs were exchanged as presents in reference to the beginning of all things. The transference of the commencement of the year to January deprived the Paschal egg of its significance. Formerly in France, and still in Russia as in Italy, it had a religious significance, and was never distributed until it had received a solemn benediction. On Good Friday a priest in his robes, with an attendant, may be seen going into every door in the street to bless the house, the inhabitants, and the eggs. The last, coloured and arranged according to the taste of the individual, are spread upon a table, which is decorated with box, flowers, and whatever ornamental dishes the family possesses. The priest is received with bows at the door; and when he has sprinkled holy water around and given his benediction he is rewarded with a gratuity according to the piety and purse of the proprietor; while into the basket of his attendant is always dropped a loaf of bread, a couple of eggs, a *baiocco*, or some such trifle.

The egg plays a prominent part in the religions of the ancient world, and serious discussions are to be found in Plutarch and Macrobius whether the egg or the hen was first produced: philosophers and learned men declared that the egg contained in itself all four elements, and was therefore a microcosm. It was used in auguries, and was placed by the ancient Romans on the table at the beginning of their repasts; and at the feasts in honour of the dead it also had a prominent place. The ancient Jews at Passover, after purifying and cleansing the house, placed hard eggs on the table as a symbol; as well as cakes, dates, and dried figs. The Greeks and Romans also used the egg in expiations, and when they

blessed the houses and temples, and sprinkled them with lustral water, they carried an egg with them. The account of the blessing of a ship by Apuleius might almost stand for a description of the modern ceremony at Passover. "The high priest," he says, "carrying a lighted torch and an egg, and some sulphur, made the most solemn prayers with his chaste lips, completely purified it, and consecrated it to the goddess."

Beside the blessing of the eggs and house, it is the custom in some parts of Italy (and I have particularly observed it in Siena) for the priest, at Easter, to affix to the door of the chief palaces and villas a waxen cross, or the letter M in wax, so as to guard the house from evil spirits. But only the houses of the rich are thus protected; for the priests bestow favours only "for a consideration", which the poor cannot so easily give.

It is at this season too that the *pizzicheria* shops are gaily dressed in the manner so graphically described by Hans Andersen in his "Improvisatore". No wonder that, to little Antonio, the interior of one of these shops looked like a realization of Paradise; for they are really splendid; and when glittering with candles and lamps at night the effect is very striking. Great sides of bacon and lard are ranged endwise in regular bars all round the interior, and adorned with stripes of various colours, mixed with golden spangles and flashing tinsel; while over and under them, in reticulated work, are piled scores upon scores of brown cheeses, in the form of pyramids, columns, towers, with eggs set into their interstices. From the ceiling and around the doorway hang wreaths and necklaces of sausages, or groups of long gourd-like cheeses twined about with box, or netted wire baskets filled with Easter eggs, or great bunches of white candles gathered together at the wicks. Seen through these, at the bottom of the shop, is a picture of the Madonna, with scores of candles burning about it and gleaming upon the tinsel hangings and spangles with which it is decorated. Underneath this there is often represented an elaborate *presepio*, or, when this is not the case, the animals may be seen mounted here and there on the cheeses. Candelabra of eggs, curiously bound together, so as to resemble bunches of gigantic white grapes, are swung from the centre of the ceiling, and cups of coloured glass with a taper in them, or red paper lanterns, and terra-cotta lamps of the antique form show here and there their little

flames among the flitches of bacon and cheeses; while, in the midst of all this splendour, the figure of the *pizzicagnolo* moves to and fro like a high priest at a ceremony. Nor is this illumination exclusive. The doors, often of the full width of the shop, are thrown wide open, and the glory shines upon all passers-by. It is the apotheosis of ham and cheese, around which true Christians crowd to wonder and admire.

At last comes Holy Week, with its pilgrims that flock from every part of the world. Every hotel and furnished apartment is crowded. The streets are filled with Germans, English, French, Americans, all on the move, coming and going, and anxiously inquiring about the ceremonies, and when they are to take place, and where.

All this, however, is done by the strangers. The Romans, on these high festivals, do not go to Saint Peter's, but perform their religious services at their parish churches, calmly and peacefully; for in Saint Peter's all is a spectacle. "How shall I, a true son of the Holy Church," asks Pasquin, "obtain admittance to her services?" And Marforio answers, "Declare you are an Englishman, and swear you are a heretic."

The one thing our friends will not believe or understand is that these ceremonies of the Church are religious ceremonies—on the contrary, they insist on regarding them as spectacles got up for foreigners and heretics to stare at, and they count it no shame to be guilty of conduct in the Catholic Church which they would resent if it should be tried in their own. They go to see the crowd, to meet their friends, to look jeeringly or at least critically on all that takes place. They chat with each other while mass is going on, without taking the trouble to move away from among those who seriously wish to hear if not to perform a religious duty—in a word, they behave as if they were at a spectacle. The same course was tried a short time since at the English Chapel outside the Porta del Popolo by a young Frenchman. He had no intention of offending anyone, but observing that the English all acted in this manner in his own churches, he thought he was justified in following their example in their church. "Where can one see all the pretty English girls of which one hears so much?" said he, one day, to a friend. "Why, at their Chapel," said his friend. "You will see them all there." So he went one Sunday to the English

Chapel. He was a little late. Service had already commenced; but no matter. In he walked, all were seated and solemnly joining in the prayers. So he sauntered up the aisle, begged pardon of those against whose dresses he tripped—stopped half-way, turned round, put up his glass, and began to make a general study of all the assembly—and particularly of the younger and fairer portion of it. While thus engaged, what was his surprise to see a man he did not know beckon him and point to a seat. He declined, he did not want a seat. But at last the Verger approached him, and with stern persistence put him into a seat in the innermost corner of the Church, where he was forced to stay out the service. He recounted the fact, and added—" Mais ils sont drôles, ces Anglais!"

Our review of Roman customs would not be complete without a reference to the games one sees played in the streets and public squares. Of these the most common used to be *Morra*. I say " used ", for now it is forbidden within the city, but outside the gates or even in some quiet street corner you may still see it indulged in.

Two persons place themselves opposite each other, holding their right hands closed before them. They then simultaneously and with a sudden gesture throw out their hands, some of the fingers being extended, and others shut up on the palm—each calling out in a loud voice, at the same moment, the number he guesses the fingers extended by himself and his adversary to make. If neither cry out aright, or if both cry out aright, nothing is gained or lost; but if only one guess the true number, he wins a point. Thus, if one throw out four fingers and the other two, he who cries out six makes a point, unless the other cry out the same number. The points are generally five, though sometimes they are doubled; and as they are made, they are marked by the left hand, which, during the whole game, is held stiffly in the air at about the shoulders' height, one finger being extended for every point. When the *partito* is won, the winner cries out " Fatto!" or " Guadagnato!" or " Vinto!" or else strikes his hands across each other in sign of triumph. This last sign is also used when Double *Morra* is played, to indicate that five points are made.

Nothing is more simple and apparently easy than *Morra*, yet to play it well requires quickness of perception and readi-

ness in the calculation of chances. As each player, of course, knows how many fingers he himself throws out, the main point is to guess the number of fingers thrown by his opponent, and to add the two instantaneously together. A player of skill will soon detect the favourite numbers of his antagonist; and it is curious to see how remarkably clever some of them are in divining, from the movement of the hand, the number to be thrown. The game is always played with great vivacity, the hands being flung out with vehemence, and the numbers shouted at the full pitch of the voice, so as to be heard at a considerable distance. It is from the sudden opening of the fingers, while the hands are in the air, that the old Roman phrase, *micare digitis*, " to flash with the fingers ", is derived.

A bottle of wine is generally the stake; and round the *osterias*, of a *festa*-day, when the game is played after the blood has been heated and the nerves strained by previous potations, the regular volleyed explosions of " Tre! Cinque! Otto! Tutti!" are often interrupted by hot discussions. But these are generally settled peacefully by the bystanders, who act as umpires—and the excitement goes off in talk. The question arises almost invariably upon the number of fingers flashed out; for an unscrupulous player has great opportunities of cheating, by holding a finger half extended, so as to be able to close or open it afterwards according to circumstances; but sometimes the losing party will dispute as to the number called out. The thumb is the father of all evil at *Morra*, it being often impossible to say whether it was intended to be closed or not, and an unskilful player is easily deceived in this matter by a clever one. When " Tutti " is called, all the fingers, thumb and all, must be extended, and then it is an even chance that a discussion will take place as to whether the thumb was out. Sometimes, when the blood is hot, and one of the parties has been losing, violent quarrels will arise, which the umpires cannot decide; and, in very rare cases, knives are drawn and blood is spilled.

No game has a better pedigree than *Morra*. It was played by the Egyptians more than two thousand years before the Christian era. In the paintings at Thebes, and in the temples of Beni-Hassan, seated figures may be seen playing it—some keeping their reckoning with the left hand uplifted—some

striking off the game with both hands, to show that it was won—and, in a word, using the same gestures as the modern Romans. From Egypt it was introduced into Greece. The Romans brought it from Greece at an early period, and it has existed among them ever since, having suffered apparently no alteration. Its ancient Roman name was *Micatio*, and to play it was called *micare digitis*—(to flash with the fingers)—the modern name *Morra* being merely a corruption of the verb *micare*. Varro describes it precisely as it is now played; and Cicero, in the first book of his treatise *De Divinatione*, thus alludes to it: "Quid enim est sors? Idem propemodum quod *micare*, quod talos jacere, quod tesseras; quibus in rebus temeritas et casus, non ratio et consilium valent." So common was it, that it became the basis of an admirable proverb, to denote the honesty of a person: "Dignus est quicum in tenebris mices," "so trustworthy, that one may play *Morra* with him in the dark." At one period they carried their love of it so far, that they used to settle by *micatio* the sales of merchandise and meat in the Forum, until Apronius, prefect of the city, prohibited the practice in the following terms, as appears by an old inscription, which is particularly interesting as containing an admirable pun: "Sub exagio potius pecora vendere quam digitis concludentibus tradere", "Sell your sheep by the balance, and do not bargain or deceive" (*tradere* having both these meanings), "by opening and shutting your fingers at *Morra*."

One of the various kinds of the old Roman game of *Pila* still survives under the modern name of *Pallone*. It is played between two sides, each numbering from five to eight persons. Each of the players is armed with a *bracciale*, or gauntlet of wood, covering the hand and extending nearly up to the elbow, with which a heavy ball is beaten backwards and forwards, high into the air, from one side to the other. The object of the game is to keep the ball in constant flight, and whoever suffers it to fall dead within his bounds loses. It may, however, be struck in its first rebound, though the best strokes are before it touches the ground. The gauntlets are hollow tubes of wood, thickly studded outside with pointed bosses, projecting an inch and a half, and having inside, across the end, a transverse bar, which is grasped by the hand, so as to render them manageable to the wearer. The

balls, which are of the size of a large cricket-ball, are made of leather, and so heavy that, when well played, they are capable of breaking the arm unless properly received on the gauntlet. They are inflated with air, which is pumped into them with a long syringe, through a small aperture closed by a valve inside. The game is played on an oblong figure marked out on the ground, or determined by the wall around the sunken platform on which it is played; and across the centre is drawn a transverse line, dividing equally the two sides. Whenever a ball either falls outside the lateral boundary, or is not struck over the central line, it counts against the party playing it. When it flies over the extreme limits, it is called a *volata*, and is reckoned the best stroke that can be made. At the end of the lists is a spring-board, on which the principal player stands. The best batter is always selected for this post; the others are distributed about. Near him stands the *pallonaio*, whose office is to keep the balls well inflated with air, and he is busy nearly all the time. Facing him, at a short distance, is the *mandarino*, who gives ball. As soon as the ball leaves the *mandarino's* hand, the chief batter runs forward to meet it, and strikes it as far and high as he can, with the gauntlet. Four times in succession have I seen a good player strike a *volata*, with the loud applause of the spectators. When this does not occur, the two sides bat the ball backwards and forwards, from one to the other, sometimes fifteen or twenty times before the point is won; and as it falls here and there, now flying high in the air and caught at once on the gauntlet before touching the ground, now glancing back from the wall which generally forms one side of the lists, the players rush eagerly to hit it, calling loudly to each other, and often displaying great agility, skill, and strength. The interest now becomes very exciting; the bystanders shout when a good stroke is made, and groan and hiss at a miss, until finally the ball is struck over the lists, or lost within them. The points of the game are fifty—the first two strokes counting fifteen each, and the others ten each. When one side makes the fifty before the other has made anything, it is called a *marcio*, and counts double. When both parties count forty, the caller cries out "alle due," and the count is carried back on both sides to thirty, so that two successive counts must be made by one to win the game. As each point is made, it is shouted by the caller, who stands in the middle

and keeps the count, and proclaims the bets of the spectators; and after each game "si passa", or an "over", is taken, the two sides changing position.

This game is as national to the Italians as cricket to the English. They give themselves to it with all the enthusiasm of their nature, and many a young fellow injures himself for life by the fierceness of his batting.

Poets, also, have celebrated this manly game; and whoever would read a noble poem will find it in the spirited Ode, "To a player at Pallone", by Leopardi; while whoever prefers a biting satire will find it in the poem by Belli, in Romanesco dialect, entitled "Er giucator de Pallone".

Another favourite game of ball among the Romans is *Bocce* or *Boccette*. It is played between two sides, consisting of any number of persons, each of whom has two large wooden balls of about the size of an average American nine-pin ball. Besides these, there is a little ball called the *lecco*. This is rolled first by one of the winning party to any distance he pleases, and the object is to roll or pitch the *boccette* or large balls so as to place them beside the *lecco*. Every ball of one side nearer to the *lecco* than any ball of the other counts one point in the game—the number of points depending on the agreement of the parties. The game is played on the ground, and not upon any smooth or prepared plane; and as the *lecco* often runs into hollows, or poises itself on some uneven declivity, it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to play the other balls near to it. The great skill of the game consists, however, in displacing the balls of the adverse party so as to make the balls of the playing party count, and a clever player will often change the whole aspect of affairs by one well-directed throw. The balls are thrown alternately —first by a player on one side, and then by a player on the other. As the game advances, the interest increases, and there is a constant variety. However good a throw is made, it may be ruined by the next. Sometimes the ball is pitched with great accuracy, so as to strike a close-counting ball far into the distance, while the new ball takes its place. Sometimes the *lecco* itself is suddenly transplanted into a new position, which entirely reverses all the previous counting. It is the last ball which decides the game, and of course it is eagerly watched.

A favourite game in Rome and Tuscany is *Ruzzola*, so called from the circular disk of wood with which it is played. Round this the player winds tightly a cord, which, by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand, he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing at this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible the disk is seen bounding round some curve, to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the farthest wins a point. It is an excellent walking game, and it requires some knack to play the disk evenly along the road. Often the swiftest disks, when not well directed, bound over the hedges, knock themselves down against the walls, or bury themselves in the tangled ditches; and when well played, if they chance to hit a stone in the road, they will leap wildly into the air, at the risk of serious injury to any unfortunate passer. In the country, instead of wooden disks, the *contadini* often use *cacio di capra*, a kind of hard goat's cheese, whose rind will resist the roughest play. What, then, must be the digestive powers of those who eat it, may be imagined. Like the peptic countryman, they probably do not know they have a stomach, not having ever felt it.

In common with the French, the Romans have a passion for the game of Dominoes. Every *caffè* is supplied with a number of boxes, and, in the evening especially, it is played by young and old, with a seriousness which strikes us British with surprise. We generally have a contempt for this game, and look upon it as childish. But I know not why. It is by no means easy to play well, and requires a careful memory and quick powers of combination and calculation. No *caffè* in Rome or Marseille would be complete without its little black and white counters; and as it interests at once the most mercurial and fidgety of people and the laziest and languidest, it must have some hidden charm as yet unrevealed to the Anglo-Saxon.

Still another and very common game in Rome, which is worthy of notice here simply because of its ancient pedigree, is a game played with walnuts. Four or five of these are piled pyramidally together, when the players, withdrawing to a short distance, pitch another walnut at them, and he who succeeds in striking and dispersing the heap wins. This

is manifestly the game played by the little boys of ancient Rome, and alluded to by the author of the *Nux Elegia*:

> " Quatuor in nucibus, non amplius, alea tota est
> Cum tibi suppositis additur una tribus."[1]

But the game of games in Rome is the Lottery. This is under the direction of the government, which has organized it into a means of raising revenue. The financial objection to this method of taxation is, that its hardest pressure is upon the poorest classes; but the moral and political objections are still stronger. The habit of gambling engendered by it ruins the temper, depraves the morals, and keeps up a constant state of excitement at variance with any settled and serious occupation. The temptations to laziness which it offers are too great for any people luxurious or idle by temperament; and the demon of Luck is set upon the altar which should be dedicated to Industry. If one happy chance can bring a fortune, who will live laborious days to gain a competence? The common classes in Rome are those who are most corrupted by the lottery; and when they can neither earn nor borrow lire to play, they strive to obtain them by beggary, cheating, and sometimes by theft. The fallacious hope that their ticket will some day bring a prize leads them from step to step, until, having emptied their purses, they are tempted to raise the necessary funds by any justifiable means. When you pay them their wages or throw them a *buona-mano*, they instantly run to the lottery-office to play it. Loss after loss does not discourage them. It is always the next time they are to win.

There has been some difference of opinion as to whether the lottery was of later Italian invention, or dated back to the Roman Empire—some even contending that it was in existence in Egypt long before that period; and several ingenious discussions may be found on this subject in the journals and annals of the French *savants*. A strong claim has been put forward for the ancient Romans, on the ground that Nero, Titus, and Heliogabalus were in the habit of writing on bits of wood and shells the names of various articles which they intended to distribute, and then casting them to

[1] In stakes of nuts the gambling boys agree,
Three placed below, a fourth to crown the three.

the crowd to be scrambled for.[1] On some of these shells and billets were inscribed the names of slaves, precious vases, costly dresses, articles of silver and gold, valuable beasts, &c., which became the property of the fortunate persons who secured the billets and shells. On others were written absurd and useless articles, which turned the laugh against the unfortunate finder. Some, for instance, had inscribed upon them ten pieces of gold, and some ten cabbages. Some were for one hundred bears, and some for one egg. Some for five camels, and some for ten flies. In one sense, these were lotteries, and the Emperors deserve all due credit for their invention. But the lottery, according to its modern signification, is of Italian origin, and had its birth in Upper Italy as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Here it was principally practised by the Venetians and Genoese, under the name of *Borsa di Ventura*—the prizes consisting originally not of money, but of merchandise of every kind—precious stones, pictures, gold and silver work, and similar articles. The great difference between them and the ancient lotteries of Heliogabalus and Nero was that tickets were bought and prizes drawn. The lottery soon came to be played, however, for money, and was considered so admirable an invention that it was early imported into France, where Francis I, in 1539, granted letters-patent for the establishment of one. In the seventeenth century this *infezione*, as an old Italian writer calls it, was introduced into Holland and England, and at a still later date into Germany. Those who invented it still retain it; but those who adopted it have rejected it. After nearly three centuries' existence in France, it was abolished on the 31st of December, 1835. The last drawing was at Paris, on the 27th of the same month, when the number of players was so great that it became necessary to close the offices before the appointed time, and one Englishman is said to have gained a *quaterno* of the sum of one million two hundred thousand francs. When abolished in France, the government was drawing from it a net revenue of twenty millions of francs.

In Italy the lottery was proscribed by Innocent XII, Benedict XIII, and Clement XII. But it was soon revived. It was not without vehement opposers then as now, as may be seen by a little work published at Pisa in the early part of the

[1] See Dessault, *Traité de la Passion du Jeu.*

eighteenth century, entitled, *L' Inganno non conosciuto, oppure non voluto conoscere, nell' Estrazione de Lotto*. Muratori, in 1696, calls it, in *Annals of Italy*, " Inventione dell' amara malizia per succiare il sangue dei malaccorti giuocatori." In a number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, published at Rome by the Jesuits (the motto of which is " Beatus Populus cujus Dominus Deus est "), there is, on the other hand, an elaborate and most Jesuitical article, in which the lottery is defended with amusing skill. What Christendom in general has agreed to consider immoral and pernicious in its effects on a people seems, on the contrary, to the writer of this article, to be highly moral and commendable.

During the early autumnal months, nothing can be more exquisite than the landscape about Rome. A delicate vapour silvers over the far-off range of the horizon, where the mountains almost mingle with the sky. Nearer they are tremulous with tender floating lights and transparent violet shadows, with purple bands and patches where the forest is growing, or streaks of dark blue where shadows are cast upon them by the wandering clouds. Climbing along the slopes, which are of a rich golden brown now that the harvest has been reaped, delicate grey olives almost seem to float like puffs of motionless smoke, casting a spectral shadow on the ground beneath, or where the sun strikes athwart them they show their silvery tops as flat as if they had been sheared by the scythe. In the green vineyard rows the vine-leaves are beginning to rust; and here and there are seen splashes of brilliant crimson and yellow among the purple grapes. Cone-like cypresses stand dark and serious amid the lighter foliage, showing their golden balls in the slanting sun. Solemn parliaments of tall stone-pines, with amber-brown trunks and broad green tops are gathered here and there in groves, or stand alone guarding the ruins of some ancient tomb over which they cast their shadow. Little towns and villages are spotted in soft brown upon the mountain-sides. Under the villa walls and in the hedgerows are flocks of goats, that browse at their will or sleep in the shade. Beneath the eaves of the farmhouses or along the *loggie* are hung clustering ears of brilliant yellow maize, and set upon the ledge to dry in the sun are rows of red tomatoes. Against the grey villa walls here and there a rose-hued oleander rears its rich clusters of

flowers, or a pomegranate or orange tree shows its glowing fruit. Grey oxen are in the valley straining at the plough, and turning up the rich brown soil, or stopping to drink at some great stone tank. Look wherever you will, all is rich and lovely in colour, and pictorial in grouping and outline, and over the whole landscape is a soft bloom like that upon a delicate plum.

In the latter part of September comes the vintage festival, which is the most antique and picturesque of all. It is the remnant of the old Roman Dionysia, purged of its ancient licentiousness, but retaining many of its most salient peculiarities. Bacchus alone, of all the antique gods of Rome, still survives. In some places on the confines of Naples his *oscilla* or masks are still hung upon the trees in the vineyards for luck, and songs are sung in his praise, and masks are worn in the procession of the vintage as in the ancient days.

Bacchus also has survived in the speech of the people, who still swear, *Per Bacco—Per Dingi* or *Dinci* (*Dionygi*) *Bacco*; and the ancient *bassi rilievi* representing the triumphant return of Bacchus after subduing India show that this festival was the ancient prototype of the modern procession of the vintage.

And here, by the way, a curious feature in the oaths of the Italians may be remarked. " Dio mio ", is merely an exclamation of sudden surprise or wonder; " Madonna mia ", of pity and sorrow; and " Per Cristo ", of hatred and revenge. It is in the name of Christ, and not of God (as with us), that imprecations, curses, and maledictions, are invoked by an Italian upon persons and things which have excited his rage; and the reason is very simple. Christ is to him the judge and avenger of all, and so represented in every picture he sees, from Orcagna's and Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* down, while the Eternal Father is a peaceful old figure bending over him as he hurls down denunciations on the damned. Christ has but two aspects to him—one as the *Bambino* or baby, and one as the terrible avenger of all. The oath comes from the Middle Ages, when Christ was looked upon mostly in the latter aspect; but in modern days he is regarded as the innocent babe on the lap of the Madonna. Some of the oaths of the Italians are pleasant, and they have not forgotten some which their ancient ancestors used. It is very common among them also to swear by some beautiful plant, as by capers,

"capperi", or the arbutus fruit, "corbezzoli", as well as by the arch-priest, "arciprete", whoever he may be. Nor do they disdain to give force to their sentiments on special occasions even by calling the cabbage to witness, "Cavolo!" But the most general oath is "accidente", or apoplexy, which one hears on all occasions. This word as ordinarily employed is merely an expletive or exclamation, but when used in anger intentionally as a malediction, under the form "Ch' un accidente ti piglia" (May an apoplexy overtake you), it is the most terrible imprecation that can come from the lips of a Catholic—for its real meaning is, "May so sudden a death strike you, that you may have no chance for absolution by the priest, and so go down to hell." The being not utterable to ears polite is seldom referred to in Rome by his actual name *Diavolo*, and our phrase, "Go to the devil", is shocking to an Italian; but they smooth down his name into *Diamine* or *Diascane*, and thus save their consciences and their tongues from offence.

The season of the *vendemmia* is one of great gaiety and licence—a sort of saturnalia, where the tongue wags as it likes—and all sorts of liberties are taken without offence. When *Liber Pater* gives us good wine, *Per Bacco*, shall we not be gay? The season is come — the grapes strain their ripe purple skins with wine—they have drunk in the sunshine of all the summer—they hang in transparent clusters on the rusting vines, their stones swimming in rich juice—and the time to pluck them has come. They must not be too luscious in their ripeness, or our wine will lack its flavour. So, to the vintage—and, *Viva la vendemmia!*

In we go among the vines. There are scores of picturesque peasants plucking grapes, with laughter and jest, and heaping them into deep baskets, till their purple bunches loll over the edge moist with juice. Some are mounted on ladders to reach the highest—some on foot below gathering the lowest—and the heavy luscious buckets, as soon as they are filled, are borne off on the head to a great basket wain, into which they are all tumbled together. The very oxen themselves seem to enjoy it, as they stand there among the vines decorated with ribbons, and waiting to bear home their sunny freight of grapes. The dogs bark, the girls laugh and slip out from the arms of the swains, who threaten them with a kiss. Stalwart creatures they are too, and able enough to guard themselves;

and the smack of their hand on his cheek or back I willingly yield to him, though he takes the practical reproof with a good-natured laugh, and is ready to try his luck again when a chance offers.

When the grapes are all gathered, they are heaped into great stone vats, and, crowned with vine leaves, the peasants, bare-legged to their thighs, leap into them, and with joke and song tread down the grapes, whose rich juice runs out below into a great butt. As they crush them down new heaps are emptied in, and it is no small exercise to keep them under. The juice spurts over them and stains them crimson—the perspiration streams from their forehead—they pant with excitement, and as they brush away their wet hair they streak their faces with purple. When one is wearied out by this fatiguing work another takes his place, and so the dance goes on until the best of the juice is expressed. The skins are then subjected to the wooden press, which gives a second and ordinary quality of wine, and water is frequently poured over them as they dry.

These dried skins and stems, when burned and reduced to charcoal dust, form the basis of the blackest and most permanent ink. They are imported in large quantities into England, and from them is manufactured the ink used in printing the banknotes of the Bank of England.

The juice, after it is expressed, is poured into large butts and covered over. For weeks it boils and bubbles in violent fermentation, throwing to the surface all the dirt, stalk, and extraneous substances that may have fallen into it. This is constantly skimmed and thrown away. Therefore, my most fastidious friends, do not let your pleasure in drinking the Italian wine be marred by thoughts of the uncleanliness of the feet that tread it out. Not only are they washed and scrubbed well before the grapes are danced upon, but, even were they not, the boiling wine would throw off in its scum every particle of uncleanliness. It is not till the day of All Saints that the wine has become quiet enough to drink, and then it is crude and *asciutto*. By January it has become refined, so that its flavour can really be judged.

When the wine is made, the vintage procession takes place. This ceremony, in which the classical and the modern are sometimes ludicrously mingled together, is always amusing and picturesque. If you would really see it in its perfection

you must go into the mountain towns far from the city; for old customs are sadly dying out in the highway of travel, and the last fifty years have done more to obliterate the traces of classical customs in modern Italy than previous centuries had been able to effect.

The vine is trained upon cane poles, placed at regular distances from each other in long lines, and often interlaced into a sort of diamonded fencework. Near the house there is almost invariably a long covered arbour, over which grape-vines are trained, and this frequently surmounts a *loggia*, under the green shadow of which one may be protected from the sun even in high noon. When the ripe grapes hang their tempting clusters overhead, and Roman girls lean over the *loggia* wall, or dance the *saltarello* under the trellised vines, the effect is very picturesque. These arbours make a striking feature of all the Campagna houses and wayside *osterias*; and under them is generally a stone table or bench, where the family come to sit and the frequenters of the *osteria* take their wine, or dinner.

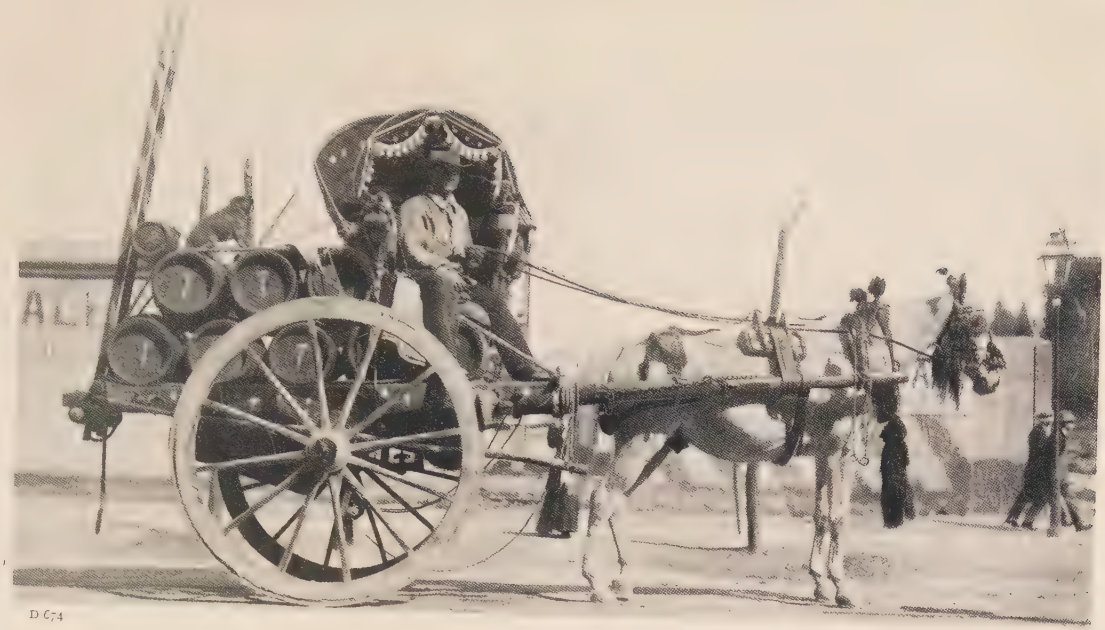
The vines are well cultivated and bear delicious grapes; but nothing can be more careless than the manner in which the wine is made. No pains are taken in the selection and distribution of the grapes so as to obtain different qualities of wine; but good and bad, stems and all, are cast pell-mell into one great vat, and the result, of course, is a wine far inferior to that which might be produced. Were the Romans as careful and skilful as the French in their modes of manufacture, they might produce wine equal, if not superior, to the best wines of Burgundy. As it is, a large quantity of the grape juice is only fit to be converted into brandy, and for that purpose is exported to England and other countries. When any care, however, is expended in its manufacture, the wine is very rich and full-flavoured, and has great body. The strongest wine is that grown in the vineyards near Genzano and Velletri, and the lightest and most delicate comes from the country about Orvieto. The Orvieto is a pale faint-coloured wine, of a sweetish flavour, half way between the purest cider and champagne. It comes to Rome in thin bulbous flasks, half covered with a network of woven flags or straw, and is sold at two *pauls* the flask in retail. The sweet Frascati wine is more robust and less delicate in flavour. In the northern part of the province of Rome the richest and

most esteemed wine is the famous *Est*, grown in the vicinity of Montefiascone. It owes its name to the Bishop Johann Fugger, who, being fond of good living, was in the habit of sending his servant before him, whenever he travelled, to ascertain where the best wines were to be found, so that the worthy bishop might take his night's repose at towns where he could best satisfy his palate. The servant, wherever he found a good wine, wrote on the walls the Latin word *est* (*it is*); and when he came to Montefiascone, so impressed was he with the excellence of its wine that he wrote *est*, *est*, *est*, to signify that it was trebly good; and so indeed the excellent bishop found it to his cost, for here he died, as the story goes, from partaking of it too freely. In the cathedral any one who doubts the facts may see his monument, with this inscription, written by his valet: " Est—est—est. Propter nimium est, Joannes de Foucris, dominus meus, mortuus est."

The famous *Setinum* of the ancient Romans, which was the favourite beverage of Augustus and his courtiers, and is celebrated by Martial and Juvenal, grew upon the hills around Setia (now Sezze), a little mountain town near the confines of the Roman and Neapolitan States, overhanging the Pontine marshes, and is of a similar quality to that grown at Velletri. Before the time of Augustus, Cæcuban, which was produced in the vicinity of Fundi (now Fondi), was considered the best, but in time it degenerated through the carelessness of the cultivators and lost its reputation. The second rank among wines was given to the Falernian, which was grown on the Ager Faustianus, a small district extending between the Massic hills around Sezze to the River Volturno. This was a rough heady wine, which was softened by honey. It required a maturing of ten years before it was in its prime for drinking, and then preserved its good qualities for twenty additional years. When drunk before maturity it produced headache and irritated the nervous system. The Latin poets have made the Falernian familiar to all by their praises, and Horace was evidently addicted to it:

> " Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
> Nec partem solido demere de die
> Spernit."—(*Od.* i, 1.)

The Albanum, which was grown on the Alban Hill, was in



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ROMAN WINE CART

the third rank, and was of various qualities: the *austerum*, which is now called *asciutto*, red and roughish on the tongue, like the Velletri and Genzano wines; the *dulce* (*dolce*) or sweet wine, such as that of Frascati; and the *tenue* or thin wines, which were of the class of the Orvieto. The distinctions now are only between the *dolce* and *asciutto* and the *rosso* and *bianco*.

These wines are still in some places kept in sheepskins after the manner of the ancients, but ordinarily they are stored in great butts and drawn off into small casks, to be carried to Rome. The tall two-wheeled wine carts, on which they are packed in regular rows, are very picturesque. A triangular hood, covered with rough undressed sheepskin and supported on poles, is fixed on the left side of the *carretta*, under the shade of which the driver sits and sleeps as he jogs along the road. It is drawn by one horse, whose head-stall is decorated with a tall pompon, or tuft of cock's feathers, rising between his ears. The saddle is surmounted by handles or horns, studded thickly over with brass nails, and suspended between them is a thin circular or semi-lunar brass plate, that revolves in its sockets with every movement of the horse. Under his belly and close to his jaw are strings of bells, fixed to a band of fur, that jingle as he goes. A little dog of the Pomeranian breed invariably accompanies the *carretta*, sleeps, eats, and lodges there, faithfully guarding it day and night, and showing his white teeth with a sharp, piercing, and continuous yell, rather than bark, if anyone approaches it. The *carrettieri*, who are merely carriers, and not owners of the freight they carry, generally set off in the latter part of the afternoon, and if their journey be long, they travel all night, resting during the hours when the heat of the sun would set the wine into fermentation. They certainly do not enjoy a very good reputation for honesty; and not only levy very free contributions on their freight for their own internal well-being—considering with St. Paul that a little wine is good for the stomach's sake—but also sell it out along the road, supplying the void they make by the addition of wholesome spring water; so that the full-bodied Velletri often grows very feeble before it reaches its destination in Rome.

This, however, is the least danger which the wine incurs. As soon as it enters the gates it is destined to far worse adulteration of every kind, and lucky is he who gets a bottle of pure

and genuine wine from any *osteria*, pothouse or drinking-shop, within the walls.

To guard against the levying of private customs in kind by the *carrettiere*, each is furnished with a little cask for his own consumption, filled with the best wine. This, however, he is too wise to drink, as his thirst can always be satisfied by milking the wooden cow of the *padrone*; and he therefore keeps it unadulterated for sale on his own account in Rome, where purchasers are always ready to give him a good price, and to thank him too.

Before the birth of a child, and during the confinement of the mother, nothing is so much guarded against by all who surround her as odours. Visitors are enjoined to put aside every kind of perfume before entering her chamber. Flowers are strictly prohibited, and any husband who should dare to bring a cigar into the room would be looked upon as a mere brute. Though ordinarily obtuse in the sense of smell, the Italians think that perfumes are poisons during the season of child-bearing; and though they will keep the windows and doors closely shut until the air is foul with over-breathing, and leave the long wicks of their lamps to pour a poisonous smoke into the already stale atmosphere, yet at the same time, in order to guard against the evil effects of a chance perfume, they will cover the bed, and stick into the nostrils of the mother the leaves of the *matricario*, which is used as a sedative to prevent spasms and nervousness. Nor is this custom confined to the sick chamber of the *partoriente*. I have seen stout hearty women, when near their confinement, walking about the streets with two great sprigs of this plant (centaury) thrust into their nostrils, and presenting a most ludicrous appearance.

Long before the birth of the child the *comare* and *compare* have been chosen amongst the most important acquaintances of the parents, and, the moment the happy event takes place, the husband hastens to inform them of it, and to make preparations for the ceremony of baptism, which usually is performed within forty-eight hours. In the meantime the "wise women" of the neighbourhood, who are thought to be skilled in divination, are admitted to the chamber of the mother, and then, after examining carefully the infant, even *ad unguem*, they prophesy his fortune, and wish him all sorts of luck. The husband meanwhile makes all the arrangements

for the baptism, which it is the ambition of every Roman should take place either at St. Peter's or at St. John Lateran's, and prepares presents for the *levatrice*, the sacristan, the bell-ringer, the coachmen who are to drive the company to church, the *chierico* and the *curato*—for no ceremony of importance is ever performed in Rome without *mancie* to all the parties concerned.

If the child be a girl the baptism is not much of an affair; but if it be a boy great preparations are made. He is dressed in a gala dress, covered with an embroidered cloth, and carried in the arms of the *comare*, who has on her holiday bodice and satin skirt, and all her jewels and rings, and her great *filograne* pin stuck into her hair. The seat of honour in the first carriage is given to her and the child, and they are accompanied by the midwife and the nearest female relations. In the second carriage is the *compare*, with his brother or brother-in-law on his left. If you meet this convoy you may know at once the sex of the child by the colour of the ribbon pinned to its dress, which the *comare* takes special heed shall flutter out of the carriage window. A red ribbon indicates a boy, and a blue ribbon a girl—blue being the colour of the Virgin, to whom all female children are dedicated.

Arrived at the church, the priest receives it near the font, accompanied by a little boy who carries a candle, a box of salt, and a vase of oil. He mumbles an indistinct hum of Latin, looking carelessly round him the while; rubs the oil behind the child's ears; makes the sign of the cross on its forehead, mouth, and breast; thrusts his soiled finger covered with dirty salt into its mouth, till it spits, grimaces, and screams with disgust; then, lifting the *stola* from his own neck, he places it over that of the child, ladles out some holy water from the font and pours it over its head, and the ceremony is over. It is a superstition that the child screams because the devil goes out of it, and the priest with his dirty finger and nauseous salt is pretty sure to secure this good omen, and thus to content the soul of every true Catholic present. If it did not scream under such circumstances "the devil must be in it".

The day is one of great pomp, ceremony, and rejoicing. The father on these occasions is not of much importance, and, to confess the truth, has the air of an interloper, who is present on false pretences. You see him standing about

on the outskirts of the group in a fatuous way, awkwardly twisting his hands, blushing, and breaking into little spasmodic laughters when he is addressed, making sad efforts to appear quite at his ease, and venturing at times upon jests which, though well received by weak-minded persons of his own sex, are looked down upon scornfully by all the women. A truly pitiable figure he makes, and one cannot help wondering what under heaven he is doing *dans cette galère*. Meanwhile, all the petticoats revolve like satellites around the little red baby in the centre, keeping up a constant chorus of " Quant' è bellino—oh Bimbo, Bimbino!" sticking their fingers into its doughy cheeks, and examining its cap and ribbons, and coral, and fingers and nails, and wondering, and whispering, and whinnying round it. *La Gampina*, the nurse, is queenlike, lording it over all—radiant with pleasure and importance, frowning upon the husband, chirruping to the baby, and patronizing the female gossips, who all feel in their secret bosoms a deep envy of her in these moments of her greatness. How rapid she is in her responses of " Credo " and " Amen ", always keeping a little ahead of the priest to show that she is an old hand, and that the Latin is to her " familiar as her garter ". How imperiously she orders about the *compare* and *comare*, who in her presence play only the subordinate parts. How grandly, surrounded by her satellites, she sweeps out of the church after the baptism is done, the black coats of the " poor male trash " scarcely daring to share her triumph, but following meekly, and in a melancholy way, after her, " bringing their tails behind them "! The crowd which has gathered round the font to see the ceremony from outside and inside the church gazes after her as she retires. Shaky old beggar-women, leaning on their crutches, send after the child their benediction, and then hobble away into the corners to talk it over among themselves, and prophesy, and tell old stories, and croon away about it for hours.

The baptism over, the carriages, after making a long tour through the principal streets, return home, and then the friends sit down to a great supper or dinner, where all the varieties of the season are set out. There are great dishes heaped with golden fry, *fritti misti*, among which are slices of cuttle-fish, liver, cauliflower, little fishes, brains, shreds of pumpkins, and artichokes, all mixed together—followed by *gelatine* and cold jellied meats, and boiled beef

with mushrooms, and a great turkey, and a dessert of *ciambelle*, candied fruits, *pinocchiati*, and roasted chestnuts. The fare is uncommonly savoury, the red wine flows freely, *brindisi* are given to the whole family, always in rhyme, and there is great jollity—amidst which, perhaps, at times the piping voice of the young Roman citizen, in whose honour the *festa* is made, may be heard from the adjoining chamber.

As soon as the mother is well enough, she has a daily " reception ", and, propped up in her bed, with both her nostrils stuffed with some sweet-scented herb, she smilingly receives the compliments and good wishes of all her friends who come to congratulate her, each bringing a present for her or her young Roman. Here, again, the husband plays a very inferior *rôle*; and if he venture to open his mouth, his ignorance of all the matters relating to the treatment of infants is openly jeered by the other sex, and he is recommended to apply his talents to the care of the shop.

The infants in Rome are not clothed in the long loose dresses used in England and America, but are wrapped in swaddling-clothes, wound closely about them from neck to foot, so that they look like little white mummies. This is a custom which has come down from the ancient Romans; and in an antique *basso rilievo* at Rome may be seen a nurse presenting to the mother her infant child, girdled in *incunabula*, or swaddling-clothes, precisely similar to those now in use, and having on its head the same close cap which is still worn. I hope my friends of the other sex will bear with me, when I confess that to my mind there are advantages as well as disadvantages in this method of dressing infants. Though the child is more restricted in the use of its legs when thus swaddled, yet this is in measure compensated by the fact that it is less liable to injuries of the spine from being held across the arm of a negligent nurse, is preserved from danger of rupture, and is supported equally at all points at a period when the organs and muscles are undeveloped and weak. Straight legs and a straight spine are certainly desirable; though it is so charming to the nurse and the mother to force a " wee toddling thing " to stand on its bandy legs before they are equal to their burden, and though it does not look " so cunning " as it would in its long dresses, with its little bare arms and bare chest, it is really much less likely to catch cold, fever, and croup; and, besides, a swaddled baby

is much more out of the way of danger and disease. I have always found the infants themselves very well content in their swaddling bands, and my experience is that Roman infants do not cry more than ours, and perhaps even less. Among the poor families who cannot attend to their babes as the rich can, and who are all day at work, this custom of swaddling is most convenient. The child is so well supported that it can be safely carried anyhow without breaking its back, or distorting its limbs—it may be laid down anywhere, and even be borne on the head in its little basket without danger of its wriggling out.

But whether swaddled or not, the children, in spite of damp rooms, bad food, and little care, grow up into stalwart maids and men, develop early, ripen into beauty, and fall in love, like all the offspring of Adam and Eve. The *contadini* almost invariably marry young, and as soon as the youth and maid can rake and scrape enough money together to buy the *trousseau* for the bride, and to purchase a few gold ornaments, they invoke the aid of the priest to help them into the holy bonds of matrimony. After the *sposalizio*, or betrothing, the *promessi sposi* go everywhere hand in hand together, and call each other *sposo* and *sposa*, for it is a sort of half-marriage, and is celebrated as such by dancing, singing, and eating, in company with their friends.

Among the peasantry the parents generally give half the dowry in money and half in clothes. All the former is spent in jewellery for the bride; and, as it is never enough, the *sposo* adds to it all he can raise. He also buys the bed, and furnishes the chamber. The expense of the wedding is divided. The dowry is not so much measured by the means of the particular *contadini*, as by the custom of the neighbourhood; and in order to come up to the standard much hard work and pinching is often necessary. For months the maid and her family are employing every spare hour in weaving cloth for the bride, and in the winter evenings the hand-loom, which is everywhere to be seen in the *contadino's* house, is rattling and clattering, to make into home-spun linen the flaxen thread, which all summer long, at every interval of leisure, or while tending the cattle, they are spinning on their distaff. No *contadina* will marry until she has her jewels and ornaments, and upon them is generally expended every *baiocco* of solid money which she and her *sposo* have. They are young,

and careless of the future. They are strong, and can live on the daily labour of their hands. The marriage is the great event of their life, and then, at least, for once, they will have their way and be happy, without consulting the cost. So all the money goes into the necklace of coral or golden beads, the long, dangling ear-rings, the wheatsheaf of gold which shakes from the dagger that holds up the shining braids of blue-black lustrous hair, and the broad rings that cover half her fingers. These ornaments are always of the purest gold, stamped with the government stamp, and, having a real solid value, are looked upon as a permanent investment. On holidays they are all put on, and when want comes, and hunger knocks at the door, they are pawned at the Monte di Pietà (the government pawnbrokery establishment), for nearly their value, to be redeemed when better days come back. It would be thought a disgrace to be married without these ornaments, and no one is so poor as not to have them.

At last the marriage takes place. But it must not be on Tuesday or Friday, for these days are most inauspicious, according to the old rhyme still repeated in Rome:

> " Ne di Venerdi ne di Marte
> Non si sposa, e non si parte."

The bride is dressed in her new costume, and with her golden chains and earrings gleaming on her neck, and her snowy white *tovaglia* folded over her head, she goes with her *sposo* to hear mass, take the communion, and be married. The communion is always given before marriage; and as this cannot be taken after eating, the marriage naturally takes place in the morning. The whole party then return to the house of the bride, and there is a great *festa*, and laughter and joking, and a dinner, where all sit down together; and gifts are brought by the friends, who vie with each other in bringing the most expensive things they can afford to buy.

Among the ancient Romans, when the bride was conducted to the bridegroom's house it was customary to shower sweetmeats upon them as emblems of plenty and prosperity, and then began the nuptial feast (*gamos*). This custom, " with a difference ", still exists, though it is wearing out; but, instead of receiving the sweetmeats on her head, the bride now carries round to the assembled guests a tray covered with them, and

each guest takes a sweetmeat with one hand, and with the other places a gift on the tray. Among the noble families this same usage obtains. Besides the sherbets and cakes and refreshments of every kind, which are carried round to the company, each friend is presented with an elegant box of *bonbons*, on one side of which are stamped the arms of the bride, and on the other the arms of the family.

Even after the marriage has taken place, the mother, if she be over-scrupulous and bigoted, sometimes refuses to give up her daughter for a day, thinking in this way to approve herself to the Church, and bring good luck to the young couple. But this is rare. Ordinarily the bride accompanies her husband home, and there remains shut up, and seeing no one for two or three days—sometimes for a week. She then makes a formal entry into the world. Dressed in her betrothal costume, with all her rings on her fingers, and accompanied by her husband and an escort of friends and relations, she passes through the principal streets to show herself, and her gold ornaments and dress, and to receive congratulations. The promenade over, all return to the house, and again there is a dinner or supper, and all sorts of gaiety. Rhymed toasts are given, and all unite in wishing for her male children as the best of luck. The marriage festival is then complete, and thereafter she bends her neck to the every-day yoke of hard work.

Among the relics of mediæval Rome may still be seen some curious old truncated towers, which stand as landmarks of "auld lang syne", when every house was a fortress and society a system of rapine. In the Middle Ages every powerful family was the nucleus of a greater or smaller body of vassals and dependants, who gathered under its authority and aided in its defence. Individual liberty was unknown—law was according to the

> "simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Feudal authority begot feuds. Every important house then had its tower of defence, into which it retreated in the day of trouble, and from which it showered missiles on its assailants. Some of the great princely families took possession of the ancient tombs, villas, and temples, and there entrenched themselves.

The Colosseum was the battle-ground for many years of the Frangipani and Annibaldi, and the refuge of the Popes Alexander III and Innocent II. Church and Empire, Guelph and Ghibelline, fought in these fortresses for dear life, and the people, nursed in blood, were turbulent, violent, and barbaric. The Mausoleum of Augustus was the fortress of the Colonna; the tomb of Cecilia Metella was one of the strongholds of Boniface VIII; near it are the ruins of the castle of the Caetani and Savelli. The Mausoleum of Hadrian was made the stronghold of Honorius, and still remains at once a fortress and a prison. The arch of Janus was fortified by the Frangipani. Everywhere the ancient buildings were converted into fortifications. The city itself then bristled with tall towers, and of these two still remain—the Tor de' Conti, a huge brick tower at the foot of the Quirinal, erected by Nicholas I in 858, and rebuilt by Innocent III in 1216, from whose family it takes its name; and the Torre delle Milizie, at the head of the Via Magnanapoli. All the others have perished.

The Tor de' Specchi at Rome is a curious representative of the days of the old barons. Here dwelt Santa Francesca Romana, the founder of the order of the Oblate nuns, and the house is scarcely changed from what it was in her time. Here is a cell in which she lived, with the very pavement on which she trod, the narrow gothic windows through which she looked, the old worm-eaten benches she sat upon, all carefully kept in their original condition. On the walls is painted the history of her life by one of the scholars of Giotto, where one may see the dresses of the fourteenth century in the foreground, and in the background views of mediæval Rome, with its turreted houses and castellated palaces in which the Roman barons entrenched themselves. Here you may catch a glimpse of the old times, and turning round may compare it with modern Rome, which lies before you. What a strange jumble it was of war and prayer, humility and licence, luxury and barbarism! In those days the cardinals lived in fortresses, guarding their doors with pikes, barring their windows with heavy iron gratings, and keeping in their employ large bodies of soldiers. The Pope was the mere football of different parties—sharing their luck in battle—now fleeing for refuge, now returning to the chair of St. Peter, in triumph after victory. The streets were filled with

soldiers belonging to different houses, jealous of the rank of their masters, involved in endless fights, and employed to carry out the base designs of their irresponsible lords. There was but one law—the sword.

Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the palace of every cardinal was a little court. Guards of soldiers, mounted and on foot, surrounded it; in the stables were great numbers of horses, and the family of servants of every grade was a little army. It is related that Cardinal Ippolito D'Este, when he was sent as legate to France, carried in his train more than four hundred horses; and it is mentioned not as an indication of pomp and wealth, but, on the contrary, of humility, that Cardinal Bellarmino had in his house only thirty servants to wait upon him.

The palaces of the princes not only swarmed with armed retainers, but with assassins, or *bravi* as they were called, who did the " secret service " of their lord. Within their precincts, as well as in the churches, anyone who had commited a crime in the streets could obtain refuge, and no one dared to pursue them there—not even the officers of justice. The criminal then entered the service of the prince in whose palace he had sought asylum, assumed his livery, received his protection, and thenceforward snapped his fingers in the face of the world. In this way the princes surrounded themselves with unscrupulous adherents who owed them their lives, and were ready at their bidding to commit any crime. Those were " good old times ". There were none of those interfering police officers about, but a merry life of wine and women, no law, and stabbing of enemies *ad libitum*.

Take, for instance, a little incident related by an old chronicler, which occurred in the time of Gregory XIII, as illustrating the general irresponsibility of the nobles. The *Bargello*, who was the chief of the police, had in the exercise of his office arrested some outlaws, who having escaped from Naples had placed themselves under the protection of one of the great Roman barons. As he was conducting his prisoners through the streets he was met by a set of young nobles, among whom were Pietro Gaetani, Silla Savelli, and Raimondo Orsini, who stopped him and ordered him to surrender his prisoners. The *Bargello*, says the old chronicler, " spoke to them, cap in hand, with great respect,

endeavouring to quiet them and to persuade them to allow him to do his duty. They, however, would not listen to him, but attacked him and his followers, killed several, took others into houses and flung them from the windows, to the great ignominy and contumely of public justice."

This, however, was not the worst—an unlucky shot had killed the noble Raimondo Orsini; and the *Bargello*, fearing the vengeance of the Orsini, against which the Pope himself was powerless to protect him, immediately fled the city as the only means to save his life. But the noble house was not thus to be baulked; and the brother of Raimondo, not being able to find the *Bargello*, slew in his stead the lieutenant-general of police as he was coming down from the papal palace on the Quirinal.

During those delightful days there were much rejoicing and festivity, if not among the people, at least among the princes. While the former were starved to pay for these splendours, and forced to eat bread, which, says Infessura, "was black, stinking, and abominable, eaten only from necessity, and the cause of much disease", nothing could surpass the luxury of the papal dignitaries. There were costly ceremonies of all kinds, when "the Florentine ambassador washed the Pope's hands at the beginning of the sacred rites, Venetian ambassadors washing them in the middle, and the prefect of Rome at the end of the same;"[1] and entertainments where Leon Cobelli says that "it was charming to see the Lady Countess and all her damsels come forth in different magnificent dresses every day for a whole week, and the great buffets, ten feet high, in the banqueting hall of the palace, loaded every day with a fresh service of silver and gold."

In the *Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti*, I find the record of a banquet given by Cardinal Andrea Cornaro at Rome, during the Pontificate of Leo X, which may perhaps afford a layman an idea of what constituted a cardinal's dinner in those days. "The repast," says the ambassador, "was most beautiful. There was an infinite quantity of viands, and no fewer than sixty-five courses, with three different dishes at each course, which were continually changed with great agility, so that scarcely had one been partaken of than another was brought on. All was served on beautiful silver plate, and in great quantity. The feast being finished, we all arose

[1] *Rer. Ital. Script.*, tom. xxiii, p. 137.

stuffed and stunned (*stuffi e storditi*), both by the abundance of viands, and because at the table of the cardinal there was every kind of musician that could be found in Rome." One hundred and ninety-five different dishes is truly an apostolic dinner!

At Cardinal Grimani's, a few days after, the ambassadors relate that, it being a fast day, they dined entirely on fish like good Catholics, and sat at the table for *six hours*, and they mention among other fishes a sturgeon, the head of which was " larger than that of an ox," and which had cost eighteen golden ducats, a sum equivalent to about forty *scudi*, or eight pounds sterling.

One cannot help in this connexion recalling Andrew Fairservice's notions about Romanism at Osbaldiston Hall: " We hae mense and discretion," said he, " and are moderate of our mouths; but here, frae the kitchen to the ha', it's fill and fetch mair frae the tae end of the four-and-twenty till the t'other. Even their fast days—they ca' it fasting when they hae the best of sea-fish frae Hartlepool and Sunderland by land-carriage—forbye trouts, grilses, salmon, and a' the lave o't, and so they make their very fasting a kind of luxury and abomination—and then the awfu' masses and matins o' the puir deceived souls." [1]

The convivial suppers of the Pope himself were as luxurious and costly as those of Vitellius. They were enlivened by the jesting of buffoons and all sweet instruments and singing, in which the Pope, who was an excellent musician, joined; and whenever anyone sang with him so as to please his holiness he was rewarded by a gift of a hundred *scudi* and more. After supper he sat down to cards, and often lost at *primiera*, a game of which he was very fond, enormous sums. Marino Giorgi, the Venetian ambassador, says that his losses at this game, together with his " gifts ", amounted annually to more than 60,000 *scudi*, all of which he levied from *vacanze di benefizii*. Besides this, there were constant hunting, and fishing, and hawking parties, at Corneto, Viterbo, and Bolsena, on the most extravagant scale.

On the walls of the great ante-chambers in some of the

[1] It is curious to compare with this a dinner, reported by Macrobius to have been given by Metellus, the Pontifex Maximus, in the days of ancient Rome, at which several distinguished guests were present, as well as four vestal virgins. The dinner was magnificent, and Macrobius gives the dishes in book iii, chap. xiii, of his *Saturnalia*.

princely houses of Rome may be seen large paintings representing jousts and festivals held in old times by the nobility; and in the bookstalls of the Piazza Navona (which is a sort of literary Ghetto), amid the soiled and second-hand rubbish, now and then is to be found a volume with illustrations containing descriptions of some of the spectacles which were once celebrated in this very piazza.

CHAPTER X

OUTSIDE THE CITY

Just outside the walls of Rome we touch a world of interest. Here are preserved records of the past which it would be impossible to discover within the city itself. The reason is that the Romans forbade burials inside the walls, and therefore their greatest tombs line the Appian Way. Vain pride of Rome and ancient Romans who since they could not conquer death would fain have an eternal city for their dead! They carved their names on marble tablets beside the road where the world passed, that though their personalities might fade in the mistiness of memory their names would still live.

Before we pass out of the walls it might be well to say a word about these boundaries of the city. The first stronghold in the days of Romulus consisted of the Palatine Hill alone. One can easily see how its configuration recommended it to the keen eye of a soldier as a fortress. Here the Alban shepherds had first come, and digging a hole in the centre of the hill area had buried there seeds and earth taken from their ancestral lands, and covering up the hole again felt cured of their home-sickness, for they said they had brought their gods and tethered them, as it were, to the spot. Then Romulus drove his furrow round the four-square plan of his future city. At each of the four openings for gates the plough was lifted and carried over, and thus was derived the Latin word *porta*, a gate, from *portare*, to carry. At the start only the north end of the hill was strongly fortified. The first wall was the work of Etruscan masons, and the tufa blocks seen at the west corner show that there was no

scamping in their building. As the city grew it consisted of two hills, the Palatine and the Hill of Saturn, enclosed in one wall which must have included the Velia and have reached to the Tiber in order to keep a safe passage for the delivery of provisions. The streams and marshes in the valley which is now the Forum would be a strength in those days before it was drained by the Cloaca Maxima.

Let us take a quick survey of the seven hills. There was, to start with, the Palatine, which was the residence of Romulus, the Shepherd King, 753 B.C. Opposite it was the Capitoline Hill, originally called Mons Saturnius, the Hill of Saturn. At that time it was occupied by the Sabines, under their ruler, Titus Tatius, and when the two kings united it became part of the growing city. In 650 B.C., Tullus Hostilius added the Cælian, and in order to set the fashion built a house for himself there. Twenty years later the Aventine was brought within the charmed circle. It was then covered with all kinds of woods. A laurel grove gave one part of it the name of Lauretum, while a profusion of myrtles bestowed the name of Murcus on another. Livy, speaking of further additions, says: "For that multitude it was seen to be necessary to enlarge the city. Servius Tullius added two hills, the Quirinal and the Viminal. He next included the Esquiline, and to give dignity to the place, there he dwelt himself." The ninety-three years in which the Etruscan kings reigned, from 616 to 509 B.C., were pregnant with great results. During that time there was erected the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, the Temple of Diana on the Aventine, the great Sewers which made a city possible though they cost their originator his crown, and which to-day are still doing their work, and the wall which enclosed the seven hills, and which after twenty-four centuries has still left some of its masonry standing.

In our run out to the Appian Way we pass the spot where stood one of the most important gates of the old wall, that of Capena. Its site was just under the church of St. Gregory, in the valley between the Cælian and the Aventine Hills. In the wine cellar of the Osteria della Porta Capena, number one Via di San Sebastiano, you can see one of the grand old blocks of this gateway. Only one entire gateway is preserved, and it is within the stairway of the Palazzo Antonelli, at the foot of Via Nazionale. This was called the Porta Fontinalis,

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PONTE ROTTO AND THE ISOLA TIBERINA

and in the street in a little garden island surrounded by a railing there is still visible part of the wall. The Servian wall existed until the end of the Republic. By that time it had outlived its use. The bulwarks of Rome were not the fortifications of its capital, but the far-flung line of legions on its frontiers. In the time of Augustus what remained of the wall was utilized as a promenade for the public, while the ditches were filled up and turned into building lots. In A.D. 69 the gates had disappeared, and in A.D. 270 almost all traces of the old wall had vanished, except those sections which we see to-day, the largest of which is standing within the enclosure of the railway station. Aurelian then completed the wall which still defies time and gives to the modern city a mediæval beauty.

We pass by the so-called arch of Drusus and through the Porta San Sebastiano, and motor along the Appian Way. It got its name from its builder, Appius Claudius, who constructed it in the year 312 B.C., so that to-day it is 2238 years old. We cannot say that it is still going strong; the feebleness of age is making itself felt. For instance, heavy traffic is no longer permitted to pass along it, and though cars may go, the ruts make the riding unpleasant. As far as the view point just beyond the Tomb of Cecilia Metella it is all right. The motor-bus stops there, after that the way is rough. Yet what a fascination clings to its very stones. Along here the great Roman armies marched to battle for empire, and by the same path they returned victorious and laden with spoils. The merchandise of the East poured along it into Rome. The retinues of emperors and statesmen made it glitter with their pomp; and on it one day a humble prisoner might have been seen escorted by soldiers, but in the name of the King of kings he was to challenge the haughty spirit of Paganism, and by his Gospel put down the mighty from their seats and exalt those of low degree.

About 120 yards beyond the gate of San Sebastiano we pass the place where stood on the right the first milestone, measured from the old gate of Capena. This stone now stands at the entrance to the Campidoglio. It has inscribed on it the names of Vespasian and Nerva. A little farther on we come to the tomb of the unfortunate Geta, who was the innocent victim of the murderous ambition of his brother Caracalla. He fell bathed in blood into the arms of his

horror-stricken mother. Not content with killing him, Caracalla erased his very name from the monuments of his father, wherever both the sons are mentioned; but the blank attracts the attention more than if the name had been left, and if it does not commemorate Geta it perpetuates the memory of Caracalla's cruelty.

Before we descend into subterranean depths again, let us bask for a few minutes in the warm sunshine as we survey the Circus of Romulus which lies to our left on the Appian Way. An accident turned up a piece of broken marble with the name of Maxentius upon it; from this the famous archæologist, Nibby, was able to conclude that this circus had been raised to the memory of the young prince Romulus by his father, the Emperor Maxentius, and as Romulus died in the year 309 and his father in 312, the date of this building was approximately settled by the lucky find of a single dedicatory inscription. From the fact that an almost perfect head of Demosthenes was found with other fragments showing good workmanship, the idea was suggested that likenesses of some of Greece's greatest men had been used to ornament this end of the circus. Its length was 1574 feet and its breadth 269, and it was built to accommodate 18,000 spectators. The special value of these ruins is that they afford the most perfect specimen of a Roman circus left to us from those days.

Almost opposite is the ancient church of St. Sebastian. It takes its name from the martyr whose tomb it contains. He was an officer in the Roman army, and is said to have been shot to death with arrows in the Stadium. Queues of carriages still stand at the entrance to what one might call the rival catacombs of St. Calixtus. These have hitherto had more to offer in the way of romantic stories and martyr relics; but the church in the hollow has caught up now on its neighbour, or, at least, will soon do so, when the modern tourist discovers its treasures. In the fifteenth century it had attracted the crowds and, alas! also the despoilers, who had carried away its marble tablets to adorn museums. With the loss of these interest waned. However, the recent discoveries will bring it to its own again.

The first attempts made to excavate under this church began in 1892. It was originally called the basilica of the Apostles, because of the tradition which affirmed that during

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BASILICA OF DOMITIAN'S PALACE

Popularly pointed out as the site of Nero's Judgment Hall

the Valerian persecution (253–260) the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were brought for concealment to a vault in this place. In fact, up to A.D. 1612 a mediæval altar stood in the church, said to mark the spot where the bodies had been laid. This awakened controversy, and in the year 1915 a renewed effort was made to find if there was any fact behind the tradition. At the expense of M. de Waal, and under the direction of Dr. P. Styger, explorations were carried out. It was found that under the church, which had been built about the middle of the fourth century, there was an old Roman house with a row of tombs in front. These date from the first and second centuries. The work was interrupted for some years, and then renewed in 1919 with the help of a band of Austrian prisoners. On the walls of an upper chamber there are written a number of prayers addressed to St. Peter and St. Paul, and sometimes signed by the suppliant, such as "Petre et Paule petite pro Nativo in perpetuum": "Paule et Petre petite pro Victore": "Petre et Paule in mente habete Sozomenum." These grafiti belong to the second half of the third and the beginning of the fourth centuries.

A lucky accident for Science, though unlucky for poor Brother Damiano, helped matters further forward. This monk, commissioned to dig a grave, fell through it into empty space. He thought at first that he had followed his departed brother a little farther than the grave! When he came to himself he had much ado to find his grave again, and through it to crawl his way back to the upper world: leaving behind a little hole which may be seen to this day. Brother Damiano now marshals with an air of authority his daily queue of tourists, and leads them down to the depths, not by the hole but by a modern staircase, and learned professors from all over the world are content to elbow their way as near as possible, and listen to his words.

The excavations are now lit with electric light, and the way is thus made easy for the modern tourist. Descending about thirty-six feet one reaches the old level of first-century days, and is confronted with the gateway and tombs belonging to the House of Hermes. Standing there with uncovered head the flashlight of imagination brings that far-off Yesterday under the focus of To-day. The tones of the monk as he repeats Paul's *Epistle to the Romans* sounds like an echo

from the past: " Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which are with them " The Church of that time takes form in our minds as the roll-call is repeated, and we see in fancy the members enter through that very portal, perhaps to listen to a sermon from the lips of St Paul.

The tomb to the left has carved on a marble tablet the name of its owner M. Clodius Hermes who died at the age of seventy-five years. Whether he is the actual Hermes mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle who can say? The probability points that way, and certainly Brother Damiano, the Franciscan monk, has no doubts on the matter.

Now we are at the entrance to the catacombs, that great city of the dead, from whose graves the Church at last rose triumphant. Like ancient Gaul the study of the catacombs may be divided into three parts. There was first the long period when these places were used for Christian burial. Their original name was *Cœmeterium*, the place of sleep, but as they increased in number in the hollow where the Church of St. Sebastian now stands they took their name from the locality, and were called catacombs, from being situated in the dip of the road. The second period was after the time of Constantine, when it was no longer necessary to hide the Christian dead. Then the spot nearest the tomb of a martyr was considered most sacred. Churches were erected over these sepulchres, and Christians eminent for their faith or service were allowed to be buried in the porticoes. Pilgrimages became the fashion, and conducted tours from Britain to the graves of the martyrs were the order of the day. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. When I see a queue of tourists in the streets of Rome I am reminded of what used to take place sixteen hundred years ago. There may be a difference in dress and nasal accent, but as of old they are out to see the wonders of Rome and to lay a snare for guides to embellish the truth and make it more interesting. Hence arose miraculous stories. I can imagine a guide of those days defending himself by saying: " These people had come a long way to see the marvellous, and it would have been a shame to disappoint them, so we had to manufacture the goods." Really, when you come to think of it, it is the tourists of those days who are responsible for the incredulous horror of their modern successors as they listen to some guide's tale told once too often.

The third period follows after Aristolphus, king of the Lombards, besieged Rome in the second half of the eighth century, with the intention of making the city his capital. The Romans had to call in the Franks to aid them in repelling their foes. The Lombards, however, had meanwhile done much damage. They had ransacked the catacombs for relics of the martyrs and had carried these off. What they could not take with them they destroyed. When they had gone the Romans had more pressing matters to think of than graves, the living had to be cared for, and so the dead were left to look after themselves. In the silence and the seclusion of those vaults nature buried anew the sacred dust. A stone fell here, a wall gave way there, and stealthily the green grass with its daisies, and the prickly briar, and then the laurel and the oak spread their covering over the spot. The catacombs had fallen to sleep again, and the world forgot all about them until the sixteenth century. Then Antonio Bosio, who was born in 1576, remembered the heroic dead. In 1593 this adventurous youth got friends to let him down through a hole into the catacomb of S. Domitilla. His one fear was lest losing his way he might contaminate the sacred soil with his own unworthy corpse. Fortunately he and the catacomb escaped that fate. Bosio was a Maltese, and has been called " The Columbus of the Catacombs ". He certainly deserved the title, for since his day there have been many weird stories of people who went into these dark openings but never came out. There was a party of thirty conducted by a teacher of whom no trace was ever found. Another tale of bravado is told of a French officer who feared neither God nor devil but plunged into those mysterious corridors with an oath on his lips. When he reappeared, days afterwards, a weak and trembling skeleton he certainly feared the former, and there were no more oaths. The catacombs had put their dark chilly hand on his mouth, and when seven years later he died in battle a Bible was found lying next to his heart.

It was an old Roman law that was responsible for the origin of the catacombs. According to it all places of sepulchre declared by their owners to be religious, that is appertaining to their cultus or sect, were guaranteed as inviolable. It was of this provision that the Christians took advantage in building their cemeteries. " Every person makes the place that belongs

to him a religious place at his own election, by the carrying of his dead into it."

There are about forty-five different sets of catacombs. The usual height of the galleries is eight feet, while the width varies from two to five. The roofing is sometimes horizontal, sometimes slightly vaulted; and is supported by its tufa sides in which are cut the *loculi*, or tombs. The region where they are mostly situated covers a radius of about three miles and lies between the first and third milestones outside the Aurelian wall. If all the galleries were placed in one line they would cover a length of 587 miles, while it has been calculated that they contain a total of six million dead. That is a wonderful testimony to the remarkable spread of Christianity in the early centuries. Further research has shown that five of the principal catacombs date back to the days of the Apostles and of the remainder the greater number belong to the second century; only six small ones were excavated after Constantine had established Christianity and allowed it to come out into the open.

One of the oldest catacombs is that of St. Domitilla, which is nearby in the Via Ardeatina. Here we have the graves of some of the first Christian martyrs, and from the names we see that even at that time there were in the Church members of the Imperial House. The name Torre Marancia, which is the Italian designation of the property in which this catacomb is found, is a corruption of the old word Amaranziana. Now the " Predi Amaranziani " can be proved to have belonged to the Christian branch of the Imperial family of the Flavii. Two inscriptions, to which there is attached the name of Flavia Domitilla as owner of the ground, have been found within recent years and seem to have been the formal concessions of burial plots by her on the Via Ardeatina. Originally the catacomb consisted of two sections, one for the use of the members of the Imperial family and the other for the Church. Flavia Domitilla was the wife of Flavius Clancus, who suffered as a Christian under his relative Domitian. Aurelia Petronilla, who found her grave in this catacomb, was another distinguished member of the same family. The origin of her name can be traced in the founder of the " Flavia Gens ", Titus Flavius Petro. In this catacomb there was also discovered the celebrated bronze plate now in the Vatican Library, with the busts of the two Apostles,

St. Peter and St. Paul, with good reason supposed to be the most ancient representation of their features of which the Church is possessed.

The catacomb of St. Calixtus has been so often described that we shall not describe it again; but we shall retrace our steps and cross the city and follow the Via Salaria to the very oldest of all, the catacomb of St. Priscilla. Here were buried the bodies of Aquila and Priscilla. One notices with curiosity how often the wife's name, Priscilla, is put first. She evidently was the stronger personality, and it is she who gives her name to their common sepulchre. Here also were buried Pudens, Pudenziana, and Prassede, and members of the well-known family of the Acilii Glabriones. There is only time to make one reference to the latter. De Rossi discovered here a marble fragment bearing the name Manius Acilius Glabrio—only a name! Soon there gathered round it one of the most thrilling tales of early persecution. In the same vicinity were unearthed other tombs. What was the connexion between them? You will find its explanation in the text: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

Acilius was soon recognized to be the consul who had held that office along with Trajan, who was afterwards Emperor. Suetonius and Tacitus tell how because of his *Nova Superstitio* he was compelled by Domitian to fight against a lion and two bears in the amphitheatre at Albanum in A.D. 95. That amphitheatre is still in existence, hollowed out of the rocky side of a mountain. In that unequal contest Acilius astonished the Emperor by his prowess. Like David of old he overcame both the lion and the bears; but this did not save his life. The ordinary criminal would have purchased his freedom by such a victory; but not so the Christian. Acilius was put to death in another way. But that is not the end of the story: the spade of the excavator has revealed the sequel. Soon round his burial place began to cluster the graves of his servants and his freedmen. The fidelity of their master in the bloody arena had drawn their eyes to his Master, and many of them in turn won the emblem of the palm, the martyr's badge. It was thus the Cross broke into the hearts of men and the palaces of kings, and produced saints in Cæsar's household.

There is one secluded corner outside the walls which must

not be missed. Tradition has hallowed it as the spot where St. Paul was executed, and in this case there is reason to believe that it is correct. The place itself has natural features which might well recommend it for such a grim purpose. It is in a little hollow and thus out of sight of the main road; yet being only two miles from the Ostian Gate it was within easy reach of the city. Condemned prisoners could be marched there without much difficulty. Less than ten minutes in a motor will take us that short distance. On the way we pass the picturesque Protestant cemetery. Beside it stands the pyramid of Cestius still silently pointing heavenward as on that day when St. Paul's eyes rested for a moment on its majestic pile. It remains while the ages pass, though the very language of its inscription is no longer the tongue of the shepherd who now basks at its foot. In the cemetery lies the dust of Keats and Shelley. On the latter's tablet are the lines he loved:

> " Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

We pass the Basilica of St. Paul, where, as we have already stated, his dust may still lie. A little farther on we turn off to the left along a lane which leads us to the Tre Fontane where three churches are erected in memory of the execution. Tradition has become encrusted with legend, and one is asked to believe the story of the Apostle's head bouncing three times and thus starting three fountains. One can imagine St. Paul's own indignation at what in his wrath he would term " old wives' fables ". There can be no better picture of this scene than that with which Conybeare and Howson close their great book on St. Paul.

" As the martyr and his executioners passed on from the Ostian Gate, their way was crowded with a motley multitude of goers and comers between the metropolis and its harbour—merchants hastening to superintend the unloading of their cargoes—sailors eager to squander the profits of their last voyage in the dissipations of the capital—officials of the government charged with the administration of the provinces or the command of the legions on the Euphrates or the Rhine—Chaldean astrologers—Phrygian eunuchs—dancing-girls from Syria, with their painted turbans—mendicant priests from

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THE GATE OF ST. PAUL

Through this gate the Apostle passed to execution, with the Pyramid of Cestius on which his eyes must have rested. The trees of the Protestant Cemetery are just showing behind.

Egypt, howling for Osiris—Greek adventurers, eager to coin their national cunning into Roman gold—representatives of the avarice and ambition, the fraud and lust, the superstition and intelligence of the Imperial world. Through the dust and tumult of that busy throng the small troop of soldiers threaded their way silently, under the bright sky of an Italian midsummer. They were marching, though they knew it not, in a procession more really triumphal than any they had ever followed, in the train of general or emperor, along the Sacred Way. Their prisoner, now and at last for ever delivered from captivity, rejoiced to follow his Lord ' without the gate '."

Now let us turn to the broad sunlit plain which stretches around us and breathe in the fresh breeze laden with the sweetness of new-mown hay which sweeps across it. Here are the lungs of Rome. They encircle the city with wide spaces.

The Roman Campagna is a vast undulating plain stretching along the coast from Civita Vecchia to Terracina, a distance of about 100 miles, and extending in diameter from the sea across to the mountains, which girdle it on the east, about 40 miles. Along this plain, pursuing an irregular course from north to south, and marking the ancient boundaries between Latium and Etruria, hurry the yellow and turbulent waves of the Tiber; and nearly equidistant from Civita Vecchia, Terracina, and the mountains, perched on its seven hills, is the city of Rome. Looking from the lofty tower of the Capitol, you see on the east the long low shore of the Mediterranean stretching for miles, with here and there the little towns of Pratica, Ostia, and Ardea, darkly silhouetted above its line against the faint band of the flashing sea. Towards the south, swelling from the flat level in long and beautiful sweeps, rises the varied outline of Monte Albano, culminating in the cone of Monte Cavo, and then again sweeping gracefully into the plain. Along its lower slopes gleam the towns of Albano, Marino, Castel Gandolfo, and Frascati, with villas, gardens, and olive orchards stretching up the hill. Still higher, and resting on a little jutting ledge, like a rock-slide which has been caught and stopped in its descent, is the little grey town of Rocca di Papa. Green forests and groves girdle its waist and soften the volcanic hollows around the Alban lake; and high up on its summit, where once towered the temple of Jupiter Latialis, built by Tarquin, rising above the trees may

be seen the shining walls of the Passionist convent of Monte Cavi, built by Cardinal York on the ruins of the ancient temple. Here, on the spot whence Virgil tells us that Juno surveyed the ranks of the contending armies, " Laurentum Troumque ", and gazed upon the city of the Latins,[1] you may stand and overlook the Roman world from Civita Vecchia to Naples—and not disdain a stout coat to protect you in the evenings of summer. Where the Alban Hill again drops into the plain on the western side is a wide gap of distance, through which you look far away down towards Naples, and see the faint misty height of Ischia just visible on the horizon —and then rising abruptly with sheer limestone cliffs and *crevasses* where transparent purple shadows sleep all day long, towers the grand range of the Sabine Mountains, whose lofty peaks surround the Campagna to the east and north like a curved amphitheatre. Down through the gap, and skirting the Pontine Marshes on the east, are the Volscian Mountains, closing up the Campagna at Terracina, where they overhang the road and confront the sea with their great barrier. Following along the Sabine hills, you will see at intervals the towns of Palestrina and Tivoli, where the Anio tumbles in foam, and other little mountain towns nestled here and there among the soft airy hollows, or perched on the cliffs. At their feet, on three little hills that stand like advanced posts before the lofty mountains, are the half-ruined villages of Colonna, Zagarola, and Gallicano, which give their names to princely Roman families of to-day. Farther along towers the dark and lofty peak of Monte Gennaro, that wears its mantle of snow almost into the summer, and the longer line of the Leonessa, where rose-coloured snow lies softly glowing against the sky as late as April. Beyond these, alone and isolated, in the north, rises out of the turbulent waves of the Campagna the striking and picturesque height of Soracte, swelling from the plain in form " like a long swept wave about to break, that on the crest hangs pausing ". Sweeping now round by Rieti, Civita Castellana, and the mountains of Viterbo, we come back to the sea at Civita Vecchia.

Within this magnificent amphitheatre lies the Campagna of Rome, and nothing can be more rich and varied, with every kind of beauty—sometimes, as around Ostia, flat as an American prairie, with miles of *canne* and reeds rustling in

[1] *Æneid*, xii, 134 *sqq.*

ROCCA DI PAPA

An old stronghold of Brigands on the slopes of Monte Cavo.

the wind, fields of exquisite feathery grasses waving to and fro, and forests of tall golden-trunked stone-pines poising their spreading umbrellas of rich green high in the air, and weaving a murmurous roof against the sun; sometimes drear, mysterious, and melancholy, as in the desolate stretches between Civita Vecchia and Rome, with lonely hollows and hills without a habitation, where sheep and oxen feed, and the wind roams over treeless and deserted slopes, and silence makes its home; sometimes rolling like an inland sea whose waves have suddenly been checked and stiffened, green with grass, golden with grain, and gracious with myriads of wild flowers, where scarlet poppies blaze over acres and acres, and pink-frilled daisies cover the vast meadows, and pendent vines shroud the picturesque ruins of antique villas, aqueducts and tombs, or droop from mediæval towers and fortresses.

Such is the aspect of the Agro Romano, or southern portion of the Campagna extending between Rome and Albano. It is a picture wherever you go. The land, which is of deep rich loam that repays a hundred-fold the least toil of the farmer, does not wait for the help of man, but bursts into spontaneous vegetation and everywhere laughs into flowers. Here is pasturage for millions of cattle, and grain fields for a continent, that now in wild untutored beauty bask in the Italian sun, crying shame on their neglectful owners. Over these long unfenced slopes one may gallop on horseback for miles, through meadows of green smoothness on fire with scarlet poppies—over hills crowned with ruins that insist on being painted, so exquisite are they in form and colour, with their background of purple mountains—down valleys of pastoral quiet, where great *tufa* caves open into subterranean galleries leading beyond human ken; or one may linger in lovely secluded groves of ilexes and pines, or track the course of swift streams overhung by dipping willows, and swerving here and there through broken arches of antique bridges smothered in green; or wander through hedges heaped and toppling over with rich, luxuriant foliage, twined together by wild vetches, honeysuckles, morning glories, and every species of flowering vine; or sit beneath the sun-looped shadows of ivy-coloured aqueducts, listening to the song of hundreds of larks far up in the air, and gazing through the lofty arches into wondrous deeps of violet-hued distances,

or lazily watching flocks of white sheep as they crop the smooth slopes guarded by the faithful watch-dog. Everywhere are deep-brown banks of *pozzolano* earth which makes the strong Roman cement, and quarries of tufa and travertine with unexplored galleries and catacombs running for miles below the whole Campagna. Dead generations lie under your feet wherever you tread. The place is haunted by ghosts that outnumber by myriads the living, and the air is filled with a tender sentiment of sadness which makes the beauty of the world about you more touching.

Subterranean Rome is vaster than the Rome above ground. Almost every rising hillock has its *pozzolano* cave which stimulates your curiosity to explore. You enter and creep a short distance into the damp shadow of the earth, and then a shudder comes over you and you return—or else, finding your way blocked up by fallen earth and fragments of ruin, you are glad to turn back, and, after stumbling over stones, to issue again into the warm sunshine. Some of these are entrances into the *arenariæ* or sand quarries of the ancients, which are burrowed far into the bowels of the earth. In these, hunted Christians in fear of martyrdom, robbers and assassins in ancient and mediæval days, emperors fleeing for their life from the insurrections of the Golden House, were wont to hide themselves. Into one of them, near the Esquiline gate, Asinius was decoyed and murdered, as we learn from Cicero. In another, Nero was recommended to take refuge when, with naked feet, disguised, and trembling with apprehension, he passed out the Nomentan Gate with death at his heels, and shuddering, refused to bury himself alive in the sandpit. And all along the Appian way they afforded hiding-places of thieves, who rushed out from them upon unwary travellers.

Long before Æneas landed on the Latin shore, cities had been founded there, and flourished and perished; generations had come and gone; masterpieces of art had been executed; and all at last had been buried in almost complete decay.

The very name of Rome would seem to imply an extremely antique origin. "I cannot help suspecting," says a learned author, "that Rome, when occupied by the predecessors of the Tusci and Umbri, was called Rama. Rome was supposed by many authors to have been a city of the Etrurians during the time anterior to its foundation in the year 753 B.C., and

subsequent to its abandonment by the ancient Aborigines; and the site of Rome had been excavated by certain subterraneous passages of extraordinary size and solidity—the Cloacæ, or rather Cloacæ Maximæ:

"'Operum omnium dictu maximum, suffosis montibus atque urbe pensili subterque navigata.'"[1]

"I suspect," says Godfrey Higgins, in his *Anacalypsis* (vol. i, p. 374), "that Rama, so common both in India and Syria, was the same as Roma;—that it was a noun adjective, appellative, and meant in one sense 'strong'. Thus, Balarama, the potent or powerful Bal."

"Numa, I suspect of being a Menu or a Noah, as it is written in the Hebrew a Nuh. The tribe of Judah were strictly the followers of the doctrines of Noah or Nuh, and in this respect were followers of the same doctrine as Numa. It was from this cause that his city was called by the Brahmin name of Rama, or Roma, or Ῥώμη—Numa, for instance, forbade to the Romans to have any representation of God in the form of a man or a beast, nor was there any such thing among them for the first 170 years. And Plutarch adds to this, that they were Pythagoreans, and shed no blood in their sacrifices, but confined them to flour and wine. Here is the sacrifice of Melchisedec over again—the Buddhist or Mithraic sacrifice, which I have no doubt extended over the whole world." Numa, also, it will be remembered, built a temple of Vesta, ordered fire to be worshipped as a principle of all things, consecrated it, and kept it ever burning.

Pliny says that Rome had a secret name, and that where it now stands was formerly a city called Saturnia. We know, also, that it was called Eros, or Love, because its name is an Anagram, and reversed spells Amor, and in the same way its great legislator may have been called Numa from Menu or Amun. Another name for Rome was Urum, from Urus, the male or female beeve—Ur being the root, and meaning beeve. And Italy, in like manner, was called Vitala, or Itala, from Vitulus—a bull. St. Peter calls Rome Babylon, which was a mystic name, as indicated by a passage from the Sibylline oracle, Lib. iii, where it is clearly referred to under this name.

[1] Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, xxxvi, 15.

Here is surely mystery enough to stimulate the dullest mind, and urge the imagination into vaguest regions of history, tradition, and myth. Who, indeed, was Tarquin, or Numa, or Æneas, or Evander, but comparatively distinct shapes within the reach of the eye, while behind them, stretching away into antiquity, is a misty procession of lawgivers, rulers, and people growing ever dimmer and dimmer, and vanishing at last into the airiest cloudland of conjecture. Still one cannot tread upon the ground of such possibilities as the imagination, darkly groping in the twilight of tradition, summons into being, without a strange thrill of sadness; —and after such fanciful excursions into the past, we may fitly seat ourselves on the fragment of some ruined tomb, and ponder on the mutability of humanity and the vanities of the world. The ashes of hundreds of generations of the past are beneath our feet, without a history or a name—and we ourselves will just as surely vanish out of memory, and become only a vague possibility to the generations of the Future. The thought is not a consoling one. Let us turn to nearer and more real facts.

Under the swelling mounds, which rise everywhere around you in the Campagna, are the galleries and foundations of ancient villas and the chambers of ancient tombs. Some years ago Signor Fortunati undertook excavations on the ancient Via Latina in hopes of discovering the remains of an early Christian church. Scarcely had he stuck pick and spade into the earth, when he burst through the roof of two ancient tombs, which for ten centuries had lain there hidden from human eye. There stood the ancient sarcophagi, with the bones of their occupants. On the ceiling of one, perfect as ever, were figures and arabesques in *bassi relievi* sketched with a master's hand in the wet plaster; and on the ceiling of the other were the fresh unfaded colours of Roman paintings of the early imperial days. In these tombs there was an air of peace and serenity which was very striking. Landscapes, fruits, musical instruments, birds, flowers, graceful figures, and masks were painted on the walls, and in the centre of the ceiling Jove wielded his thunderbolt. The aspect of everything was cheerful. On the sarcophagi were *alti relievi* representing mythologic stories; and Death, instead of being impersonated by a grinning skeleton, hideous and frightful, stood in the shape of a youthful and winged

genius with inverted torch. Built against one of these sepulchral chambers, and forming as it were a vestibule to it, was a tomb of a later date with several sarcophagi. On one of these was the following tender inscription:

" C. Servienus Demetrius
Mar. F. Viviæ Severæ,
Uxori santissimæ et
Mihi Q. vixit mecum an-
nis XXII. Mens. VIIII. Dies V.
in quibus semper mihi
Bene fuit cum illa
Pancrati hic."

But even here the desecrating hand of some Goth had been, and through a hole broken in one corner had probably stolen the ornaments placed there by the pious hand of her husband.

Here also were unearthed the foundations of the early Christian basilica dedicated to St. Stephen, and built by St. Demetria, the first nun, at the instance of the Pope St. Leo the Great, who was the head of the Church from A.D. 440 to 461. Bosio, the great explorer of Christian remains, had failed to discover it; but there it lay hidden under the grassy mound at the third mile-stone on the Via Latina, just as it was described by Aringhi over two hundred years ago. It was in complete ruin, being razed to its foundations. Twenty-two columns of rare and beautiful marble, one of which is of *verde antico*, and several of *breccia* and *cipollino marino*, were found toppled down among its *débris*, as well as forty bases and more than thirty capitals, and numberless architectural ornaments attesting the richness of the old basilica.

Here too was exposed to view the old pavement of the Via Latina, worn into ruts by the narrow *plaustra* and *bigæ* of the ancient Romans, clearly showing that a drive was no joke in those days. At the side of the road are also raised walks for foot passengers, similar to those in Pompeii.

All these had lain under the smoothed mounds of grass for centuries, hidden from mortal eye; and here a month before the sheep had been peaceably feeding, and the shepherd dreaming on his staff, unconscious of the world beneath his feet. Now we had broken through into the old life and death, and touched as it were past generations which were

only dust and spirit, and read records of love and sorrow that had so long survived the hands that wrote and the lips that uttered them. Who was Vivia Severa, that made her husband happy for nearly twenty-three years? Was she as beautiful as she was amiable? and did Servienus Demetrius mourn her for a week and then marry again?

Various as the Campagna is in outline, it is quite as various in colour, reflecting every aspect of the sky and answering every touch of the seasons. Day after day it shifts the slide of its wondrous panorama of changeful pictures—now tender in the fresh green and flower-flush of spring—now golden in the matured richness of summer—and now subdued and softened into the purple browns of autumn and winter. Silent and grand, with shifting opal hues of blue, violet, and rose, the mountains look upon the plain. Light clouds hide and cling to their airy crags, or drag along them their trailing shadows. Looking down from the Alban Hill one sees in the summer noons wild thunderstorms, with sloping spears of rain and flashing blades of lightning, charge over the plain and burst here and there among the ruins, while all around the full sunshine basks upon the Campagna and trembles over the mountains. Towards twilight the landscape is transfigured in a blaze of colour—the earth seems fused in a fire of sunset—the ruins are of beaten gold—the meadows and hollows are as crucibles where delicate rainbows melt into every tone and gradation of colour—a hazy and misty splendour floats over the shadows, and earth drinks in the glory of the heavens. Then softly a grey veil is drawn over the plain, the shadow creeps up the mountain-side, the purples deepen, the fires of sunset fade away into cold ashes—the sunset is gone almost while we speak. The air grows chill, and in the hollows and along the river steal long white snakes of mist—fires from the stubble begin to show here and there—the sky's deep orange softens slowly into a glowing citron, with tinges of green, then refines into paler yellows, and the great stars begin to look out from the soft deep blue above. Then the Campagna is swallowed up in dark, and chilled with damp and creeping winds.

One of the most striking features of the Campagna is the herds of cattle which are bred there, and roam over its hills and valleys. The oxen are estimated to number about 150,000, and magnificent beasts they are, with their soft greyish-white

AN OX-WAGON

A familiar sight on the country roads

skins, that, when well cared for, shine like silk, their enormous spreading horns measuring five and six feet in width, and their large soft eyes that Homer thought it no shame to give to Hera βοῶπις. They are as docile and obedient as they are majestic and powerful; and adorned with scarlet ribbons or bands, as they slowly drag along the heavy wains, no one could fail to notice them for their beauty. The *contadini* are very proud of them, and treat them with the utmost kindness. With their natural love of colour, they twine around their horns the wild flowers they pick along the road, and on *festa*-days deck them in wreaths and scarlet tassels and ribbons. The cows, when well stabled and protected from the weather, give abundant and rich milk; and the bulls, prodigious in their massive shoulders and knotted knees, would be no easy victories in a Spanish arena. Their horns, polished carefully, are sold in Rome as ornaments, to be placed over the doors as a protection against the evil eye; and, whether they subserve this purpose satisfactorily or not, they are beautiful enough in themselves to need no excuse of utility.

Buffaloes may also be seen in herds here and there. These beasts are still more powerful than the oxen, and are used to do all the hardest work. With their brutal low heads and turned-up snouts, their short-angled legs, wiry coats of shaggy hair, and rugged semicircular horns, they present a very savage aspect; but, though sulky, they submit to training, are very sagacious, and will drag enormous loads. Their eye is strangely melancholy and pathetic, and has the look of a creature which mourns over its unhappy lot, and sorrows at its own ugliness. But, though ugly, they are eminently picturesque; and tugging along through the hoof-deep sand of the coast, their rude carts laden with marble, travertine, or stone, under tall stone-pines that lean back from the constant strain of sea-gales—or wallowing up to their belly through the grass of the Pontine Marshes—they form a very striking feature in the landscape. In these marshes they are used at certain seasons to clear the canals of the reeds, flags, and aquatic plants with which the summer has choked the stream. Driven into the water and urged on by drivers on either bank, who goad them with long poles, they stumble through the weeds, tearing them up with their breasts and hoofs, and sometimes, with only their head and snout above water, they snort along, blowing like hippopotamuses, and

dragging with them tangled masses of grass that cling around their horns and broad black noses.

The flocks of sheep on the Campagna are estimated to amount to some 600,000. They are tended by shepherds, who, in their pointed hats adorned with gay cords and tassels or the eye of a peacock's feather—their short jacket of undressed sheep's wool—their red waistcoats patched and faded —their breeches of goats' skin with the long shaggy hair hanging from them—their skin sandals and *cioci*, laced over cloth under-leggings, which serve instead of stockings, are the modern type of old Pan. At their side they carry a yellow gourd of water, and in their pocket is stuffed a black wedge of bread and a few onions to lunch upon. All day long, leaning upon their poles, which they plant diagonally before them, and spreading out their legs so as to form a tripod, they stand watching the herds, or gazing vacantly into the air, or going fast asleep. A great white dog of the St. Bernard breed always accompanies them. He is as intelligent as his master, thoroughly knows his business, and does all the active duty; keeping guard over the sheep, driving them here and there, preventing them from straying, and directing them in all their courses. So savage are these dogs, that it is always well to be armed with a good stick in one's excursions off the main roads into the heart of the Campagna; for, in case the shepherd be out of the way, or asleep, they will instantly attack anyone who approaches too near the flock. The sheep follow after the shepherd, and are not driven before him; and at nightfall, after his dog has gathered them all together, he leads them to their fold. It is a picturesque sight to see them then, all flocking along over the Campagna, with the shepherd marching gravely at their head. The fold, which is movable, and pitched now in one spot and now in another, is made of a network of twine, stretched upon stakes planted at equal distances in the ground, and about three feet in height. It is the same sheepfold as that which was used in the Cæsars' time, and in an ancient *basso relievo* at Ince Blundel one of these *retia* may be seen enclosing some goats and pigs. The dormitory of the shepherd is a rude *capanna*, made of thick matted straw and sticks, just high enough for him to creep into on his hands and knees. There, on a straw bedding, over which he spreads his blanket, he sleeps. Sometimes, in case there are several shepherds, these

capanne are built into a lofty cone, and here they cook their food and live together in a manner ruder than the American Indians. If you visit them you will find the warmest hospitality, and a native courtesy and good breeding, without loss of independence of character, which no amount of adversity has been able to crush out of them. They are very ignorant, but delighted to learn, and look with wonder on all you say. Cicero they know by name; Julius Cæsar is an established fact; they are acquainted with St. Ovid, and they swear by Bacchus; but France, America, and England are nowhere in their imaginations, or loom vague up out of the distance like misty dream-lands. Rome is to them the world, the Tiber the king of rivers, and the Gran Sasso d'Italia their topmost Himalaya peak. They are glad, however, to hear that in England and America there are cities, and always ask whether there are mountains and rivers, with a certain air of patronage.

Some influence certainly falls upon them from the outward world in which they live; and they both love and appreciate the beauty of their own Italy. They will point you out the best views, freely criticize your work if you happen to be an artist, and often use poetic and imaginative phrases in speaking of nature, which show their native susceptibility to fine impressions. The old Roman pride, all overgrown with superstition and the rank growths of ignorance, still shows itself in their characters, as the cornices of the old temples peep out from the grasses, acanthus leaves and weeds in which they are buried. They would not change their country for any other in the world, and they look upon us as barbarians, or at least as coming from a barbarous, insignificant, and inferior world. Two of the *contadini* of one of the mountain towns near Rome, seeing an artist at work painting a picturesque lichen-covered rock, came up to him, and quietly looked over his shoulder. From his dress they took him for an Englishman, and, after having satisfied their curiosity as to his painting, one of them broke silence by saying to his friend: "Non ci hanno sassi in paesaccio loro?" (Have they no rocks in their miserable country?) "Sassi ci sono, ma non c'è il sole" (Rocks there are, but there is no sun), was the contemptuous answer.

The shepherds who come from the mountains are a very fine race of men, physically, and make admirable soldiers or

bandits. In the army of Napoleon they were among his best troops—firm and courageous in battle, and faithful and enduring under the severest trials. Marco Sciarra, one of the most famous banditti chieftains of modern days, was an Abruzzese, and so was the well-known " Fra Diavolo ".

As the summer comes on, the great heat renders the Campagna unhealthy for man or beast, and the sheep are driven to higher levels and cooler pastures among the mountains. Those who remain pay for it by the fever, and their flocks suffer even more than they.

A very considerable number of horses are also bred on the Campagna, and it is not unusual to see as many as three hundred collected together on one farm. Of late years much attention has been paid to their breeding, and attempts have been made to improve the breed by crossing them with imported horses; but thus far the result has not been satisfactory. The Roman horse is large, sturdy, handsome of figure, and capable of enduring great fatigue; and in their power of withstanding the heat of the climate they are vastly superior to the English horses, which it has lately become the fashion to import. Crossed with the English horse, the mixed breed becomes lighter and slenderer of figure, and therefore better for the saddle; but in harness it loses some of the best qualities of the native race. It deteriorates in stamina and endurance, becomes more fastidious in its feed, lengthens in the loins and fetlocks, and loses the iron hoofs which are the priceless gift of the real Roman horse. In this last particular the Roman horses excel all others, and such is the hardness of their hoofs that it is the universal custom in Rome to leave the hind feet unshod, and only to shoe the fore feet with *demi-lunes*. As the pavement of Rome is made of a very hard volcanic stone that easily polishes, and as the city is built upon hills and declivities, a horse which is ironed on all his feet is liable constantly to slip and fall, and his value is greatly diminished if his hoofs will not resist the pavement without irons. If only for this reason, the English horses are of less value in Rome than the native breed, and no one who does not wish to risk a sudden fall will trot an English horse, shod on all his feet, through the city.

The goats are also a peculiar feature of the Campagna. These beautiful animals, with their long white silken hair, yellow slanting beady eyes and snowy beards, may every-

CONTADINI

From the Campagna.

where be seen leaping about among the ruins, mounted on broken walls, or cropping the hedges, and peering through them at you as you pass. They are large and generally of a yellowish white, though occasionally you may see black ones mixed among them. Every morning, flocks of them are driven or led into the towns, where they may be seen crouching in the streets, while the goat-herd sells their milk fresh from the udder to his various customers, who come to the door and call for him. By ten o'clock they are all driven back to the Campagna, where they stray about all day long, forming picturesque groups among the ruins for the foreground of pictures.

Beautiful as is the Campagna, one cannot but mourn over the losses it has suffered. The great mother of nations has many dead children. The ancient cities and towns, which once were scattered about on the plain around the eternal city, have all vanished. Etruscan Veii, the great rival of Rome, was obliterated even in the days of Hadrian, so that its very site was forgotten, and only a few fragments and ruins show where it once flourished. Where, too, are Gabii, Fidenæ, Antemnæ, Sutri, Laurentum?—

> " Scis Lebedus quid sit? Gabiis desertior atque
> Fidenis vicus."

Where are the fifty nations which Pliny enumerates as belonging to early Latium, thirty-three of which were within the compass of the Pontine Marshes? These vast meadows and grassy slopes now pastured on by cattle and sheep, and waving here and there with grain, were once thronged by cities, towns, villages, and villas. " And these," says Dionysius, " were so closely compacted together that if anyone looking towards Rome should estimate its size with his eye he would be greatly deceived, nor would he be able to distinguish how far the city extends or where it ceases to be city, so are the buildings of the city and the country linked together without a break, and stretching out to an infinite length."

CHAPTER XI

BEYOND THE CITY

Enchanting as Rome is its environs are almost as fascinating. In these days of motors they have been brought near at hand, so that less than an hour's run will take you to Tivoli, perhaps the most attractive of them all. History and nature unite in crowning this town on the Sabine hills with a charm peculiarly its own. The road from Rome is full of interest. We pass out of the city by the Porta S. Lorenzo, and descending into the valley of the Anio cross this stream, bathing in whose waters Silvia, the reputed mother of Romulus and Remus, was transformed into a goddess. The Anio has come down in the world. Once it was a river which carried on its bosom barges laden with blocks of travertine from the quarries near Tivoli. Then it paid to deepen its channel and strengthen its banks; now in its old age it is allowed to amble along as it likes, picturesque still but feeble. Who would have thought it had once lifted in its arms and brought to Rome the masses of stone with which were built the theatres of Marcellus and Pompey and the everlasting Colosseum? No wonder it looks a worn-out river now.

But where there is so much to see we must hurry on. One stop should be made, however. Almost hidden amongst the cypress trees the ruins of Hadrian's Villa challenge us with their call to halt. There is so much they have to tell us, and so many puzzles to set us which we cannot solve. If we have taken lunch with us, and the hotels in Rome from long practice know how to prepare those tasty titbits for which the perfumed air and sunny hillside whet the appetite, then there is no better seat than the grass-grown wall, where one can eat and gaze around at the same time.

To understand this great palace, perhaps the largest ever built, which its owner modestly called a villa, it is necessary to study the man himself who has left here the shadow of his personality in stone. As a youth he had been brought up in Athens and had imbibed its culture. Yet he had enough of the Roman to give his character that dash of courage and resolution which attracted the attention of the Emperor Trajan, and eventually led to his being adopted as son and

heir. When he ascended the throne his great aim was to give security to the Empire. He sought to consolidate what Trajan had conquered, and where he thought the frontier was advanced too far he did not hesitate to contract it into salients more defensible. He was a man of peace, but not of weakness. He reorganized the army and made it a more efficient weapon than ever, though he kept it in its sheath. He realized that an Emperor belonged to the whole Empire, so he spent years in travelling throughout it. He visited England, and with his usual policy, instead of attempting to conquer Scotland he built a wall from the Tyne to the Solway as a limit to the Barbarian as well as to the Roman. He was the friend of the slave, the first Emperor who took an interest in their lot. He set himself to reconstruct Roman law and may justly be called its founder. He established a civil service which was to offer as honourable a career for the sons of the nobility as the army. He stopped all persecutions of the Christians, and even went the length of punishing with severity those who brought false accusations against them. Truly he might be denoted as " Not far from the Kingdom of God ". He made himself acquainted with the tenets of the new religion, and actually endowed chairs for Christian professors in the school of Alexandria. Naturally an Emperor who took such an unusual line ran the gauntlet of criticism, all the more so that in his philosophic calm he deigned merely to smile at critics and not to crucify them. Rome disliked him just as he did it. For five years at a stretch he was out of his capital. He discountenanced its brutal sports, and tried though in vain to put an end to the bloody shows of the arena. The populace retorted by calling him low-born and unfit to rule; but the army adored him. He understood the soldier, and he greatly improved the condition of the private; while the provinces were loyal to a man, and perhaps laughed in their sleeves at the discomfiture of the capital. When Hadrian did come to reside at the centre it was not on the Palatine. He looked about for a site for the most wonderful palace in the world, and here on the slope of the hill near Tivoli he discovered the ideal spot. The view is magnificent. The Emperor could see in the distance the imperial city, while the broad Campagna stretched itself before him. Here was a place of quiet, to which he could invite minds akin to his own. He made it the great thinking shop of his Empire, where wise

men discussed projects which were put to the test far away, and changed whole provinces.

Instances can be given of the generosity and self sacrifice of the Emperor, whose aim seems to have been the welfare of the people over whom he ruled. The historian Duruy says: " If an Emperor can be measured by the happiness he gave his people, then Hadrian is the greatest of the Emperors."

Of the numerous busts of this sovereign perhaps one of the best is that which was found in the Thames in the year 1837 and is now in the British Museum.

It is impossible to realize the size or ascertain the purpose of all the sections of this great palace which is scattered over several square miles; but they may be divided into two groups, first those which belonged to the private residence of the Emperor and his court, and the other part which was more public and which was open for visitors to inspect.

The library is perhaps the best centre to steer for. It is the large building on the left as we approach the Poikile, the great landmark. This latter was a high wall so built that there was always shade on one side. Here the philosophers, of whom Hadrian was very fond, could walk and talk. Their room is supposed to be the basilica-shaped hall which adjoins. Passing through that we come to a circular enclosure. In the centre of this was a retreat surrounded by water. Here Hadrian had his private study. By swinging the bridge round he could get privacy. The Latin and Greek libraries, which were distinct from each other, with their steep stairs and numerous small rooms occupied a quiet position surrounded by colonnades and gardens. In a large hall in this neighbourhood the magnificent statue of " The Dying Gladiator " is said to have been found.

A short distance to the north of this section there is a group of about half a dozen well-proportioned rooms, some with richly coffered ceilings. Possibly these were intended for the Empress and the ladies of her court. It was in this spot that the famous Venus de' Medici was discovered. In fact Hadrian's Villa has been a perfect mine of treasure-trove since the Scotsman Hamilton first began to unearth its hidden wealth. On the north-east is a square building of several floors. It is called the quarters of the Vigiles or Watchmen. It may have been the kitchen or cooks' domain. The more we study the arrangements of this old palace the more we realize how carefully planned each detail was, and on how vast a scale.

The second group of buildings is that which centres round the Palazzo d'Oro, a great court on the extreme west. Here by knocking away the sand with your foot you will lay bare a magnificent mosaic pavement. At the far end of the square are some lofty rooms lighted from the top. In a gallery at this point in all likelihood stood the great statues which Hadrian had collected, masterpieces of Polycleitus, Pheidias, Praxiteles, and Myron, which even the sharp-scented Scotsman failed to find. Large doors opened into delicious gardens and cool porticoes; alcoves for solitude, halls for assemblage met every want. Only for one thing was there a lack of provision. We search in vain in this perfect palace for any amphitheatre or arena for gladiatorial combats.

Come back to the Belvedere, the view-point to the north-west. Here with the summer's sunset casting its rich glow over the valley of the Tempe beneath, and gilding the marble towers behind, Hadrian must often have sat and mused. It was well for the world that at its helm it had a man who loved the archaic quiet, who rejoiced to commune with nature, who caught many of the inspiring whispers the stars wafted to him. Because of this the world had peace, and a generation lived and died without the horrors of war. Above all, Christianity got its chance. The powerful arm of that monarch who sat there in the Belvedere and admired the beauty of God's earth shielded the builders of the Church from harm.

Slowly we walk back to our car under the shadow of the lime trees, the pines, and cypresses, while the perfume of the flowers and the odour of the resin is wafted on the breeze. Even in these ruins, overgrown now by Nature's veil of green and shadowed by trees which have apparently grown out of the very stones which once adorned the royal palace, there is an enchantment in which the past and present both struggle for mastery.

A winding road, shadowed by olive groves, and lined by the silvery trunks of the old trees twisted by time into fantastic shapes, leads up the hill to where the modern town of Tivoli keeps guard over ruins which date far into the past. For these straggling streets have a long pedigree. Dionysius is the first to give us a glimpse of its ancient history. He says it was a stronghold of the Siculi; and for that it was well situated, posted on the ridge overlooking the Anio and the wide plain beneath. Some writers say that the original inhabitants

were expelled by Tiburtus, Coras, and Catillus, the three grandsons of Amphiaraus, the king and prophet of Thebes, who lived a century before the Trojan War. Tivoli (its old name was Tibur) was called after the oldest of the brothers.

There are a few remains of those distant days, though they demand some searching for. Along the banks of the Anio about a mile from the town are groups of caverns. In the centuries they have played many parts. Possibly they were the abodes of hermits, and the lairs of brigands, and the dens of wild beasts. Later they were certainly shelters for the shepherds, who found them convenient folds for their flocks in storms. Thus there is little of their original fittings left. They were no doubt constructed as tombs, and the slight traces which still remain of their first shape show that they were designed after the model of Etruscan sepulchres. That does not mean that the Etruscans were actually in possession, though to some types of mind the evidence of Etruscan fashions found south of Rome is sufficient to upset all stable theories with regard to the boundaries of Latium and Etruria.

There is one tomb of peculiar interest about a mile from Tivoli on the road to Gerano. It marks the beginning of a new epoch, the introduction of a new fashion. It is that of a doctor, a man who was evidently in advance of his times. Up till then the Etruscan habit of burying the body had been the custom; but this medical pioneer had advanced hygienic ideas, he was a believer in cremation, and in order to help the new practice on he had his tomb constructed in the form of a funeral pyre. The concrete foundation was made to resemble the bundles of fagots, while towards the top are about a dozen projecting masses of travertine to illustrate the beams used to support the platform on which the body was placed. I almost see a grim humour in this monument. This controversialist wanted to have the last word, and he had it! Aufestius Soter, though dead, yet speaketh.

Scotsmen will be interested in a recent suggestion of a well-known archæologist, Mr. F. A. Searle. In his explorations of the old walls at Tivoli he made a minute examination of the skulls found, and comparing them with skulls taken from Britain came to the conclusion that here we have remains of the Celtic invasion of Europe, and though there has been unearthed no such inscription as that found in the catacombs, "Quidam Scoti hic fuerunt", still these people have left

their skulls behind, and that is good enough evidence. Some of their implements have also been picked up, and these corroborate the theory. The specimens of the flint used to kindle the Easter fire are similar to those found in Scotland and Ireland.

We think of other distinguished people who once found a home in this town on the ridge. Here Brutus and Cassius, their hands dyed with blood, fled after the murder of Cæsar. The beauty of the place would be lost on them. A seared conscience has no eye, and they had other things to think of. Not so the beautiful Zenobia, the brave and handsome queen of Palmyra, who passed her exile in this hill town, and must often have turned yearning eyes to the East and wondered what was taking place beyond the lands of Italy and Greece in the palaces of her youth.

Buildings beget offspring, and though the parent crumbles to decay there sometimes rises a new structure in which survives the spirit of the old. Hadrian's Villa ever since Totila's army of 25,000 Goths encamped there in A.D. 543 may be said to have ceased to live as a palace and remained only as a ruin. The hand of the brigand, and the outlaw, and the spoiler dug its grave deeper; but the Neapolitan architect, Pirro Ligorio, brought life out of death. The daughter is very unlike the mother, yet it was from Hadrian's Villa that this architect got his inspiration for the Villa d'Este. He was employed by Ippolito d'Este, son of Lucrezia Borgia, to build him a mansion in Tivoli, with the mild climate of which he had become so charmed. It was begun in A.D. 1549. Crossing a courtyard, and descending a long vaulted passage, we enter rooms decorated by Zuccari and Muziano, and pass out into perhaps the most impressive terraced garden in the world. Fountains jet forth silvery spray and tall trees stretch their background of sombre colouring against which the laughing waters sparkle with brilliant effect. This villa remained in the possession of the d'Este family until the last heir died in 1796, then it passed over to Maria Beatrice, who brought it as her dowry to Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. After the Great War the Italian Government confiscated it. The house itself is now being used as an academy of music, while the gardens are retained as a resort for sightseers.

The site of what is called the Villa of Mæcenas has a double interest. It perpetuates the memory of one of the greatest

patrons of art and literature, and it is now found to be not what its name denotes but really the foundations of the old Temple of Hercules. It was the necessities of modern life which unearthed this building. "The Società della Forza Idraulica" purchased the Villa of Mæcenas and the vineyard adjoining it, and in order to use the cascade for electrical purposes began to clear out the debris of centuries and laid bare a remarkable frieze about six feet long, ornamented on its sculptured soffit with the club of Hercules alternating with a rose. Later there was exposed a vast atrium, on the north and east side of which were long colonnades. Of these about fifty arches with their Doric three-quarter columns are still standing. On the western side of the atrium stood the few remnants of a theatre and on the south was an elevation, and here was uncovered the remains of a temple, including the bases of twenty-eight Ionic columns and some portions of a richly coloured mosaic having a double Greek pattern. This temple exactly resembles the one in Hadrian's Villa. If the Villa d'Este drew its inspiration from the Emperor's palace then it seems that the Emperor had first of all borrowed the design of his theatre from Tivoli itself.

By this time one must be ready for tea, and the picturesque restaurant, the Sibilla, is perhaps the handiest spot; for here you can see the so-called temples of Vesta and of the Sibyl. At all events the first is a jewel of Roman art of the last days of the Republic, and still preserves ten of the eighteen columns which once surrounded it. The *cella* is in a good state of preservation. The temple of the Sibyl has a special interest for us, for whatever may have been its origin, during the Middle Ages it was transformed into a church dedicated to St. George. Therefore it is quite the thing to see a group of English tourists sitting there, devotees of tea, under the shadow of their patron saint.

We now proceed through the little town and round the valley on the opposite side. From here we get a splendid view of the falls. They tumble over a height of three hundred feet. The rush of water, the rising of the spray rainbowed in the sunlight, make a beautiful picture. This cascade is in a sense artificial. Twice in its history had the little Aniene run amok. In A.D. 105 Pliny the Younger tells how it suddenly made for itself a new channel and swept to destruction all the houses which lay in its path. It continued in that self-

THE BALUSTRADE OF THE ROSTRA

In the Roman Forum.

made channel until 1824, when suddenly the frenzy of change seized it once more, and it burst through in another place and carried away a church and thirty-eight dwellings with their inmates. It was then the engineers stepped in and put a rein to its self-will. They opened up two new tunnels through which they compelled the waters to pass in their harmless onrush; and now they have harnessed them, and are making them supply Rome with light.

Horace often looked on this scene. His farm was just about opposite the falls. When this great Roman poet had written his way to fame he was presented by his friend and patron Mæcenas with an estate in the Sabine country, so that he might live without care away from the harassing noise and bustle of the city. The estate comprised a country house and small farm, a vineyard and olive-grove, and a wood.

Another full day's excursion may be taken by starting after breakfast and covering the short run to Frascati in less than an hour. It is about fifteen miles. It might be called the rival town to Tivoli. It is perched on the Alban hills, and the two competitors for summer visitors face each other across the broad valley. Though its permanent population is only about nine thousand, in summer that is greatly augmented. The air there is fresh, and many business men make their quarters for the season in this hill resort, and run in and out to Rome daily. There is a quick service of electric trams, which takes one to the city in three-quarters of an hour.

If we have come with an inquiring mind and not merely to bask in the sunshine, then there is something more important for us to do than loiter in the picturesque street. We may take a look in at the Cathedral to see the monument erected to Prince Charlie by his brother, Cardinal York. But after all, Frascati is honoured because it is the child of its mother. It came into being because the great city of Tusculum, three miles farther up on the heights behind it, was at last destroyed by the Romans in the year 1191. For nearly two thousand years these cities had been jealous of each other, and the depth of that hatred was seen in the senseless passion with which the Romans wantonly destroyed the town of their enemies, and strewed its ruins with salt so that never more might it look down disdainfully on the younger city.

So there is little to be seen now except by one who has the eye of an archæologist or historian. The view is the same as

ever and is worth the climb. The summit where the ancient citadel stood is 2400 feet above the sea, whose streak of blue is visible beyond the wide Campagna. We can sit in the old amphitheatre and survey its arena, and people it once more with the excited citizens who never dreamed that their city, founded so proudly on a rock, would disappear before its rival of the plain whose forum had been a marsh. This takes us back to history, and we must turn its pages to realize where we are. Classical writers give a mythical origin to Tusculum. They say it was founded about 1250 B.C. by Telegonus son of Ulysses and the enchantress Circe, and that from his daughter Mamilia descended the noble family of the Mamilii, the princes of Tusculum. At all events this city was of venerable age ere Rome was thought of. With what eyes of contemptuous curiosity it must have looked down from its invincible stronghold on the builders by the Tiber! Tusculum could not march with the times. It had the old-fashioned idea that a city should be set on a hill. It did not realize that a new force, stronger than the sword, was beginning to change the world, and that was commerce. The prizes of the future would not go to the nation which isolated itself in proud seclusion behind its battlements, but to the one which placed itself beside the avenues of trade and stretched out its hands to all the world. It was really two principles which contended in the rivalry of these cities.

Tusculum had the start. From its eyrie fortress it dominated all the plain of Latium as far as the sea, and became the centre of a great confederation of states. It smiled condescendingly at Rome, until that rising city turned out the Tarquins. This was too much to stand, and Mamilius of Tusculum entered into a solemn league with thirty cities to replace his father-in-law, Tarquinius Superbus, on the throne of Rome. The result was the great battle of Lake Regillus, which was one of the turning-points in history. The fate of Rome, and one might almost say of the new civilization, depended on the issue. Myths have imparted a certain mistiness to this far-off conflict. The story of the Great Twin Brethren who rode to Rome to tell the news of victory, and who vanished while the citizens shouted for joy, substitutes fancy for fact; but the embellishment need not destroy the germ of truth. It only emphasizes the Mafficking exuberance of the crowd at the tremendous relief of knowing that they were not to be wiped

out. No wonder they deified in story the messengers of the good news. When eventually Tusculum became part of the dominions of Rome it brought no slight contribution to the common greatness. It produced Marcus Porcius Cato, that old-fashioned, stiff-necked aristocrat, who did more, however, than most men to fashion the stern character of the Romans, and mould those sinews of strength which in the end enabled them to conquer the world. In the time of the late Republic it was fashionable to have a villa at Tusculum, and many of these have been traced which are connected with distinguished names.

But we must jump big spaces in history and come to later days. Tusculum played its part well up to the last. Its leading family, the Conti di Tuscolo, in the Middle Ages produced no fewer than seven Popes. They were citizens of no mean city. Then disaster began to gather its clouds round this proud hill town. Robert Guiscard and his Normans ravaged it in A.D. 1060. A sunset flash of its old glory lit it up for a short time in 1167. The old enmity towards Rome which was always smouldering broke out afresh. The Tusculans under Christian di Magonza defeated the Romans with great slaughter on the 9th of May at Prato Porci. This is said to have been the actual site of the former battle of Lake Regillus. If so, then after sixteen hundred years the Tusculans wiped out their defeat. Landmarks of the slaughter have been left in local names, such as " campo bruno ", " passo Longobardo ", " valle dei morti ".

Winning a war turns out often to be the worst thing for a people. The success of Tusculum but kindled rancour in the hearts of the Romans. They made up their mind that there could be but one end, and it must be the end of Tusculum. This did not come about until 1191, when Pope Celestine and the Emperor Henry VI handed over the unfortunate town to its enemies. Through treachery the Romans got entrance within the walls, and massacred and mutilated the inhabitants, who defended themselves gallantly, and then all that remained of Tusculum was absolutely razed to the ground.

Rejoining our car we should motor up the winding hillside path to that quaint little town which is perched like an eagle's nest under the highest cliffs of the Alban hills. It has been a nest of robbers, if not of birds, for many centuries, and its

character clings about the place. From here we walk up to the summit of Monte Cavo. The climb is not stiff, and before we have gone half-way our path joins the old Via Triumphalis. It was up this mountain road that generals, granted the honours of a lesser triumph, ascended to the temple on foot. Among the leaders thus honoured were M. Claudius Marcellus, the captor of Syracuse, 212 B.C.; Q. Minucius Rufus; and greatest of them all, clad in the modest *toga prætexta*, his brow bound, not with his later deathless laurels, but with simple myrtle, Julius Cæsar, Dictator.

From the top of the mountain, which is 3150 feet high, we get the most magnificent view in the neighbourhood of Rome. The dome of St. Peter's is the landmark of the distant city. It almost looks as if it were floating on clouds. No wonder superstition added a sense of awe to this rugged height, which dominated the whole of Latium. Traditions of flames and thunders gave to it from earliest times a mysterious and sacred character. Here Tarquinius Superbus built and dedicated the great Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, and associated with it one of the most important yearly festivals in the Roman State, the Feriæ Latinæ. The consuls on taking office had to fix its date, and they had themselves to be present. At first the celebration was completed in one day but its importance increased to such an extent that in the time of Camillus it extended to four. The heads of all the Latin states assembled at the temple. It was a solemn moment when the Roman Consul took the lead and offered a libation of milk. Then followed the principal event, the sacrifice of a pure white heifer, which had never been broken in to work. The pastoral nature of the ceremonies denotes their remote antiquity. The white victim might be a reminiscence of some primæval white breed of cattle, and the common meal which followed the sacrifice a survival from an age when cattle were sacred animals, slain only at times of solemn sacrament, when the partaking of a meal together signified a recognition of mutual obligations.

The origin of this temple throws some light on natural history. Embedded in the realistic story is the fossil mark of a great eruption, the last which took place on this mountain. "About 540 B.C.," writes Livy, "showers of stones fell like hail, fire was seen, and rumblings were heard out of the wood on the summit, together with a voice which said that religious

observances according to the Alban rites were to be held. Two envoys were sent by the Senate of Rome to inquire into and verify this prodigy." It was no doubt this eruption, working on the superstitions of the people, which led to the erection of a temple to Jove the god of Thunder. So Tarquin built this edifice in 531 B.C. While he made use of religious motives this astute king had political purposes in view as well. This temple he designed to be a kind of parliament house, the place where under holy auspices forty-seven deputies from the Latin tribes met not merely to worship but to discuss affairs of state.

Little remains now to give us an idea of the grandeur of this temple. It was largely destroyed by the monks when building their convent in the eighteenth century. We know that it faced south, and that its portico overlooked the whole Latin country, and it would seem originally to have been in the form of a fortress with towers—a style adopted in early times to protect the rich gifts presented as offerings to the gods—these temples were also used as safe deposits for public and private funds. The priests' rooms looked north and a tradition has come down from the monks, that the kitchen was found entire with all its various utensils standing ready for use. Around the temple were erected small circular chapels, which may have been votive offerings, or private property.

This sanctuary of the Latin Jupiter was held in great reverence. Caligula, we are told by Suetonius, loved to come to be saluted as the Latian Jove. Rites were still performed here until well into the fourth century, when all further worship was forbidden by the Christian Emperor Theodosius.

If we are prepared for a scramble a good idea is to leave orders for the car to go round by road to Nemi while we find our way down the hillside, through much brushwood, and by a rather difficult short-cut to the picturesque town which hangs over that pearl of a lake. At one point the two lakes of Albano and Nemi are in view. Both are the remains of ancient craters, and now their placid waters add a fascinating charm to the landscape. At present a project is in hand to drain the waters of Nemi into Albano in order to disclose the two sunken triremes which are embedded in the muddy bottom of the former. These triremes belong to the

days of Caligula, and bits of their ornamentation have already been salved. The safest way to secure these ancient ships without injury is to drain off the water. At first it was thought this might be carried away in pipes leading down to the Campagna; but this scheme is likely to cost too much, so the other alternative is to fill up lake Albano by emptying Nemi into it.

The beautiful lake of Nemi, nestling amongst its wooded banks, has been called by classic and modern authors, "the Mirror of Diana". The name has an historic origin, for on its banks rose the Artemision, the famous temple of Diana Nemorensis. The worship of this goddess goes back to the earliest times. It is said that Orestes with his sister Iphigenia brought the image of the goddess from Taurus, which is the Crimea of to-day, and set up her sanctuary near Ariccia. The Scythian origin of the cult would explain the blood-thirsty traditions connected with it, and especially the fact that the high priest was of necessity a murderer, as he won his post only by killing his predecessor. The office must have been a pretty uneasy one, for he knew that his successor was on his track waiting for an unguarded moment to drive in the knife and take possession. An interesting bas-relief was found at Genzano in 1791, on which was represented a combat between the priest in possession and his assailant. The former, mortally wounded, has fallen to the ground; his victorious rival, clad in a chlamys, raises his sword; four priestesses are present, two lift their hands in supplication, and another lays hers on the victor's shoulder, as if to calm his fury. This worship was continued down to the year A.D. 391, when all pagan temples were closed by an edict of Valentinian and Theodosius. In all likelihood a Christian church was erected in the temple to exorcise the blood-stained memories of the place.

The area of this temple was one of the largest known in history. It occupied forty-four thousand square yards. The actual sacred edifice was comparatively small, and was situated not in the centre of the enclosure but nearer to the lake. It was from this temple, amongst others, that Augustus borrowed money for his war with Antony. The image of the goddess seems to have been of a very primitive nature. It was a roughly carved block of stone, out of which protruded a rude head and an arm holding a sword. At intervals

it was carried in a procession on the lake in a galley. What picturesque scenes these old shores must have witnessed! The gleaming marble temples and noble villas formed a striking background for the gaily decked boats that followed the goddess with their throngs of merry worshippers. Song and music were borne over the glassy waters, and perhaps never since has old Monte Cavo looked down on such a picture of animated life.

In the little town of Nemi we shall find a restaurant where we can have our tea. The motor will be waiting there, and then we shall be ready to start for Rome. On our way back we must stop for a short time at Albano. Here we are in the region of the great Roman villas. At Tivoli and Tusculum they might have been as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, at Albano what they lacked in quantity they made up in quality. Here was the great country house of Publius Clodius, the Tribune, the famous or rather infamous hero of the adventure with Pompeia, Cæsar's wife. Cicero, who loved big houses himself, calls the size of it insane, sufficient to lodge a thousand men. Nibby thinks that the beautiful avenue of ilexes known as the "Galleria di Sotto" may have been part of the gardens of Claudius. After his death the place was inherited by the family of Claudius Nero, and then passed to the Emperor Nero, who delighted to stay at it. When he returned from Greece, and enjoyed his pretended "triumph", he entered the villa of "Albanum Cæsaris", drawn by white horses, and through a breach in the walls, after the manner of conquerors!

Another important villa here was that which belonged to Pompey the Great. Some walls of it may still be seen in the Villa Doria. It is just possible that the ruined tomb which stands near the Porta Romana may be the resting-place of the ashes of this famous Roman general. This villa has passed through many distinguished hands. It belonged to Dolabella, the son-in-law of Cicero, and after he committed suicide at Laodicea when that city was captured by Cassius in 43 B.C., the house passed into the possession of Mark Antony.

After his death Augustus took possession of it, and thus it became imperial property, and in the reign of Domitian it was greatly increased in size, so that there was little left of Albano and the neighbourhood which did not belong to it.

It covered an area of six miles. A villa meant something in those days.

Domitian, who was as suspicious as he was cruel, constructed a camp for the Prætorian Guard within his grounds after the model of the one in Rome. It was a mixed blessing for the place, as the Prætorians had the swagger of men who ruled the world, and the future population of Albano was largely their offspring with the women of the country. Not till A.D. 312 was this camp broken up and abolished by Constantine. These Prætorians had enjoyed their summer quarters and were hard to shift. Minerva was the goddesss especially patronized by Domitian. Such veneration had he for her that when on one occasion he had a bad dream about her it quite shook what was left of his nerves. In a vision she appeared to him. She said she had come to bid him goodbye. She was sorry, but she must leave the beautiful temple in Albano which he had embellished with such works of art, and where with musicians and poets he had celebrated her virtues, and had held horse and foot races in her honour. She was not ungrateful, she had no desire to leave; but, to tell the honest truth, Jupiter had stolen not her clothes but her armour. She had neither sword nor shield left with which to defend her zealous worshipper. Therefore there was no need for her remaining longer. We are not told that Domitian broke into a cold sweat when he awoke in the morning, but from that moment he felt the game was up, and started at every shadow. The church of Santa Maria Rotonda is said to be constructed over and out of the ruins of this old temple.

Walking round the lake to the right we come on a very interesting site where now stands the Portuguese Franciscan convent of Palazzuolo. This is where Ascanius, the son of Æneas, is supposed to have built the ancient city of Alba-Longa. He extended his kingdom as far as Antium on the coast. Here we are back again in ages before Rome was ever dreamed of. Ascanius reigned eleven years and was succeeded by his half-brother, Æneas Silvius Posthumus. Thus the name Silvius became adopted by all the Alban kings, just as the word Cæsar was by the Roman Emperors. There were eleven kings before we come to Elladius Silvius, whose oppressions made him hateful to the people. Dion says: "His was a wicked tyranny, hated by the gods for despising

the celestial powers; he made machines imitating thunder and lightning, because he wished as god to inspire terror into mortals. But rain and real lightning falling on him, and the marsh rapidly filling with water, he was drowned together with all his servants. The marsh remained changed to water, and, when the flood retired, the ruins of the porticoes, and remains of houses could be seen." In this old story we see the shadow of another great eruption from the Alban mountain. Apparently the necropolis of Alba-Longa was overwhelmed. Recent excavations have traced it on the summit of the two hills Cucco and Crescenzio. A number of hut tombs unearthed there show us the pattern of early architecture. One had its door closed with a bar fastened across it. Ancient pottery and coarsely made ornaments have been found in them.

After three more kings we come to Numitor, the grandfather of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, and from this period the stories of the two cities become intertwined. Rome was the colony of Alba-Longa. After a while a quarrel arose between mother and daughter, and the parent got the worst of it, and from then on Rome remained mistress. Tullus Hostilius did a very clever thing in his day. At the close of a war with the neighbouring city of Fidenæ for which he had commandeered the men of Alba-Longa, he accused them of treachery, and detained them in Rome while he sent a force of his own soldiers to Alba-Longa. The inhabitants, seeing them approach, and imagining that they were a contingent of their own troops back from the war, joyfully opened their gates. The Romans marched in and took possession. They were in command of Marcus Horatius, who forthwith announced that all the inhabitants of Alba-Longa were to proceed to Rome within twenty-four hours, and that the city was to be burnt. A terrible scene of consternation and mourning followed, but resistance was impossible. The wretched people were allowed to take what goods they could carry with them, and were told that quarters would be assigned to them in the Cælian Hill. The city was then set on fire, and so it perished after having flourished for upwards of four hundred years. By this bold stroke the population of Rome was nearly doubled. In the days of Augustus the Cælian Hill retained the name of Mansiones Albanæ, from the residence there of the people of Alba. Procopius says that they brought with them

the actual ship in which Æneas sailed to Italy. To this day in the Piazza di Navicella on the Cælian Hill is preserved a marble ship. It was placed there by Leo X. No one knows its history except that it was found near a spot which had been used as a camp for sailors.

Before we leave the shores of this beautiful lake we must pay a visit to the interesting Castle Gandolfo. It was built by a Genoese named Gandulphus, who already possessed a tower at Genzano. It is mentioned as far back as 1178. During its history it has had many owners, but in 1604 it finally became the absolute property of the Papal Chair under Clement VII. From that time up to 1870 it was the country house of the Popes.

One of the most charming motor runs which one can have from Rome is to make the round by Subiaco and Palestrina. It will require an early start so that there may be no hurry when we are viewing the more interesting scenes. The road which passes through Tivoli gains in attraction as we proceed until we sight the frowning crags above the gorge of the Anio through which it forces its foamy path. Here we get a glimpse of a little lake which has historic memories, for it is said to have been constructed by Nero. In these waters he fished for trout with a golden net, while the conspirators were hatching their plots against him in Rome. He was startled one day by a flash of lightning, which he accepted as a bad omen for it struck his dining-table and smashed his dishes; but he as quickly forgot the warning. He called his little mountain villa Sublaqueum, " under the lake ", and that word lives on in the name Subiaco.

On leaving our car we have to face a stiff climb to the summit of the hill where the monastery is perched. If the day is hot then the cool water from the deep well in the courtyard of S. Scholastica is one of the welcome surprises which await the weary. Another is the ilex grove as we near the top. It is said that from the fifth century these grand old trees have never been profaned by axe or hatchet. They have had nothing to fear from man. St. Benedict loved the trees as he did the animals, and they show their gratitude in the cool shade they offer to the perspiring pilgrim. Now we have reached the site of the simple cave, but it is no longer simple. That is the worst about human nature, it cannot leave things alone. The original cave is quite lost in the pretentious monastery

THE QUIRINAL OR ROYAL PALACE

With famous Horse Fountain by Praxiteles on right.

which commemorates it. It is overhung by a huge rock which will not fall, say the monks, as long as the saint's marble figure stands beneath, his hand upraised to ward it off. Over the entrance is the inscription: "Here is the cradle of the Order of St. Benedict, patriarch of the monks of the West." The upper church attracts by its Gothic architecture, which is in contrast to the usual Italian style, and perhaps hardly suits the multitude of frescoes which adorn it. The original cave seems to have multiplied into many, for before you reach it you have to inspect several others which have been hewn out of the rock and transformed into chapels. Their walls illustrate in frescoes the story of St. Benedict, and the legends which have gathered round his name; and also there is a valuable portrait of St. Francis, which is supposed to have been painted during his visit to this monastery in 1223, about three years before his death. It is unique in this that it bears neither the title of saint nor the halo and stigmata. That helps to confirm the date, for tradition says that he did not receive the stigmata until the following year. The details do not altogether agree with the word-portrait of St. Francis given by Thomas of Celano.

As we descend, the figure of St. Benedict himself faces us, painted on a window. His finger is on his lip, as much as to say "Hush!", an injunction I fear disregarded by the majority of tourists. Now we are in the little grotto itself, and everything seems to be arranged for dramatic effect, which rather detracts from what one would imagine was the austere simplicity of the saint.

St. Benedict found his cave about the year A.D. 480. He was then only fourteen years of age, young for a saint, so at least thought his faithful nurse, Cyrilla, who insisted on accompanying him, and cooking his food. Benedict, however, by some means managed to give her the slip, and lost himself in the Sabine Mountains. There he was met by the hermit Romanus, who told him about a vacant cave, and according to certain legends acted in a quiet way the part of a nurse to him, and let down through a hole his half loaf daily. It was a desolate spot in those days. The centuries had treated it badly. In earlier times it had been dotted with villas and rich with vineyards. Then the citizen of Rome, like Horace, loved

"on Sabine Hill
Or cool Præneste to abide".

But the Goths had changed all that. Like locusts they had picked the place bare. There was neither sound of human voice nor sight of human hand in that desolate waste. But gradually that was changed. The secret leaked out that amongst the wild beasts and the loneliness was a human soul in touch with God, and multitudes eager for sympathy and counsel began to find their way to the cave, some of them to stay with the hermit. So he was forced to draw up rules and constitute an Order, which in time has exercised a powerful influence on the world.

On our return journey we must stop at Palestrina, a town of many romances, and climb up to the site of the old temple of Fortuna Primigenia, one of the most magnificent in the world. The classical name of this town was Præneste, and it was one of the most notable cities of Latium, and belonged to the Latin League of which Alba-Longa was the capital. It early began its unstable career of changefulness by leaving the League and joining Rome. That did not, however, ensure it peace. It had a fatality for choosing the losing cause. It supported Marius and reaped the reward of destruction from Sulla, who destroyed every living thing within its walls, and transplanted there a colony of his own veterans. The Temple of Dea Fortuna alone was spared, and this the conqueror enlarged and embellished, until its fame was known throughout the whole world. Præneste was a colony till the reign of Tiberius, who conferred on it the privileges of a municipium. Its temple as well as its climate attracted wealth and fashion, and perhaps for that reason it was one of the places in which Christianity advanced slowly. It had its martyr, however, St. Agapetus, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. He was put to death under Aurelian in A.D. 274.

The family whose fortunes are closely associated with this town is that of the Colonna, who became its lords in 1042. In 1297 the city was destroyed by the Pope and the magnificent temple much injured. The manner of its capture was ingenious. An old Ghibelline chieftain, who had been a thorn in the Pope's side all his life, in his old age suddenly sought remission for his sins by becoming a monk. The Pope, realizing that he would be more useful in the field than in the cell, brought him before the stubborn walls of Palestrina and asked his counsel. The astute old chieftain first demanded his payment in absolution from any crime which he had

committed or might commit, and having secured that, he uttered his memorable oracle, "Promise largely, keep little your promises." The Pope acted up to it. His promises prevailed where his prowess had failed. The gates were opened, and while the Pope was receiving the heads of the Colonna family at Rieti, his general was ordered to destroy Palestrina utterly, sparing nothing except "the cathedral of St. Agapetus". This was done, a plough was driven over the ruins, and the ground for a second time was sown with salt.

Like a Phœnix, however, it rose from its ashes only to meet a similar disaster in 1437, when Pope Eugenius IV sent an army against it, which burnt and sacked the city, and razed it to the ground, and destroyed a great part of the existing remains of the temple. Again it sprang up, the irrepressible town on that rocky foundation; but its greatest days were gone. To-day it lives more in the past than present. In 1630 it was sold to Carlo Barberini, and still belongs to that family, which still holds the honorary title of Princes of Palestrina. Its chief claim to distinction in modern times is as the birthplace of the famous musician Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524-1594), who was the supreme master of polyphonic music.

As we pass through the narrow streets of this hill town we ought to note the distinction between the Imperial city at the foot, and the primitive town at the top. Cicero speaks of the great antiquity of this earlier part, and says that devotees from all Italy flocked there in his day to consult the oracle. The lower portion of the temple, remains of which may still be seen in the Piazza, was the oldest. Here also was the Forum, and in it stood the basilica, which is now incorporated in the Cathedral of St. Agapetus. In the twelfth century Pope Paschal II restored the cathedral, and built the present beautiful campanile. An underground chamber which now can be entered from the Piazza used to be the treasury of the temple. Holes can still be seen in the walls where the safes were secured with iron clamps.

Through another small apartment, which at present is filled with casks of wine, but which on examination shows portions of a podium, half columns and triglyphs, we enter the inner sanctuary. Cicero tells how a certain Numerius Suffucius, a native of Præneste, was directed in a dream to

make excavations in a particular place. Obeying the injunction he discovered some letters cut in wood, which were manipulated by the priests in forming the answers of the oracle. The hole to contain the box in which these letters were kept is still to be seen in this sanctuary, and below it are three niches. The central one was occupied by Dea Fortuna holding on her knee the infant Jove, that on her right by Apollo, and on her left by Jupiter Arcanus. These statues were concealed by a curtain only drawn aside on the 10th of April, the great festival, when they were exposed to the gaze of the public, and a calf was sacrificed in their honour.

When the oracle was to be consulted, a boy called a camillus was appointed to draw the letters one by one from the oaken box where they were kept; these were then arranged by the priests to form sentences in answer to inquiries on all subjects. These responses were so framed that they could be interpreted in two ways, and herein lay the art and ingenuity which gave fame to the oracle; for if it was always wrong it was also always right. A priest attended in the arcade to receive the written answer from those within the sanctuary, and then passed it along to the sacred grotto where the inquirers waited impatiently. As man is naturally optimistic, the more hopeful meaning of the oracle was generally jumped at; only when the inquirer, disappointed with the results, returned to the grotto was it pointed out to him that he himself had made the mistake, that the answer when rightly interpreted meant the opposite!

The Barberini palace stands on the hemicycle which once was crowned by the circular shrine of the goddess; and it is approached by a semicircular flight of steps built of stones from the ruins of the temple. The ancient shrine resembled the Pantheon at Rome. In the hall is the famous mosaic, by some believed to have been made during the restorations ordered by Sulla, because Pliny speaks of work done with small stones at that time. Others think it belongs to the period of the early Empire. It has something of the Hadrian touch about it. He was an admirer of Egyptian history, art, and religion, and he especially favoured the worship of Dea Fortuna, as well as other more distinctly Egyptian deities. The scenes depicted in this wonderful mosaic are all Egyptian. They are not creations of the artist's fancy, but are sketched

from life, and in fact give an illustrated plan of the whole country from Libya to Alexandria.

Another object of interest in Palestrina is what remains of the old sun-dial which used to be on what was originally the walls of the ancient Basilica, but which are now incorporated in the structure of the cathedral. This would correspond to the sun-dial placed on the Basilica Æmilia in the Forum in Rome. The Romans were rather behindhand in the applications of science. Up to the time of the First Punic War Pliny tells us that they announced the hours in a loud voice from the platform of the Comitium, and that therefore there were no sun-dials then in use. The Romans got the idea of the sun-dial from the Greeks, just as they had borrowed it from the Chaldeans. Until the days of Julius Cæsar the Calendar itself was a very uncertain guide. One almost imagines that it is from such times that the modern Italian has inherited his hazy distinction between to-day and to-morrow!

The hours have sped too quickly and we must return to Rome before we have half exhausted the wonders of this place. Another day's charming excursion is to the deserted town of Ninfa. This should include Cori on the way. In this picturesque old place we can trace the original walls going back to the remotest past. Pliny says it was founded by the Trojan Dardanus. The climb to the top of the hill is pretty exacting, but is well rewarded not only by the view but by the sight of the old temple, which is generally known as the Temple of Hercules, but some—there are always " some "—ascribe it to Minerva. We shall not stop to discuss the question but hasten on to the dream-like ruin of Ninfa with its walls, deserted streets and houses, churches and towers all clothed in ivy. There is truly no more alluring spot than this for poet or artist. The only noise in this haunted wilderness is when the wind rustles the leaves, or the raven croaks in the moss-grown tower. The walls and the gates are still standing, yet there are none to defend them, nor any to enter in save in broad daylight. The visitor shuns this spot as he does the pest, and there is no doubt a connexion between them. The real tyrant of these lonely fantastic ruins is the little mosquito. But he had better beware. His day of reckoning is at hand. The well-known millionaire Rockefeller is on his track and has financed an institute to hunt him down.

Possibly before long he will be driven from his stronghold by the new discoveries of science, and the dead city will arise from its grave.

In the days of ancient Rome Ninfa was a charming retreat. Here stood a stately temple dedicated to the Nymphs, whence the name of the local stream was Nympheus. This brook has its source in the great rock of Norba, high up on the cliffs, and runs into a little lake which is drained off into the Pontine Marshes. The inhabitants of Norba venerated this lake, and their legends regarding it were collected and recounted by Pliny. Small islands floated on the surface of the water, and moved about to the sound of music; from the rocks that surrounded the lake flames were seen to spring. This seems always to have been a town of mystery.

In mediæval times Ninfa flourished. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. When the Via Appia was abandoned in the beginning of the eighth century Ninfa found itself on the tourist route. At that time it appears to have been perfectly healthy, and became a garrison town. In 1159 Pope Alexander III was crowned in its church of St. Maria Maggiore, whose ruins are still standing. About the beginning of the sixteenth century the mosquito started operations. Popes and princes had struggled for the possession of this town, but the greatest tyrant of all was yet to appear. The reason doubtless was that the Pontine Marshes had become neglected, and they bred armies of malarial insects, who besieged the town and drove its inhabitants either to their graves or the neighbouring hills. By 1675 the place was abandoned, and the ivy has woven its green shroud alike over the dead streets and deserted palaces.

Norba and Norma tempt us to climb the heights. The view from the top, 1450 feet above sea-level, is magnificent, but what is more interesting are the remains of the great wall, seven thousand feet in circuit, which had enclosed the ancient city long before the days of Rome. Norba never survived its capture by Sulla, when the garrison put themselves, their wives, and children to the sword rather than fall into the hands of the Romans. Those broken columns have been loyal to the memory of that brave race, and have served none other, but have lain desolate during the centuries over the grave of that once prosperous city.

We turn our back on those Volscian Mountains with their memories of a past that almost makes Rome modern, and

motor into the glow of an Italian sunset as we face the west. From the sinking orb radiant hands stretch forth and wreathe with golden light the giant dome of St. Peter's, which gathers into itself the ambitions and the faith of the Eternal City.

One other excursion must be made if we are to understand the full meaning of our title, Alma Roma. This is to Ostia, the ancient port of the Imperial City. Rome had two arms which it stretched out to embrace its vast empire: its roads and its ships. We have seen already how it had learned the art of road-making from the Etruscans. It put thoroughness into its building until long tentacles like that of the Appian Way or the Via Flaminia reached out and grasped other nations in their tenacious grip. Along those roads marched the legions which carried the Roman Eagle to the ends of the known earth. They became arteries of trade through which the blood of the empire circulated. Where they passed they brought wealth and industry. The road as much as the sword was the secret of Rome's greatness.

Allied to the road was the sea. Rome was longer in realizing its importance. In fact in the days of Cicero the Roman fleet was actually attacked and destroyed by corsairs in the port of Ostia, and this invoked one of his stirring bursts of indignation in his great speech, " Pro Lege Manilia ". But eventually Rome became mistress of the Mediterranean, and in the time of the Emperors Ostia grew to be its great gateway. By it the merchandise of the East found its easiest transit to the capital. The grain from Egypt was brought in huge ships and stored in the vast underground granaries which can still be seen, and which have marked on their sides numbers indicating their capacity. If Rome sent law and order into distant lands it received in return that which nourished itself, and to some extent pauperized its population. If it was the Mother of Nations, its children were its nourishers. The arrival of the wheat ships at Ostia was a matter of political importance. Their failure to appear touched the Roman mob in a tender spot, and it was quick to show its resentment. Therefore the road to Ostia in those days became one of the busiest thoroughfares.

As we travel in our motor along its almost deserted track it is difficult to realize how thronged it used to be. It was bordered almost the whole way with houses and streets. There was a Greek town on the left bank of the river, and

an Oriental one on the right. About half way we pass a ruined belfry. Near here in the old days there used to be a great establishment of the cross-bow makers or *balestrari*. The reason why this was the centre of that trade reveals by suggestion how heavy was the traffic on this road. The big buffaloes were the beasts of burden, and the line of wagons bearing the goods from the seaport to Rome must almost have been continuous. Casualties amongst the animals would be frequent, and the buffalo dead under its load not an infrequent sight. Its body was of some value, for its sinews were of great strength. They afforded the best material for the manufacture of the cross-bow. Therefore on the spot where the traffic was greatest, and where dead buffaloes were most numerous, there arose this industry. To such a size did it grow that Rome levied a heavy tribute to be paid on the manufactured article. Thus its army of archers was supplied with its weapons.

About sixteen miles from Rome we come on the ruined city, which flourished during the period of the Emperors until the days of Aurelian, when the receding sea left the old harbours stranded and gradually shipping ceased. When the prosperity of Ostia was at its height the Torre Bovacciana stood close to the sea and was the lighthouse of the harbour and was approached from the city by a long street which passed by the large docks. Bordering this thoroughfare were huge warehouses, whose size we can measure from their ruins. What busy scenes must have taken place here, as the thousands of slaves toiled to load and unload the ships which arrived from many strange ports!

The most imposing structure of the ancient city must have been the great temple. The *cella* of it is still almost perfect. A broad flight of marble steps afforded a magnificent approach, while its threshold was formed of a single block of African marble sixteen feet in length. There are various theories as to which god the temple was dedicated to. Some think to Vulcan, as an insurance against fire, which was the calamity mostly dreaded on account of the great stores of merchandise which were kept in the large warehouses. Vulcan, being the god of fire, had to be appeased, or else he could show his wrath in a very drastic way. The one argument against this supposition is the size of the pedestal on which the statue of the god stood. It still remains, and looks as if it

was intended for two statues instead of one. If so, the natural inference would be that the twin gods, Castor and Pollux, were the honoured deities. This would be in keeping with a seaport, for it was they who protected navigation, and the sailor population would like to have a temple to their special guardians. It is just possible that it might have been a goddess who presided over the worship there. In that case it would likely be Fortuna Panthea; for her domain was commerce and wealth, and Ostia was the centre of both.

Whichever deity it was, the temple was worthy of the best. It was originally surrounded by a fine colonnade surmounted by a carved cornice. Some portions of this may now be seen in the gallery of inscriptions in the Vatican.

Ostia possessed three Fora; one was for the ordinary citizens, where they could meet and transact business, a second was reserved for the powerful trade guilds which numbered thirty-five, and a third was used as a cattle-market. Houses evidently belonging to rich merchants still stand near the first Forum. Their walls are adorned with coloured stucco and gay frescoes. Close to the second Forum was a theatre, the original inscription of which may still be seen over the great door. It was restored by Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus.

Ostia, being a commercial city, has not offered the excavator such treasures of art as Pompeii; but the Scotsman, Gavin Hamilton, to whose successful searches after valuable relics we have already referred, did not overlook this spot. Many of his finds in the form of statues may now be seen in the Vatican. Ostia was naturally a centre of many strange cults, and various shrines lined its street. Of these the temple of Mithras is the most interesting. We have already spoken of that religion, and need only refer to the distinguishing features of this special temple. On its pavement can clearly be seen a representation of the weapon used for killing the bull, also the seven semicircles which indicated the seven grades of initiation, and on the stone benches which run round its walls are the signs of the zodiac, worked in mosaic. The part astronomy played in this cult is evident from the four reliefs near the door, which represent the summer and winter solstices, and genii of the East and West in allusion to the duration of the day.

We walk past the ruins, over the grassy mounds, to where

the muddy Tiber rolls its yellow waves into the blue Mediterranean. There we pause to think. Here was one of the great arms Alma Roma stretched out to her children beyond the seas. We see again the mighty triremes as they went forth on their errands of conquest, and hear the song of the rowers as they bent to their task, captives from other lands, who sighed for a liberty which would never be theirs again. Over the waves come the great grain ships, bearing the produce of distant countries to feed the conquerors of the world. Behind that brown arm with its hand outstretched to give and receive sat the proud city which had won by its cohorts and its commerce the rightful title of Alma Roma, the mother of nations.

Exaudi, regina tui pulcerrima mundi,
inter sidereos Roma recepta polos,
exaudi, nutrix hominum genetrixque deorum
(non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus).
fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam:
profuit invitis te dominante capi.
dumque offers victis proprii consortia iuris,
urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat.

Rutilius Claudius Namatianus.

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APPENDIX

OF USEFUL PHRASES, ETC.

APPENDIX

ITALIAN PRONUNCIATION

Vowels.

a = ah. **e** = ay. **i** = ee. **o** = oh. **u** = oo.

Consonants.

c before *a, o,* and *u* is pronounced like *k,* as *cab, cold.*

c before *e* and *i* is pronounced as *ch,* thus:

cena (supper) = chena

cella (chamber) = chella.

ch before *e* and *i* is pronounced like *k,* as *chemist.*

g is hard before *a, o,* and *u,* as *gas, gold.*

g is soft before *e* and *i,* as *gentle, gin.*

gh is hard as in *ghost.*

gli sounds like *lli* in *brilliant.*

gn is pronounced like *ni* in *opinion.*

h is never pronounced.

qu = *kw* as in *question, quick.*

sc followed by *e* or *i* is pronounced like *sh* in *shall,* thus:

scena (scene) = schena

scialle (shawl) = schialle.

For the most part, the stress is on the penultimate syllable of the word. In each case it is indicated in this appendix by black type.

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THE RAILWAY

What station is this? Che stazione è questa?
kay stah-tse-**o**-nay ay **kwess**-ta

Is this the station for . . . ? È questa la stazione per . . . ?
ay **kwess**-ta lah stah-tse-**o**-nay pair . . .

I want to go by the . . . train. Voglio prendere il treno di . . .
vol-yo **prenn**-day-ray eel **tray**-no dee . . .

Where is the booking office? Dov'è lo sportello dei biglietti?
do-vay loh spor-**tel**-lo **day**-e bee-l'**yet**-te

A single ticket to . . . Un biglietto d'andata per . . .
oon bee-l'**yet**-to dahn-**dah**-tah pair . . .

A return ticket to . . . Un biglietto d'andata e ritorno per . . .
oon bee-l'**yet**-to dahn-**dah**-tah ay ree-**tor**-no pair . . .

I want to register this trunk to . . . Desidero registrare questo baule per . . .
day-**zee**-day-ro ray-jees-**trah**-ray **kwess**-to bah-**oo**-lay pair . . .

Where does the train for . . . start from? Da dove parte il treno di . . . ?
dah **do**-vay **pahr**-tay eel **tray**-no dee . . .

Does this train stop at . . . ? Si ferma a . . . questo treno?
see **fair**-mah ah . . . **kwess**-to **tray**-no

Is this place engaged? È occupato questo posto?
ay ohk-koo-**pah**-to **kwess**-to **pos**-to

This place is engaged. Questo posto è occupato.
kwess-to **pos**-to ay ohk-koo-**pah**-to

How long do we stop here? Quanto ci si ferma qui?
kwan-to chee see **fair**-mah kwee

The train stops for five minutes only. Il treno non si ferma che cinque minuti.
eel **tray**-no non see **fair**-mah kay **chin**-kway mee-**noo**-te

Is there a ladies' compartment? C'è un compartimento riservato per le Signore?
chay oon kom-pahr-tee-**men**-to ree-zer-**vah**-to pair lay seen-**yo**-ray

Show tickets, please. I biglietti, per favore.
ee bee-l'**yet**-te, pair fah-**vo**-ray

Take your seats. In vettura.
een vet-**too**-rah

May I open (shut) the window? Permette che io apra (chiuda) la finestra?
pair-**met**-tay kay **ee**-o **ap**-prah (kee-**oo**-dah) lah fee-**ness**-trah

Porter, will you take my baggage? Facchino, prendete questi bagagli?
fahk-**kee**-no, prenn-**day**-tay **kwess**-te bah-**gah**-l'ye

Put these parcels in the cloakroom. Metta questi colli al deposito.
met-tah **kwess**-te **kol**-le ahl day-**po**-ze-to

Which is the way out? Dove è l'uscita?
do-vay ay loos-**shee**-tah

Which is the way to the Hotel . . . ? Qual'è la via per andare all' Albergo . . . ?
kwal ay lah **vee**-ah pair an-**dah**-ray ahl ahl-**bair**-go . . .

Porter, call a taxi (a cab). Facchino, chiami un' automobile (una carrozza).
fahk-**kee**-no, kee-**ah**-me oon ah-oo-to-**mo**-bee-lay (**oo**-na kahr-**rot**-tsah)

What is the fare? Quanto è la corsa?
kwan-to ay lah **kor**-sah

You are charging too much. Domanda troppo.
do-**mahn**-dah **trop**-po

Is there a . . . Hotel omnibus here? C'è l'omnibus dell'Albergo . . . qui?
chay **lom**-nee-boos del ahl-**bair**-go . . . kwee

Ladies' waiting-room. Sala d'aspetto per Signore.
sah-lah dahs-**pet**-to pair seen-**yo**-ray

CUSTOMS HOUSE

Customs House. La Dogana.
lah do-**gah**-nah

Where is the luggage examined? Dove si esaminano i bagagli?
do-vay see ay-zah-mee-**nah**-noh ee bag-**gah**-l'ye

Will you examine my baggage? Faccia il piacere di esaminare i miei bagagli?
faht-chah eel pee-ah-**chay**-ray dee ay-zah-mee-**nah**-ray ee mee-**ay**-e bah-**gah**-l'ye

Have you anything to declare? Ha nulla da dichiarare?
ah **nool**-lah dah dee-kee-ah-**rah**-ray

I have nothing. Non ho niente.
non oh nee-**en**-tay

I have nothing dutiable as far as I know. Non ho niente che paghi dazio, per quanto sappia.
non oh nee-**en**-tay kay **pah**-ghee dah-**tse**-oh, pair **kwan**-to sap-**pee**-ah

I wish to declare (some tobacco). Desidero dichiarare (del tabacco).
day-**zee**-day-ro dee-kee-ah-**rah**-ray del tah-**bah**-koh

My luggage has been examined. Il mio bagagli è stato esaminato.
eel **mee**-o bag-**gah**-l'ye ay **stah**-to ay-zah-mee-**nah**-to

THE HOTEL

Which is the best hotel? Qual'è il migliore albergo?
kwal-ay eel mee-l'**yoh**-ray ahl-**bair**-go

Can I have a room? Posso avere una camera?
poh-so ah-**vay**-ray **oo**-nah **kah**-may-rah

I want a bedroom, not too dear. Desidero una camera, non troppo cara.
day-**zee**-day-ro **oo**-nah **kah**-may-rah non **trop**-po **kah**-rah

We require a bedroom and a dressing-room. Vogliamo una camera da letto e un gabinetto da toilette.
vol-**yah**-mo **oo**-nah **kah**-may-rah dah **lett**-to ay oon gah-bee-**nayt**-to dah toh-ee-**layt**-tay

How much is it? Qual'è il prezzo?
kwal-ay eel **pret**-tso

How much a day? Quanto al giorno?
kwan-to ahl **jor**-no

How much per week? Quanto alla settimana?
kwan-to ahl-lah set-tee-**mah**-nah

It is too much. È troppo.
ay **trop**-po

Show me another room. Fátemi vedere un'altra camera.
fah-tay-me vay-**day**-ray oon **ahl**-trah **kah**-may-rah

Bring the luggage up. Mi porti i bagagli.
mee **pohr**-te ee bag-**gah**-l'ye

I want a fire in my room. Ho bisogno del fuoco in camera.
oh bee-**zoh**-nyo del foo-**oh**-ko een **kah**-may-rah

At what time is the table d'hôte? A che ora è la table d'hôte?
ah kay **oh**-rah ay lah tahbl doht

I will dine à la carte. Pranzerò alla carta.
pran-tsay-**ro ahl**-lah **kar**-tah

We will dine at a fixed price. Vogliamo pranzare a prezzo fisso.
vol-**yah**-mo pran-**tsah**-ray ah **pret**-tso **fees**-so

How soon can I have breakfast? A che ora si può avere la colazione?
ah kay **or**-ah see poo-**oh** ah-**vay**-ray lah ko-lah-tse-**o**-nay

I want my bill, please. Il conto, per piacere.
eel **kon**-toh, pair pee-ah-**chay**-ray

Keep the change. Tenétevi il cambio.
te-**nay**-te-vee eel **kam**-bee-o

Thanks. Grazie.
grah-tse-ay

THE RESTAURANT

Waiter, the bill of fare, please. Cameriere, dátemi la carta, per piacere.
kah-may-ree-**ay**-ray, **dah**-te-mee lah **kar**-tah, pair pee-ah-**chay**-ray

Have you dinner at a fixed price? Ha un pranzo a prezzo fisso?
ah oon **pran**-tso ah **pret**-tso **fees**-so

Is wine included? Il vino è compreso in questo prezzo?
eel **vee**-no ay kom-**pray**-zo in **kwess**-to **pret**-tso

We will dine à la carte. Pranzeremo alla carta.
pran-tsay-**ray**-mo **ahl**-lah **kar**-tah

We will take lunch à la carte Desideriamo far colazione alla carta.
day-**zee**-day-ree-**ah**-mo fahr ko-lah-tse-**o**-nay **ahl**-lah **kar**-tah

Coffee and milk. Un caffè e latte.
oon kahf-**fay** ay **laht**-tay

A cup of black coffee (with liqueur). Una tazza di caffè nero (con liquore).
oo-na **tah**-tsah dee kahf-**fay nay**-ro (kon lee-**kwor**-ay)

Two cups of tea. Due tazze di tè.
doo-ay **tah**-tsay dee tay

Refreshment room. Sala di rinfresco.
sah-lah dee reen-**frays**-ko

Cloakroom. Spogliatoio. Deposito-bagagli.
spo-l'ye-ah-**to**-ee-o day-**po**-ze-to bag-**gah**-l'ye

No gratuities. È proibito dar mancie.
ay pro-ee-**bee**-to dahr **man**-chee-**ay**

IN THE CITY

Is this the way to . . . ? È questa la via di . . . ?
ay **kwess**-ta lah **vee**-ah dee . . .

Which is the way to . . . ? Per dove si va a . . . ?
pair **do**-vay see vah ah . . .

How far is it to . . . ? Quanto c'è di qui a . . . ?
kwan-to chay dee kwee ah . . .

Will you tell me where . . . is? Vuol dirmi dove si trova . . . ?
voo-ohl **deer**-mee **do**-vay see **troh**-vah . . .

Have I to go straight on? Devo andar diritto?
day-vo ahn-**dahr** dee-**reet**-to

Is there an omnibus for . . . ? C'è un omnibus che va a . . . ?
chay oon **om**-nee-boos kay vah ah . . .

Cabman, are you disengaged? Vetturino, è libero?
vet-too-**ree**-no, ay lee-**bair**-o

Drive me to . . . Mi conduca a . . . .
mee kon-**doo**-ka ah . . .

How much? Quant'è?
kwan-tay

We want to look round the town. Vogliamo visitare la città.
vol-**yah**-mo vee-zee-**tah**-ray lah cheet-**tah**

Drive quickly (slowly), please. Presto (piano), per piacere.
press-to (pee-**ah**-no), pair pee-ah-**chay**-ray

I engage you by the hour. V'impegno all'ora.
veem-**pay**-nyo ahl-**oh**-rah

Galleria gahl-lay-**ree**-ah	*Gallery*
Museo moo-**zay**-o	*Museum*
Biblioteca bee-blee-oh-**tay**-ka	*Library*
Tempio **tem**-pee-o	*Temple*
Basilica bah-zee-**lee**-ka	*Basilica*
Chiesa kee-**ay**-zah	*Church*
Arco **ar**-ko	*Arch*
Palazzo pahl-**laht**-tso	*Palace*
Porta **pohr**-tah	*Gate*
Fontana fon-**tah**-nah	*Fountain*
Terme **ter**-may	*Bath*
Piazza pee-**aht**-tsah	*Square*
Teatro tay-**ah**-tro	*Theatre*
Giardino jahr-**dee**-no	*Garden*
Via **vee**-ah	*Street, way*
Ponte **pon**-tay	*Bridge*
Stazione stah-tse-**o**-nay	*Station*

THE POST OFFICE

Where is the post office? Dov'è la posta?
do-vay lah **pos**-tah

Where is the nearest pillar-box? Dov'è la buca delle lettere più vicina?
do-vay lah **boo**-kah del **let**-tay-ray pee-**oo** vee-**chee**-nah

Are there any letters for . . . ? Vi sono lettere per . . . ?
vee **soh**-no **let**-tay-ray pair . . .

Here is my card. Ecco il mio biglietto.
ek-ko eel **mee**-o bee-l'**yet**-to

What is the postage on this letter? Quant'è l'affrancatura per questa lettera?
kwan-tay lahf-fran-ka-**too**-rah pair **kwess**-ta **let**-tay-rah

I wish to register this letter (this packet). Favorisca raccomandare questa lettera (questo pacchetto).
fah-voh-**rees**-ka rak-kom-an-**dah**-ray **kwess**-ta **let**-tay-rah (**kwess**-to pahk-**ket**-to)

At what hour does the last post for London close? A che ora parte l'ultimo corriere per Londra?
ah kay **o**-rah **pahr**-tay lool-**tee**-mo kor-ree-**ay**-ray pair **lon**-drah

How much is this telegram? Quanto costerà questo telegramma?
kwan-to kos-ter-**ah** **kwess**-to te-le-**gram**-mah

GENERAL PHRASES

Good morning. Buon giorno.
boo-**on** **jor**-no

Good evening. Buona sera.
boo-**o**-na **say**-rah

Good night. Buona notte.
boo-**o**-na **not**-tay

Good-bye. Stia bene. Addio.
stee-a **bay**-nay. ahd-**dee**-o

How do you do? Come sta?
ko-may stah

Yes, sir. Si, signore.
see, seen-**yo**-ray

No, madam. No, signora.
no, seen-**yo**-rah

Thank you, miss. Grazie, signorina.
grah-tse-ay seen-yo-**ree**-nah

Many thanks. Mille grazie.
mee-lay **grah**-tse-ay

Excuse me. Scusi.
skoo-zee

I beg your pardon. Scusi tanto.
skoo-zee **tan**-to

It does not matter. Non importa.
non im-**pohr**-tah

I am very sorry. Mi rincresce.
mee reen-**kray**-shay

Do you speak English? Parla inglese?
par-la in-**glay**-zay

I do not speak Italian. Io non parlo italiano.
ee-o non **par**-lo e-tah-lee-**a**-no

I do not understand. Non capisco.
non ka-**pees**-ko

Do you take English money? Si accetta moneta inglese?
see ak-**chayt**-ta mo-**nay**-ta in-**glay**-zay

What is the rate of exchange? Come è il cambio?
ko-may ay eel **kam**-bee-o

How much is this (book)? Quanto costa questo (libro)?
kwan-to **kos**-tah **kwess**-to (**lee**-bro)

Can you tell me . . . ? Mi può dire . . . ?
mee poo-**oh** **dee**-ray . . .

Have you any English newspapers? Ha dei giornali inglesi?
ah **day**-ee je-or-**na**-le in-**glay**-ze

No smoking allowed. È vietato di fumare.
ay vee-ay-**tah**-to dee foo-**mah**-ray

Private. Riservato.
ree-zer-**vah**-to

No talking allowed. Silenzio!
sec-**len**-tse-o

Please do not touch. Si prega di non toccare.
see **pray**-ga dee non tohk-**ka**-ray

Caution! Diffida!
deef-**fee**-dah

No admittance. Interdetto al púbblico.
in-ter-**det**-to ahl **poob**-ble-ko

Furnished apartments. Appartamenti mobiliati.
ap-pahr-tah-**men**-te mo-bee-l'**ya**-te

One o'clock. La una.
lah **oo**-na

Two o'clock. Le due.
lay **doo**-ay

A quarter past four. Le quattro e un quarto.
lay **kwat**-tro ay oon **kwar**-to

Ten minutes to six. Le sei meno dieci.
lay **say**-e **may**-no dee-**ay**-chee

Sunday. Domenica.
do-**may**-nee-ka

Monday. Lunedì.
loo-nay-**dee**

Tuesday. Martedì.
mahr-tay-**dee**

Wednesday. Mercoldì.
mair-kol-**dee**

Thursday. Giovedì.
je-oh-**vay**-**dee**

Friday. Venerdì.
vay-nair-**dee**

Saturday. Sabato.
sah-bah-to

NUMBERS

1 uno.
oo-no

2 due.
doo-ay

3 tre.
tray

4 quattro.
kwaht-tro

5 cinque.
chin-kway

6 sei.
say-e

7 sette.
set-tay

8 otto.
ot-to

9 nove.
no-vay

10 dieci.
dee-**ay**-chee

11 undici.
oon-dee-chee

12 dodici.
doh-dee-chee

13 tredici.
tray-dee-chee

14 quattordici.
kwat-**tor**-dee-chee

15 quindici.
kwin-dee-chee

16 sedici.
say-dee-chee

17 diciassette.
dee-chee-ahs-**sayt**-tay

18 diciotto.
dee-chee-**ot**-to

19 diciannove.
dee-chee-ahn-**no**-vay

20 venti.
venn-te

21 ventuno.
ven-**too**-no

22 ventidue.
venn-te-**doo**-ay

23 ventitre.
venn-**te**-tray

30 trenta.
trenn-tah

31 trentuno.
trenn-**too**-no

32 trentadue.
trenn-**tah**-doo-**ay**

40 quaranta.
kwahr-**ahn**-tah

50 cinquanta.
chin-**kwan**-tah

60 sessanta.
ses-**sahn**-tah

70 settanta.
set-**tahn**-tah

80 ottanta.
ot-**tahn**-tah

90 novanta.
no-**vahn**-tah

100 cento.
chen-to

101 centuno.
chen-**too-no**

200 duecento.
doo-ay-**chen**-to

1000 mille.
meel-lay

1100 mille e cento.
meel-lay ay **chen**-to

2000 duemila.
doo-ay-**mee**-lah

MONEY TABLE

The following equivalents are approximately correct for normal exchange at 25·22½ lire to the £. Current values must be calculated at the prevailing rate of exchange.

Italian.		*English.*		
Lire. lee-ray.	Centesimi. chen-tay-zee-me.	£	*s.*	*d.*
—	5	0	0	0½
—	25	0	0	2½
—	50	0	0	5
—	75	0	0	7¼
1	—	0	0	9¾
2	—	0	1	7¼
3	—	0	2	5
4	—	0	3	2½
5	—	0	4	0
6	—	0	4	9¾
7	—	0	5	7½
8	—	0	6	5
9	—	0	7	2½
10	—	0	8	0
20	—	0	16	0
25	—	1	0	0
50	—	2	0	0
100	—	4	0	0

Cinque centesimi .. .. } ½*d.*
Un soldo .. .. }

Dieci centesimi, .. 1*d.*

Una lira .. .. } 10*d.*
Un franco .. .. }

Venticinque lire, .. 20*s.*

COINS

Nickel coins:	20 centesimi.
	50 ,,
Silver coins:	50 centesimi.
	1 lira.
	2 lire.
	5 ,,
Gold coins:	10 lire.
	20 ,,
	50 ,,
	100 ,,
Bronze coins:	1 centesimo.
	2 centesimi.
	5 ,,
	10 ,,

Bank-notes of 25, 50, 100 500 and 1000 lire are in circulation.

PLAN OF ROME

DIRECTORY OF TRAMWAY ROUTES, MONUMENTS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ETC.

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PLAN OF ROME

RAILWAY STATIONS

Stazione Termini - - - - - - - - - - H 7
Stazione Trastevere - - - - - - - - - D 12
Stazione S. Pietro - - - - - - - - - B 8
Stazione Roma-Tuscolana - - - - - - - - M 11
Stazione Roma-Ostia - - - - - - - - F 12
Stazione Roma-Tiburtina - - - - - - - - N 5
Stazione Nomentana - - - - - - - - - N 2

TRAMWAY STATIONS

Tivoli: (Bagni—Villa Adriana—Tivoli):
(Stazione S. Lorenzo) - - - - - - - L 8
Civita-Castellana—Viterbo:
(Stazione Piazza della Libertà) - - - - - E 6
Fiuggi—Frosinone:
(Stazione Principe di Piemonte) - - - - - H 7
Castelli Romani:
(Stazione Via Principe Umberto) - - - - - H 7
— Roma — Grottaferrata — Marino — Castel Gandolfo — Albano—Ariccia—Genzano Velletri.
— Roma—Frascati.
— Roma—Rocca di Papa.
— Roma Ostia (S. Paolo).

CITY TRAMWAYS

1. (black) STAZIONE TERMINI — Piazza dell'Esedra — Via Nazionale — Via IV Novembre — Piazza Venezia — Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Ponte Vittorio Emanuele—Borgo Nuovo—S. PIETRO.

Return: Borgo Vecchio—Ponte Vittorio Emanuele—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza Venezia—Via IV Novembre -Via Nazionale—Piazza dell'Esedra—STAZIONE TERMINI.

1. (red) STAZIONE TERMINI — Piazza dell'Esedra — Via Nazionale—(See 1 black)—S. PIETRO.

Return: (See 1 black)—Via Nazionale—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via delle Terme—Via Cernaia—Via Volturno—Piazza dei Cinquecento—STAZIONE TERMINI.

2. PIAZZA REGINA MARGHERITA—Via Po—Via Piemonte Piazza Barberini—Via Tritone—Traforo—Via Nazionale—Via IV Novembre — Piazza Venezia — Corso Vittorio Emanuele — Largo Arenula — Ponte Garibaldi — Viale del Re — STAZIONE TRASTEVERE.

Return: Viale Regina Margherita—Via G. M. Lancisi—Viale Policlinico—Viale Castro Pretorio—Piazza Indipendenza—Piazza Esedra —Via Nazionale—Piazza Venezia proceeding as above.

3. PIAZZA DELLA REGINA MARGHERITA — Viale della Regina Margherita—Via Po—Via Piemonte—Piazza Barberini—Via Tritone—Traforo—Via Nazionale—Via IV Novembre—Piazza Venezia —Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—STAZIONE TRASTEVERE.

Return. The route from Via Nazionale proceeds by Piazza Esedra —Piazza Indipendenza—Viale Castro Pretorio—Viale Policlinico—Via G. M. Lancisi—Viale Regina Margherita.

4. S. GIOVANNI—Via Emanuele Filiberto—Piazza S. Giovanni in Laterano—Via Merulana—Via Giovanni Lanza—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina — Piazza Venezia — Corso Vittorio Emanuele — Ponte Vittorio Emanuele — Borgo Nuovo — Via Ottaviano — Viale Giulio Cesare — Via Leone IV — Via Andrea Doria — QUARTIERE TRIONFALE.

5. PIAZZA S. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME—Via S. Croce—Via Conte Verde — Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Statuto — Via Cavour — Via Alessandrina — Piazza Venezia — Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—Via G. Induno—Ponte Sublicio—Via Marmorata—Via Ostiense—S. PAOLO.

6. PIAZZA INDIPENDENZA—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele —Via dei Cestari—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Via Ripetta—Ponte Cavour—Piazza Cavour—Via Lucrezio Caro—Via Cola di Rienzo—Viale Giulio Cesare—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—QUARTIERE TRIONFALE.

7. VIALE ANGELICO — Viale Carso — Via Oslavia — Via G. Ferrari—Via Lucrezio Caro—Piazza Cavour—Ponte Cavour—Via Ripetta—Via della Scrofa—Via Torre Argentina—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—STAZIONE TRASTEVERE.

8. PIAZZA S. SILVESTRO—Via della Mercede—Via Francesco Crispi—Via Ludovisi—Via Quintino Sella—Via Goito—Via Volturno —Viale Principe di Piemonte—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Leopardi—Via Merulana—Piazza Pt. S. Giovanni—QUARTIERE APPIO LATINO.

9. PIAZZA CAVOUR—Ponte Cavour—Via Tomacelli—Piazza di Spagna—Via Tritone—Piazza Barberini—Via XX Settembre—Porta Pia—Via Nomentana—Ponte Tazio—Corso del Sempione—MONTE SACRO.

10. PIAZZA S. SILVESTRO—Via della Mercede—Via Francesco Crispi—Via Ludovisi—Via Quintino Sella—Via XX Settembre—Via Goito—Via Cernaia—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Gioberti—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza di Porta Maggiore—Via Prenestina—ACQUA BULICANTE.

11. PIAZZA INDIPENDENZA—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cavour—Via Annibaldi—Piazzale del Colosseo—Via S. Gregorio—Piazza di Porta Capena—Viale dell'Aventino—Viale di Porta S. Paolo—Via Ostiense—BASILICA DI S. PAOLO.

12. PIAZZA DI P. S. LORENZO—Via di S. Bibiana—Via Lamarmora—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Giovanni Lanza—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Ponte Vittorio Emanuele—Borgo Nuovo—S. PIETRO.

13. POLICLINICO—Viale dell'Università—Viale del Policlinico—Via XX Settembre—Via Pastrengo—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via Nazionale—Via IV Novembre—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via dei Cestari—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Piazza del Popolo—Via Flaminia—Via Antonio Scialoia—Via M. Luisa di Savoia—Piazzale Flaminio—VILLA UMBERTO I.

14. PIAZZA INDIPENDENZA—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via Nazionale—Via Milano—Via del Traforo—Piazza di Spagna—Piazza del Popolo—Ponte Margherita—Via Cola di Rienzo—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—QUARTIERE TRIONFALE.

15. PIAZZA DI PORTA S. PAOLO—Via Marmorata—Ponte Sublicio—Viale del Re—Ponte Garibaldi—Via Arenula—Via dei Cestari—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Via Ripetta—Piazza del Popolo—Via Flaminia—Ponte Milvio—PIAZZALE DI PONTE MILVIO.

16. S. PIETRO—Piazza Rusticucci—Via di Porta Angelica—Via Cola di Rienzo—Ponte Margherita—Piazza del Popolo—Via del Babuino—Via del Traforo—Via Milano—Via Nazionale—Via dei Serpenti—Via Cavour—Via degli Annibaldi—Via Labicana—Via Emanuele Filiberto—S. GIOVANNI.

17. (black) PIAZZA CAVOUR—Via Scrofa—Pantheon—Corso V. Emanuele—Piazza Venezia—Via IV Novembre—Via Nazionale—Piazza dell Esedra—Via Pastrengo—Via XX Settembre—Porta Pia—Via Nomentana—Viale di Ponte Tazio—Via del Sempione—MONTE SACRO.

17. (red) PORTA S. PAOLO—Via Marmorata—Ponte Sublicio—Viale del Re—Ponte Garibaldi—Via Arenula—Corso Vittorio Emanuele (see 17 black)—MONTE SACRO.

18. (black) QUARTIERE PINCIANO—Via Po—Via Salaria—Via Donizzetti—Piazza G. Verdi—Viale Liegi—Viale Rossini—Via Mercadante—Via Po—Via Piemonte—Via Salustiana—Piazza Barberini—Via del Tritone—Via del Traforo—Via Milano—Via Nazionale—Via IV Novembre—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via Arenula—Lungo Tevere Cenci—Piazza dell'Emporio—Via Marmorata—PORTA S. PAOLO.

18. (red) QUARTIERE PINCIANO—Via Po—Largo Tartini—Via Mercadante—Viale Rossini—Viale Liegi—Piazza Verdi—Via Donizzetti—Via Po—(see 18 black)—PORTA S. PAOLO.

19. POLICLINICO—Viale dell'Università—Viale del Policlinico—Piazza della Croce Rossa—Via S. Martino—Piazza Indipendenza—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via Nazionale—Via IV Novembre—Piazza Venezia—Via Arenula—Lungo Tevere Cenci—Piazza dell'Emporio—Via Marmorata—Via Galvani—PIAZZA DEL MATTATOIO.

20. TRIONFALE—Via Andrea Doria—Via Ruggero di Lauria—Viale Giulio Cesare—Via Fabio Massimo—Piazza Cavour—Ponte Cavour—Via della Scrofa—Via Torre Argentina—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—STAZIONE TRASTEVERE.

22. S. SABA—Viale Giotto—Via Marmorata—Lungo Tevere Aventino—Lungo Tevere Cenci—Via Arenula—Via Torre Argentina—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Ponte Cavour—Via Crescenzio—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria QUARTIERE TRIONFALE.

23. PIAZZA BARBERINI—Via del Tritone—Via due Macelli—Piazza di Spagna—Via Condotti—Ponte Cavour—Piazza Cavour—Via Cola di Rienzo—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—Viale delle Medaglie d'Oro—Via Trionfale—S. Onofrio in Campagna—S. MARIA DELLA PIETA'.

24. PIAZZA INDIPENDENZA—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Piazza Foro Traiano—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Ponte Vittorio Emanuele—Borgo Nuovo—Piazza S. Pietro—Via Aurelia—PIAZZA MADONNA DEL RIPOSO.

25. VIA PIEMONTE—Via S. Nicola da Tolentino—Via Tritone—Traforo—Via Nazionale—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—Via dei Dandolo—Via Trenta Aprile—Porta S. Pancrazio—Viale Gianicolense—Via Alessandro Poerio—MONTEVERDE.

28. (black) LARGO TRITONE—Piazza Barberini—Via Quattro Fontane—Piazza dell'Esquilino—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Porta Maggiore—Viale Scalo Merci S. Lorenzo—Via del Verano—Via Tiburtina—PORTONACCIO.

28. (red) LARGO TRITONE—Traforo—Via Nazionale—Piazza dell'Esquilino—S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Porta Maggiore—Viale Scalo Merci S. Lorenzo—PIAZZALE DEL VERANO.

29. LARGO TRITONE—Via del Tritone—Piazza Barberini—Via Quattro Fontane—Via Nazionale—Piazza dell'Esquilino—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Conte Verde—PIAZZA S. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

30. PIAZZA S. CROCE—Via S. Croce in Gerusalemme—Via Conte Verde—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza di S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza dell'Esquilino—Via Viminale—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via delle Terme—Via S. Susanna—Via Sallustiana—Via S. Basilio—Piazza di Spagna—Via Condotti—Ponte Cavour—Piazza Cavour—Via

Lucrezio Caro—Via Lepanto—Piazza G. Mazzini—Via Oslavia—PIAZZA BANSIZZA.

31. (black) PIAZZA S. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME—Via S. Croce in Gerusalemme—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza dell'Esquilino—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via Pastrengo—Via delle Finanze—Via Piemonte—Corso d'Italia—Via Po—Via Salaria—Via Donizzetti—Piazza Verdi—Viale Liegi—Viale Rossini—Via Mercadante—Via Po—(*outward route reversed*)—S. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME (*circuit complete*).

31. (red) QUARTIERE PINCIANO—Via Po—Via Allegri—Via Mercadante—Viale Rossini—Viale Liegi—Piazza Verdi—Via Donizzetti—Via Salaria—Via Po—(see 31 black)—PIAZZA S. CROCE IN GERUSALEMME.

32. (black) QUARTIERE PINCIANO—Piazza Buenos Ayres—Viale Liegi—Viale Rossini—Via Mercadante—Via Allegri—Via Po—Corso d'Italia—Via Piemonte—Via Salustiana—Via S. Basilio—Piazza Barberini—Via del Tritone—Via Tomacelli—Ponte Cavour—Via Crescenzio—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—TRIONFALE.

32. (red) QUARTIERE PINCIANO—Piazza Buenos Ayres—Via Po—Corso d'Italia—(see 32 black)—Via Andrea Doria—TRIONFALE.

Return: Via Andrea Doria—(see 32 black)—Corso d'Italia—Via Po—Via Gregorio Allegri—Largo Tartini—Via Paisiello—Via Mercadante—Viale Rossini—Viale Liegi—Via Salaria—Piazza Buenos Ayres—Via Po.

33. PIAZZA REGINA MARGHERITA—Viale della Regina—Via G. M. Lancisi—Viale del Policlinico—Viale Castro Pretorio—Via S. Martino—Piazza Indipendenza—Piazza dell'Esedra—Via delle Terme—Via S. Susanna—Via Sallustiana—Piazza Berberini—Via del Tritone—Via due Macelli—Piazza di Spagna—Via Condotti—Ponte Cavour—Via Crescenzio—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—TRIONFALE.

34. PIAZZA VENEZIA—Via Cremona—Via Cavour—Via degli Annibaldi—Via Labicana—Via Celimontana—Via S. Stefano Rotondo—Piazza S. Giovanni in Laterano—Viale Carlo Felice—Piazza S. Croce in Gerusalemme—Via di S. Croce—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Piazza dell'Indipendenza—Viale Castro Pretorio—Viale del Policlinico—Via Lancisi—Viale della Regina Margherita—Viale Liegi—Viale Parioli—Via Flaminia—Porta del Popolo—Viale di Ripetta—Pantheon—Via Torre Argentina—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—PIAZZA VENEZIA.

35. PIAZZA VENEZIA—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via dei Cestari—Via S. Maria della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Piazza del Popolo—Via Flaminia—Viale Parioli—Viale Liegi—Piazza Buenos Aires—Viale della Regina Margherita—Piazza Sassari—Via Lancisi—Viale del Policlinico—Viale Castro Pretorio—Via S. Martino—Piazza dell'Indipendenza—Via Gioberti—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Conte Verde—Piazza S. Croce in Gerusalemme—Viale Carlo Felice—Piazza S. Giovanni—Via S. Stefano Rotondo—Via Celimontana—Via Labicana—Via degli

Annibaldi—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—PIAZZA VENEZIA (*circuit complete*).

36. BARRIERA DI PORTONACCIO—Via Tiburtina—Piazzale del Verano—Via del Verano—Viale Scalo S. Lorenzo—Piazzale di Porta Maggiore—Via Principe Eugenia—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Via Giovanni Lanza—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Piazza Venezia—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Ponto Vittorio Emanuele—Borgo Nuovo—S. PIETRO.

37. BASILICA DI S. PAOLO—Via Ostiense—Porta S. Paolo—Via Marmorata—Ponte Sublicio—Viale del Re—Ponte Garibaldi—Via Arenula—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Ponte Vittorio Emanuele—Borgo Nuovo—S. Pietro—Via di Porta Angelica—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—TRIONFALE.

38. PIAZZA S. GIOVANNI—Via Emanuele Filiberto—Piazza Vittorio—Via Lanza—Via Cavour—Via Annibaldi—Via S. Gregorio—Vl. di Pr. S. Paolo—Via Ostiense—BASILICA DI S. PAOLO.

39. LARGO ARGENTINA—Via dei Cestari—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Via Ripetta—Ponte Cavour—Piazza Cavour—Via Lucrezio Caro—Piazza Cola di Rienzo—Via Cola di Rienzo—Via Ottaviano—Via Leone IV—Via Andrea Doria—Viale Medaglie d'Oro—Via Tronfale—S. MARIA DELLA PIETA'.

40. S. GIOVANNI—Via Emanuele Filiberto—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele—Piazza S. Maria Maggiore—Via Gioberti—Viale Principessa Margherita—Piazza dell'Indipendenza—Via S. Martino—Piazza della Croce Rossa—Viale del Policlinico—Via Lancisi—Piazza Sassari—Corso Regina Margherita—Via Nomentana—Viale Ponte Tazio—Corso del Sempione—MONTE SACRO.

41. PIAZZA VENEZIA—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via dei Cestari—Via della Minerva—Via Giustiniani—Via della Scrofa—Via Ripetta—Lungo Tevere in Augusta—Ponte Margherita—Lungo Tevere Michelangelo—Ponte Risorgimento—Viale delle Belle Arti—Via Aldovrandi—Giardino Zoologico—Via Mercadante—Via Salaria—Via Piave—Via XX Settembre—Via Goito—Via Cernaia—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Via S. Eufemia—PIAZZA VENEZIA—(*circuit complete*).

42. PIAZZA VENEZIA—Via Cremona—Via Cavour—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cernaia—Via Goito—Via Piave—Corso d'Italia—Via Salaria—Via Mercadante—Via Aldovrandi—Viale delle Belle Arti—Ponte del Risorgimento—Ponte Margherita—Ponte Cavour—Via Ripetta—Via della Scrofa—Pantheon—Via Torre Argentina—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—PIAZZA VENEZIA—(*circuit complete*).

43. PIAZZA S. SILVESTRO—Via della Mercede—Via Francesco Crispi—Via Ludovisi—Via Calabria—Via Salaria—Via Po—Piazza Buenos Aires—Via Tagliamento—PIAZZA VERBANO.

44. (black) PIAZZA VERBANO—Via Sebino—Via Po—Via Salaria—Via Piave—Via Goito—Via Cernaia—Via Volturno—Viale Principe di Piemonte—Via Cavour—Via Alessandrina—Piazza Ve-

nezia — Corso Vittorio Emanuele — Largo Argentina — PIAZZA DELLA CHIESA NUOVA.

44. (red) PIAZZA VERBANO (same as 44 black to Largo Argentina)—Via Arenula—Ponte Garibaldi—Viale del Re—Via Induno —Ponte Sublicio—Via Marmorata—PORTA S. PAOLO.

45. QUARTIERE TRIONFALE—Via Andrea Doria—Via Ruggero di Lauria—Viale Giulio Cesare—Via Fabio Massimo—Via Cola di Rienzo—Ponte Margherita—Lungo Tevere Arnaldo da Brescia—Via Luisa di Savoia—Viale del Muro Torto—Corso d'Italia—Via Po —Via Tagliamento—PIAZZA VERBANO.

46. PIAZZA BAINZIZZA—Via Oslavio—Via Cola di Rienzo—Ponte Margherita—Lungo Tevere Arnaldo da Brescia—Via Luisa di Savoia—Corso d'Italia—Via Piemonte—Via delle Finanze—Via Pastrengo—Piazza Esedra—Piazza Indipendenza—Via S. Martino—Viale Castro Pretorio—POLICLINICO.

AUTOMOBILES

Line N. 1—**Piazza del Popolo-Piazza Montanara** — Route: Corso Umberto I — Piazza Venezia — Via Giulio Romano — Piazza Aracoeli—Via Tor de' Specchi—**Piazza Montanara** and return.

Line N. 2—**Piazza di Spagna-Piazza S. Maria in Trastevere**—Route: Via Frattina — Piazza in Lucina — Largo Fontanella di Borghese—Via del Clementino—Via Monte Brianzo—Via Zanardelli—Piazza Apollinare—Piazza S. Pantaleo—Piazza Farnese—Via Giulia—Ponte Garibaldi—Piazza d'Italia—**S. Maria in Trastevere** and return.

Line N. 3—**Piazza Colonna-Piazza S. Pietro**—Route, outward: Piazza Montecitorio—Piazza Capranica—Piazza del Pantheon —Piazza della Minerva—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Via Torre Argentina — Largo Arenula — Ponte Garibaldi — Piazza d'Italia — Piazza S. Maria in Trastevere — Via della Lungara — Borgo S. Spirito—**Piazza S. Pietro.**

Route, return: From Via Torre Argentina continues to Piazza del Pantheon—Via degli Orfani—Piazza Capranica—Piazza Montecitorio—**Piazza Colonna.**

Line N. 4—**Piazza Venezia-Piazza Barberini-Piazza Trasimeno**—Route: Corso Umberto I — Piazza Colonna — Via Tritone — Piazza Barberini — Via Veneto — Corso d'Italia — Via Salaria—**Piazza Benedetto Marcello.**

Return: Viale della Regina—Piazza Trasimeno—Via Po — Via Salaria — Via Veneto — Via Tritone — Piazza Colonna—**Piazza Venezia.**

Line N. 5—**Piazza Venezia-Piazza S. Giovanni-Ponte Lungo** — Route: Via S. Eufemia—Foro Traiano—Via Alessandrina—Via Cavour—Via del Colosseo—Via S. Giovanni Laterano—Piazza S. Giovanni—Via Appia Nuova—**Ponte Lungo** and return.

Line A—**Stazione Trastevere-Parrochietta**—(Via degli Orti di Cesare —Via Portuense).

Line B—Piazza Vittorio Emanuele-Acqua Bulicante—(Via Principe Eugenio—Via di Porta Maggiore—Via Prenestina).
Line C—Dazio Monte Mario-S. Onofrio—(Manicomio).

TOURIST AGENCIES

Thos. Cook and Son—Piazza di Spagna, 2	F	6
Thos. Cook and Son—Piazza Esedra Termini, 54	H	7
Chiari e Sommariva—Piazza Venezia	F	8
American Express Co.—Piazza di Spagna, 38	F	6
French, Lemon and Co.—Piazza di Spagna, 59	F	6
Roesler-Franz—Via Condotti, 91	F	6
Moroli—Via Tritone, 77	F	7
E. N. I. T.—Piazza Colonna	F	7
Compagnie Internationale des Vagons-Lits—Piazza S. Silvestro, 93	F	7
Lloyd Sabaudo—Via Tritone, 75	F	7
White Star Line—Piazza Barberini, 11	G	7
Navigazione Gen. Italiana—Corso Umberto I, 419	F	7

BANKS AND MONEY EXCHANGES

Banca d'Italia—Via Nazionale	G	8
Banco di Roma—Corso Umberto I, 307	E	6
Banco di Napoli—Via del Parlamento	F	7
Banco di Sicilia—Corso Umberto I, 271	E	6
Banca Commerciale Italiana—Corso Umberto I	F	7
Credito Italiano—Corso Umberto I, 374	E	6
Cassa di Risparmio—Corso Umberto I, 320	E	6
Borsa—Piazza di Pietra	F	7
Monte di Pietà—Piazza del Monte	H	9
French, Lemon and Co.—Piazza di Spagna, 59	F	6
Thomas Cook and Son—Piazza di Spagna, 1-b	F	6
Prato Giacomo—Via Milano, 1-e	G	8

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Largo Fontanella Borghese, 19.

PUBLIC OFFICES

Ministries—			
Interior:	Interni—Via Agostino Depretis	H	7
Foreign Affairs:	Esteri—Corso Umberto I, 371	E	6
War:	Guerra—Via XX Settembre	H	6
Justice:	Grazia e Giustizia—Piazza Firenze	E	9
Marine:	Marina—Via de' Portoghesi	L	9
Finance:	Finanze—Via XX Settembre	H	6
National Economy:	Economia Nazionale—Via XX Settembre	H	6
Public Works:	Lavori Pubblici—Via Nomentana	I	5

Ministries (*continued*)—		
Colonies:	Colonie—Piazza della Consulta	G 8
Communications:	Comunicazioni—Piazza Croce Rossa	I 6
Public Instruction:	Pubblica Istruzione — Piazza della Minerva	E 8
Ministry of the Royal Household:	Ministero della Real Casa — Via del Quirinale, 30	G 7
Council of State:	Consiglio di Stato—Piazza Capo di Ferro	E 8
Court of Peers:	Corte dei Conti—Via Pastrengo	H 7
Chamber of Deputies:	Camera dei Deputati—Piazza Montecitorio	E 7
Senate:	Senato—Piazza Madama	E 7
Bourse and Chamber of Commerce:	Borsa e Camera di Commercio—Piazza di Pietra	F 7
	Cancelleria Apostolica—Piazza della Cancelleria	E 8
	Vicariato—Via della Pigna, 12	I 8
Central Police:	Questura Centrale—Piazza del Collegio Romano	F 8
Prefecture:	Prefettura—Piazza SS. Apostoli	F 8
Central Post Office:	Posta Centrale—Piazza S. Silvestro	F 7
University:	Università—Via della Sapienza	E 8
Town Hall:	Municipio—Campidoglio	F 9
Official Census:	Ufficio Anagrafe—Piazza Poli	L 7
International Institute:	Instituto Internazionale — Villa Umberto I	F 5
General Market:	Mercati Generali—Via Ostiense	F 12
Palace of Justice:	Palazzo di Giustizia—Piazza Cavour	D 6
Court of Appeal:	Corte d'Appello	D 6
Court of Cassation:	Corte di Cassazione	D 6

MUSEUMS

Antiquarium—Via S. Gregorio, 1—Every day from 10 to 16	G 10
Antiquarium in the Via Appia (Tomb of Cecilia Metella)—All day	L 15
Antiquarium Forense near S. Francesca Romana—Open in the morning. By permission of the Director	G 9
Museo Artistico Industriale—Via Francesco Crispi, 24—Every day, 10 to 14	F 6
Museo Astronomico—Via Caravita—Open in the morning	F 7
Museo Barracco di scultura antica—Corso Vittorio Emanuele—Open free on Tuesday and Friday	E 8
Museo Capitolino (Campidoglio)—Embracing the Museum of Sculpture, the Gallery of Painting, the "Tabularium", and the Prison. Every day from 10 to 15. Sunday 10 to 13 free	F 9
Museo dell'Arma del Genio (Gardens of the Castel S. Angelo)—Open Tuesday and Thursday from 10 to 13. Sunday free	D 7
Museo Palazzo Venezia—Via del Plebiscito—By permission of the Director	F 8
Museo Papa Giulio III—Villa di Papa Giulio—Every day, 10 to 16. Sunday free	E 4

Museo Nazionale delle Terme di Diocleziano (near S. Maria degli Angeli)—Piazza dell'Esedra—Every day, 10 to 16. Sunday free - - - - - - - - - - H 7

Museo Borghese (Villa Umberto I)—10 to 16. Sunday free - F 5

Museo Preistorico ed Etnografico e di Storia Naturale—Via del Caravita—Every day, 10 to 16. Sunday free - - F 7

Museo Tassiano—Camera di Torquato Tasso—Salita S. Onofrio—Every day, 9 to 15 - - - - - - - - H 11

Museo Lateranense (Sacro e Profano)—Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano—Every day, 9 to 14. Saturday free - - - I 10

Musei Vaticani - - - - - - - - - - B 7

— Pinacoteca—Every day, 9 to 14.

— Scultura
— Egiziano
— Etrusco
— Galleria dei Candelabri
— Galleria delle Carte Geografiche
— Galleria degli Arazzi di Raffaello
— Camere e Logge di Raffaello
— Cappella Sistina
— Cappella Nicolò V
— Biblioteca Vaticana
— Appartamento Borgia

} Every day, 9 to 14. Free the last Saturday of each month.

PICTURE GALLERIES

Accademia di S. Luca. — Via Bonella, 44 — Every week-day, 9 to 13 - - - - - - - - - - - - F 9

Galleria Barberini—Via IV Fontane, 13—Palazzo Barberini—Every week-day, 10 to 16 - - - - - - - G 7

Galleria Borghese (Villa Umberto I)—Every week-day, 10 to 16. Sunday free - - - - - - - - - - - - F 5

Galleria del Campidoglio—Every week-day, 10 to 15. Sunday free - - - - - - - - - - - - - F 9

Galleria Colonna — Via Pilotta 17 — Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 to 13 - - - - - - - - - - F 8

Galleria Doria Pamphily—Piazza del Collegio Romano 1-A—From 15th November to 30th June, each Tuesday and Friday, 10 to 12.30 - - - - - - - - - F 8

Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Antica — Palazzo Corsini — Via Lungara—Every week-day, 9 to 15. Sunday free - - D 9

Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna—Valle Giulia (near Villa Umberto)—Every day, 9 to 15. Sunday free - - - F 4

Galleria Rospigliosi-Pallavicini—Via 4 Novembre sul Quirinale (Casino dell'Aurora di Guido Reni) — Every Wednesday and Saturday, 10 to 15 - - - - - - - - - G 8

Galleria della Farnesina—Via della Lungara 229—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 10 to 16 - - - - - - D 8

MONUMENTS

Auditorium di Mecenate—Via Merulana—Only Thursday from 14 to 16 free - - - - - - - - - - - - G H

Basilica sotterranea di Via Labicana outside Porta Maggiore—Thursday, 10 to 16. Sunday free, 10 to 13 - - - - - L 9

Casa Aurea di Nerone—Via Labicana, near the Colosseo—Every day, 10 to 16, free - - - - - - - - H 9

Castel S. Angelo o Mausoleo d'Adriano—Every day, 10 to 16. Sunday, 10 to 13, free - - - - - - - - - D 7

Colosseo—Every day - - - - - - - - - - - G 9

Foro Romano—Via Cavour—Every day according to the time of the season. Sunday free - - - - - - - - G 8

Palatino—Via Cavour—Every day according to the time of the season. Sunday free - - - - - - - - - G 8

S. Pietro in Vaticano:

— — Cupola—Every non-festival day, 8 to 12. Free the first Saturday of each month - - - - - - - B 7

— Cripte—Every non-festival day, 9 to 11 - - - - - B 7

— Tesoro—Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - B 7

— Fabbrica Mosaico—Ditto - - - - - - - - - B 7

Terme di Caracalla—Via Appia—Every day. Sunday free - G 11

Terme di Diocleziano—Piazza Esedra—Every day, 10 to 16. Sunday free - - - - - - - - - - - - - H 7

Tomba degli Scipioni e Colombario di Pomponius Hylos—Via S. Sebastiano—Every day, 10 to 16 - - - - - - H 12

Ipogeo del Viale Manzoni—Via Luzzatti—Monday only - - L 9

Campo Santo Teutonico (Antichità Cristiane)—Via della Sacrestia—Every forenoon by permission of the Director - B 7

Catacombe:

S. Agnese—Via Nomentana—Every week-day from 10 to sunset - - - - - - - - - - - - L 4

S. Callisto—Via Appia, 33—Ditto - - - - - - L 15

S. Domitilla—Via delle 7 Chiese—Ditto - - - - - G 15

S. Sebastiano—Via Appia—Ditto - - - - - - H 12

S. Priscilla—Via Salaria—Open on the 31st December of each year - - - - - - - - - - I 2

Palazzo del Quirinale—Thursday and Sunday by permission - G 7

OBELISKS

1. **Obelisco di Piazza S. Giovanni.**—The most ancient and highest obelisk in Rome (m. 32). Erected in Thebes in the fifteenth century B.C. Transported to Rome by the Emperor Constantius - - - - - - - - - I 10

2. **Obelisco di Piazza del Popolo.**—Erected in Heliopolis in the fourteenth century B.C.; transported to Rome by the Emperor Augustus - - - - - - - - - - E 5

3. **Obelisco di Piazza del Pantheon.**—Height 6 metres. Transported to Rome in imperial times. Inscription of Rameses I - - - - - - - - - - - - E 8

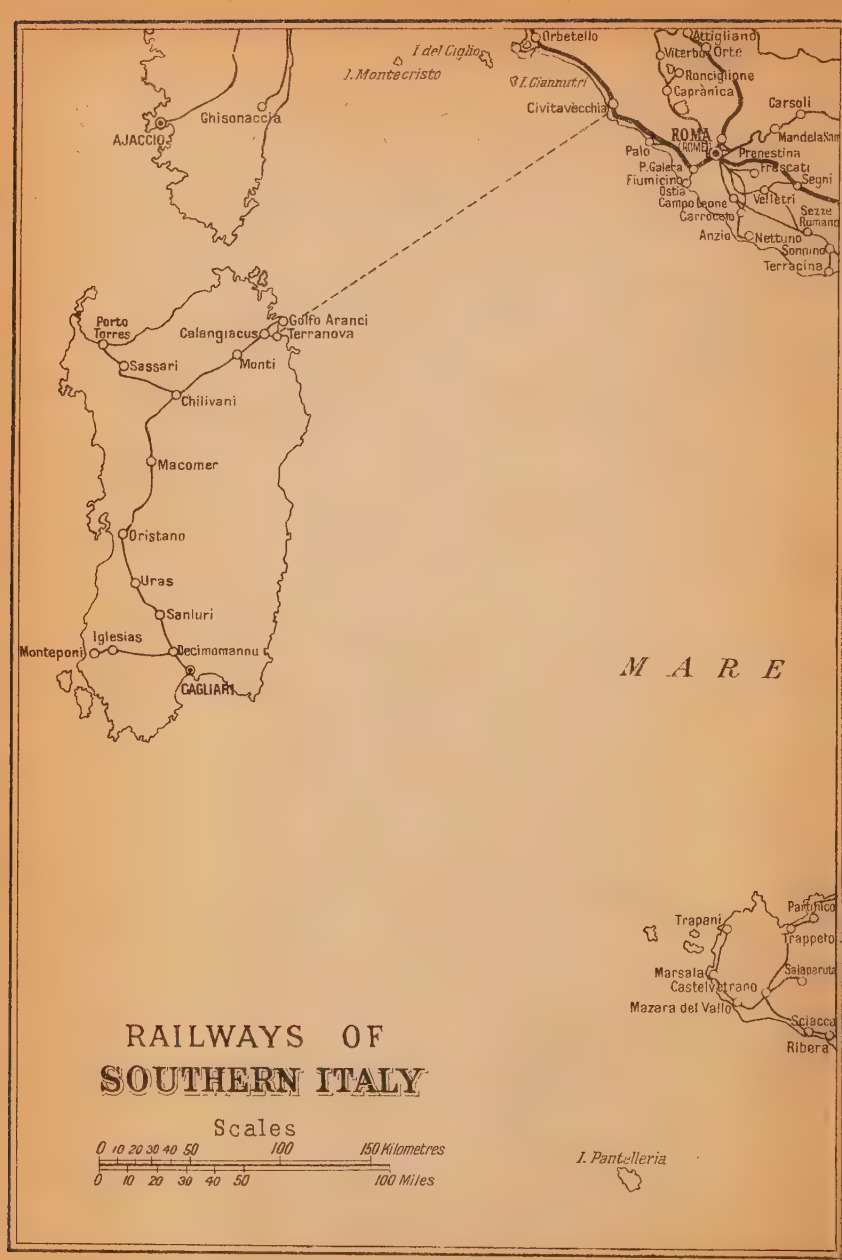
4. **Obelisco di Dogali** in the gardens of the Station. Ditto as No. 3 - - - - - - - - - - - - H 7
5. **Obelisco di Villa Mattei.**—Ditto as above - - - - G 10
6. **Obelisco di Piazza Monte Citorio.**—Transported to Rome by Augustus. Erected in Heliopolis in the sixth century B.C. - - - - - - - - - - - - E 7
7. **Obelisco di Piazza della Minerva.**—Ditto as above. Raised by Alexander VII in 1656 - - - - - - - E 8
8. **Obelisco di Piazza S. Pietro.**—Height 25 metres. Scene of the martyrdom of S. Peter and the first Christians. Transported by the Emperor Caligula - - - - C 7
9. **Obelisco di Piazza Navona.**—Height 16 metres. Raised by Pope Innocenzo - - - - - - - - - - E 8
10. **Obelisco di Piazza S. Maria Maggiore.**—Height 14 metres. Raised by Sixtus V in 1587 - - - - - - - H 8
11. **Obelisco di Piazza del Quirinale.**—Ditto - - - - G 7
12. **Obelisco del Pincio.**—With inscription of the Emperor Adriano - - - - - - - - - - F 5
13. **Obelisco della Trinità dei Monti.** — Height 13 metres. Raised by Pio VI in 1789 - - - - - - - - F 6

CHURCHES

(*The asterisk refers to the Basilicas*)

S. Agnese al Circo Agonale - - - - - - - E 8
S. Agnese fuori le mura - - - - - - - - M 3
S. Agostino - - - - - - - - - - - E 7
S. Alessio - - - - - - - - - - - E 10
S. Andrea delle Fratte - - - - - - - - F 7
S. Andrea della Valle - - - - - - - - E 8
S. Antonio da Padova - - - - - - - - I 9
* SS. Apostoli - - - - - - - - - - F 8
S. Maria in Aracoeli - - - - - - - - F 9
S. Bartolomeo all'Isola - - - - - - - - E 9
S. Bernardo alle Terme - - - - - - - - G 7
S. Camillo - - - - - - - - - - G 6
Cappuccini - - - - - - - - - - G 6
S. Carlo a Catinari - - - - - - - - E 8
S. Carlo al Corso - - - - - - - - E 6
S. Cecilia - - - - - - - - - - E 10
S. Clemente - - - - - - - - - - H 9
Corpus Domine - - - - - - - - - I 5
S. Costanza - - - - - - - - - - L 3
S. Grisogono - - - - - - - - - - E 9
* S. Croce in Gerusalemme - - - - - - - L 10
Domine Quo Vadis - - - - - - - - - I 13
S. Francesca Romana - - - - - - - - F 9
Gesù - - - - - - - - - - - F 8
S. Gioacchino - - - - - - - - - - D 6
S. Giorgio al Velabro - - - - - - - - F 9
* S. Giovanni in Laterano - - - - - - - I 10

S. Giovanni e Paolo - - - - - - - - - G 10
S. Gregorio Magno - - - - - - - - - G 10
S. Lorenzo in Lucina - - - - - - - - - E 7
* S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura - - - - - - - - - M 7
S. Luigi dei Francesi - - - - - - - - - E 8
S. Maria degli Angeli - - - - - - - - - H 7
S. Maria dell'Anima - - - - - - - - - D 7
S. Maria in Campitelli - - - - - - - - - F 9
S. Maria in Cosmedin - - - - - - - - - F 10
S. Maria in Domnica - - - - - - - - - H 10
* S. Maria Maggiore - - - - - - - - - H 8
S. Maria sopra Minerva - - - - - - - - - E 8
S. Maria della Pace - - - - - - - - - D 7
S. Maria del Popolo - - - - - - - - - E 5
S. Maria della Scala - - - - - - - - - D 9
* S. Maria in Trastevere - - - - - - - - - D 9
Chiesa Nuova - - - - - - - - - - D 8
S. Maria della Vittoria - - - - - - - - - G 7
S. Martino ai Monti - - - - - - - - - H 8
S. Nicola da Tolentino - - - - - - - - - G 6
S. Onofrio - - - - - - - - - - - C 8
S. Pancrazio - - - - - - - - - - B 10
* S. Paolo fuori le mura - - - - - - - - - F 15
S. Pietro in Montorio - - - - - - - - - D 9
* S. Pietro in Vaticano - - - - - - - - - B 7
S. Pietro in Vincoli - - - - - - - - - G 8
S. Prassede - - - - - - - - - - H 8
SS. Quattro - - - - - - - - - - H 9
S. Saba - - - - - - - - - - F 11
S. Sabina - - - - - - - - - - F 10
Sacro Cuore - - - - - - - - - - I 7
S. Silvestro - - - - - - - - - - F 7
S. Spirito - - - - - - - - - - C 7
S. Stefano Rotondo - - - - - - - - - H 10
S. Teresa - - - - - - - - - - H 5



RAILWAYS OF SOUTHERN ITALY

Scales

0 10 20 30 40 50 100 150 Kilometres

0 10 20 30 40 50 100 Miles

MARE ADRIATICO
TIRRENO
MARE IONIO
I. Tremiti
I. Stromboli
I. EÒLIE
I. Lipari
Pescàra
Ortona
S. Vito Lanciano
Aquila
Avezzano
Sulmona
Vasto
Termoli
Larino
S. Severo
Frosinone
Isernia
Carpinone
Campobasso
Roccasecca
Vinchiaturo
Cassino
Formia
Caianello
Bagni di Telese
Gaeta
Sparanise
Telese
Benevento
Caserta
Cancello
Avellino
NAPOLI (NAPLES)
Codola
Mercato S. Sev
Annunz.
Stabia
Nocera
Salerno
Sicignano
Battipaglia
Potenza
Pignola
Lucera
Cervaro
Foggia
Manfredònia
Margherita di Savoia
Barletta
Cerignola
Citta
Rochetta
S. Antonio
Olfantino
BARI
Spinàzzola
Altamura
Giola del Colle
Brindisi
Taranto
Nasisi
Francavilla
Pisticci
Metaponto
Lecce
Zollino
Otranto
Gallipoli
Lagonegro
Monte Giordano
Sibari
Spezzano Alb.
Paola
Castiglione Cos.
Cosenza
Cotrone
S. Eufemia
Catanzaro Marina
Pizzo
Soverato
Palmi
Roccella Jonica
Villa S. Giovanni
Reggio Succ.
REGGIO CAL.
Messina
Patti
Cefalù
PALERMO
Palermo maritt.
Termini im.
Biv. Fiumetorto
Lercara B.
Roccapalumba
Filaga
Bivona
S. Caterina X
Assoro
Magazzola
Caltanisetta
Girgenti
Canicatti
Piazza Armerina
Maronia
Caltagirone
Licata
Terranova
Vittoria
Noto
Modica
Giardini Taormini
Giarre-Riposto
Catania
Porto Bicocca
Valsavoia
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